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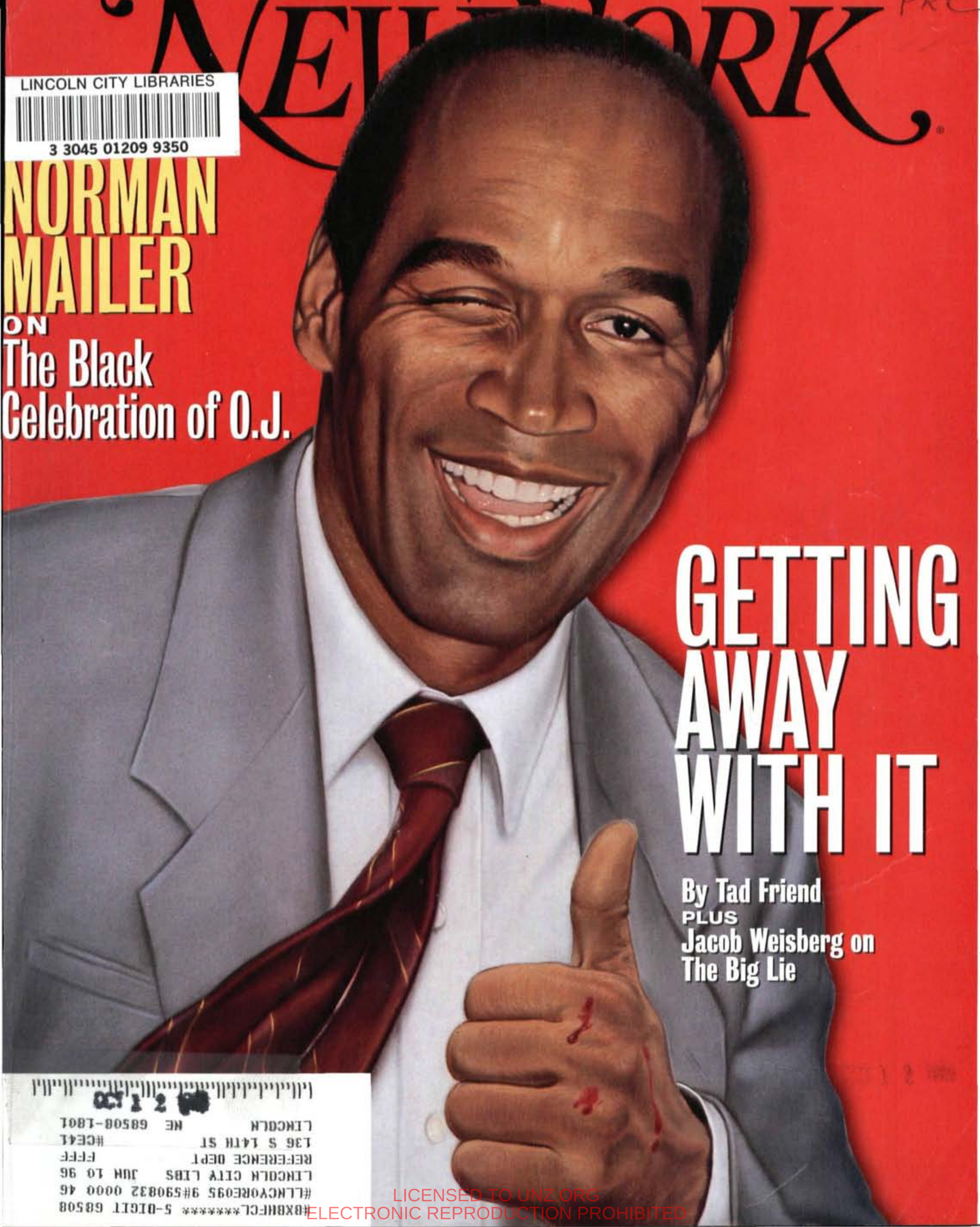

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

By Tad Friend

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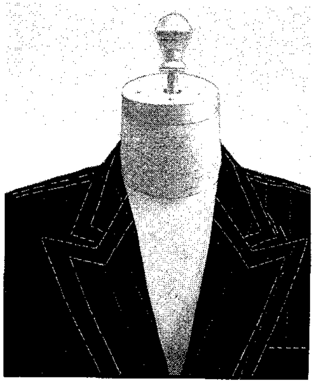

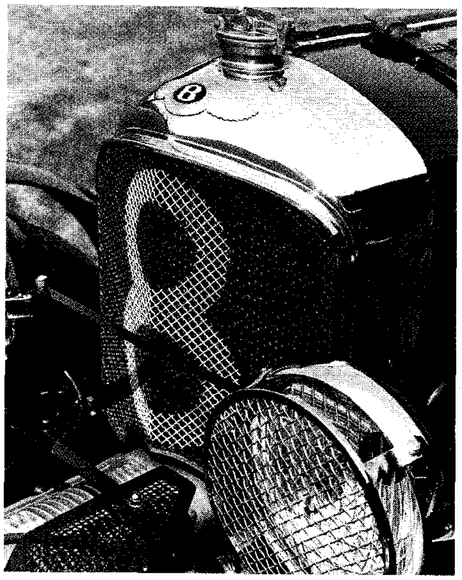

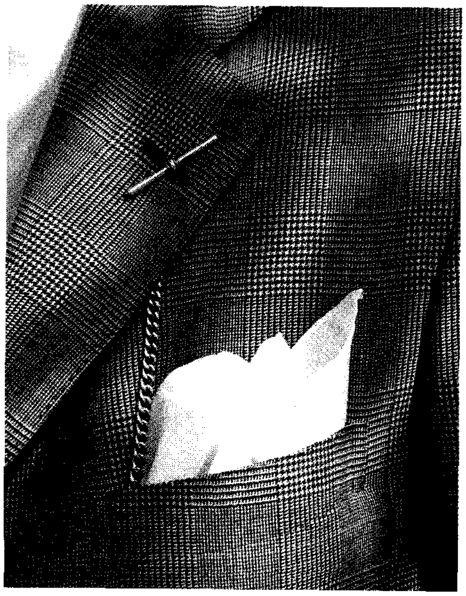

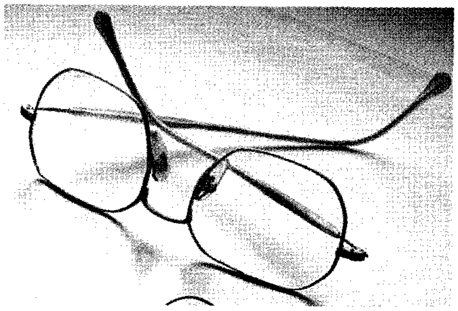

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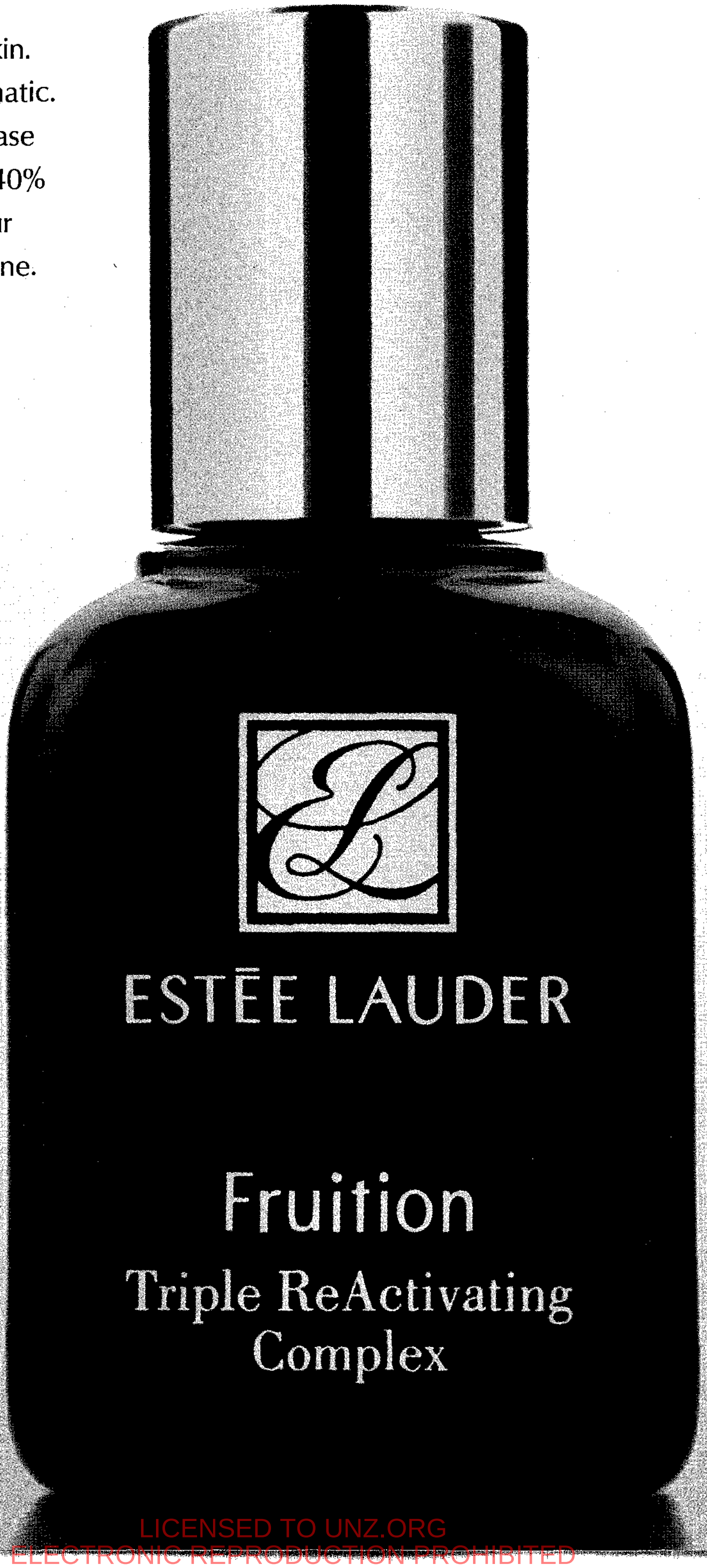
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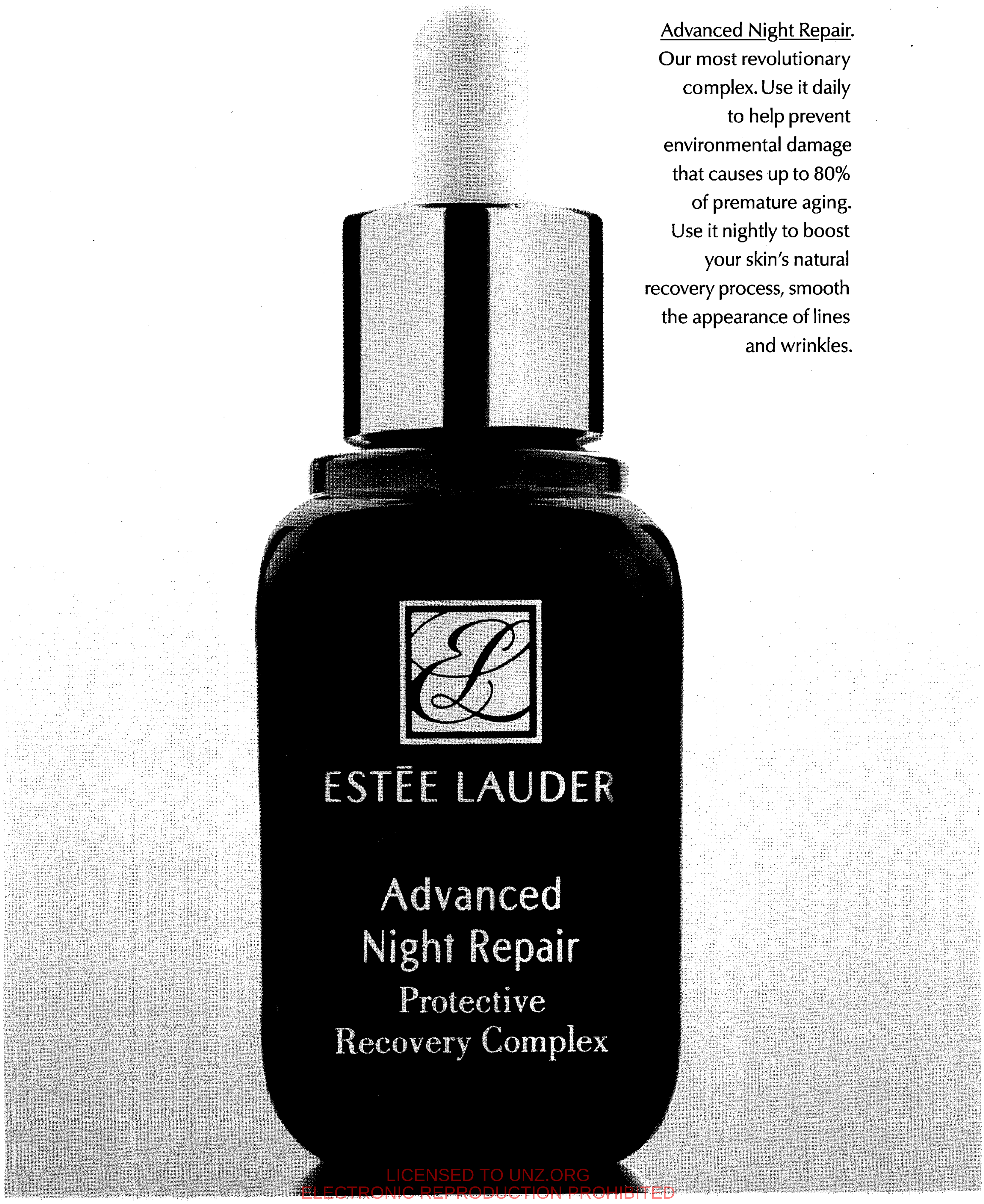
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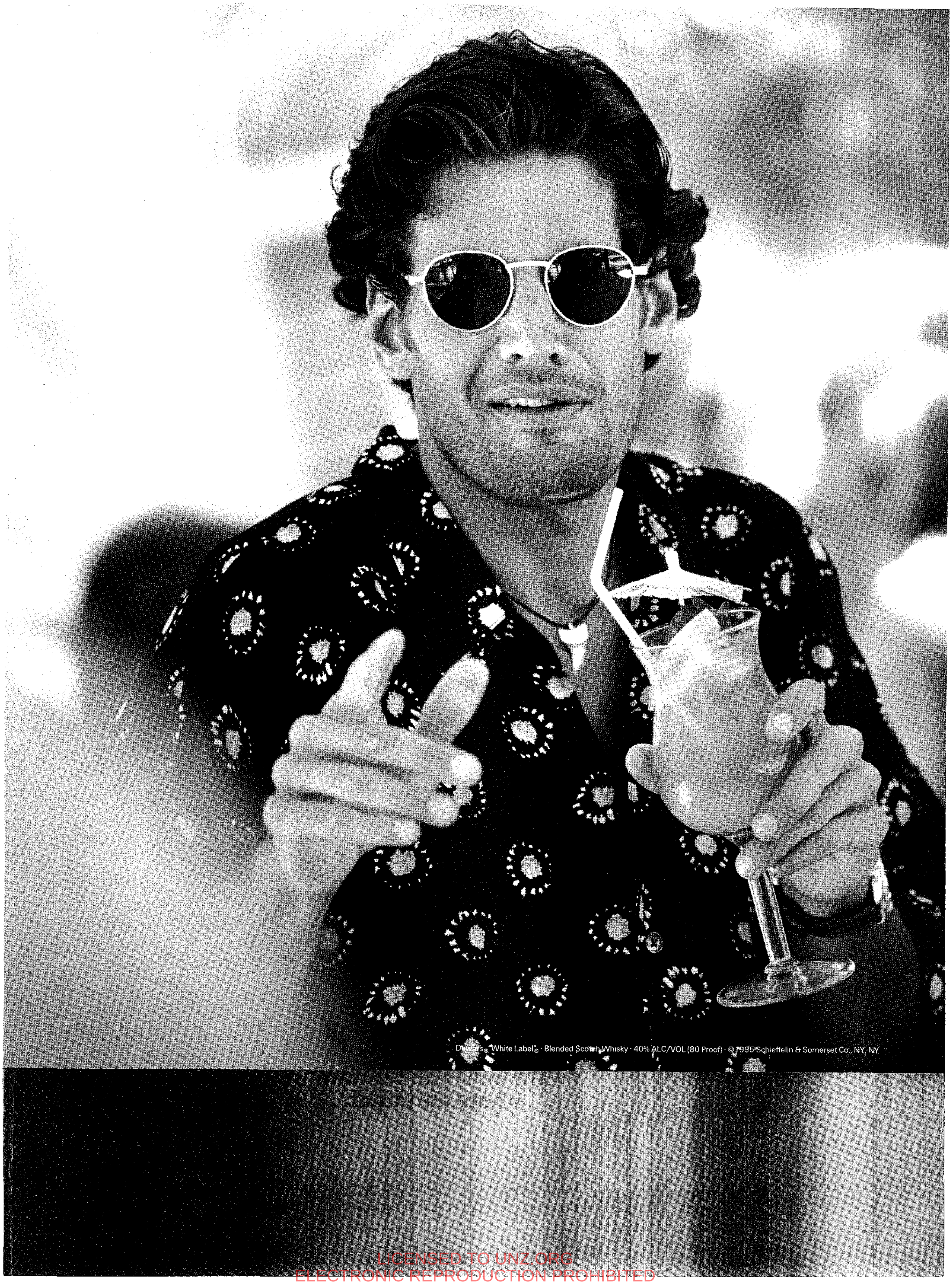

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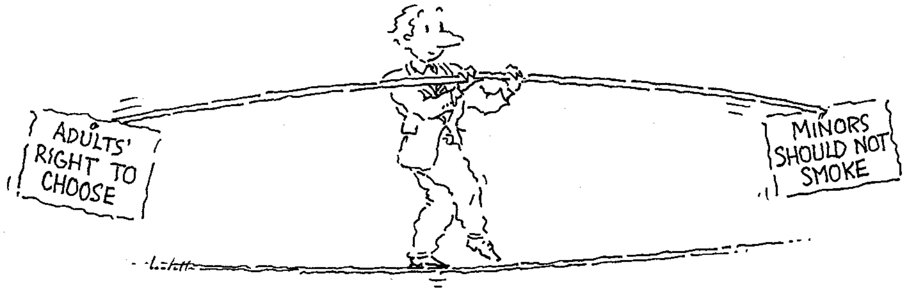

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Contents Oct. 16, 1995

> *"There are 3,000 run-of-the-mill universities. Doing what? Servicing! Let's use the real word. Education has become a vast service industry."*
>
> ADELPHI UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT PETER DIAMANDOPOULOS, PAGE 40

26 The O.J. Aftermath

Getting Away With It

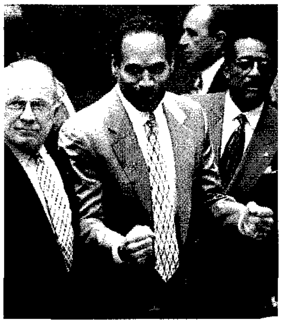
By Tad Friend

Milken and Tyson have risen spectacularly from the ashes; so did Von Bülow, Ollie North, and William Kennedy Smith. And last week's verdict in the O. J. Simpson trial confirmed that money and celebrity have rendered nearly moot concepts like shame, punishment, and—you remember—guilt.

Justice for Whom?

By Jacob Weisberg

The same liberals who cried "Miscarriage of justice!" about Simi Valley's verdict in the Rodney King trial are silent about a dubious verdict delivered by a jury composed mostly of blacks. Come campaign time, their hypocrisy may haunt them.



The Anti-hero

By Norman Mailer

At the end of the sixteen-month run of the biggest media circus of modern times, have we learned anything? The author of *The White Negro* reflects on race, celebrity, and the meaning of guilt.

34 Rock Star

By Peter Hellman

Reclusive real-estate mogul Jerry Speyer—probably the most powerful unknown man in New York—is being tugged into the limelight by the biggest challenge of his career: joining with David Rockefeller himself to win control of Rockefeller Center.

40 The Right School?

By Emily Eakin

The controversy over Adelphi University's president isn't only about salary and perks. It's about turning a sleepy commuter college into a haven for the intellectual right.

48 Who Needs the U.N.?

By Richard Murphy

Us. Yes, it's a hotbed of fruitless infighting and Peter Sellers–style ludicrousness. But the U.N., celebrating its fiftieth birthday this month, has indeed made the world a (slightly) better place.

Gotham

21 The School Board's bathtub singer; the new, accessible George Soros; verdict-watchers who lunch

Departments

72 The Insatiable Critic

Gael Greene

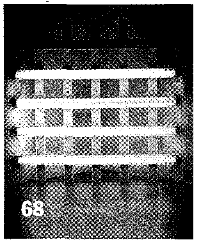
On 57th Street, some surprisingly good theme-park noshing

The Arts

60 Movies

David Denby

Trying to bemoan media overload, *Strange Days* celebrates it



68

62 Theater

John Simon

Alas, *Company* doesn't hang together; *Moon Over Buffalo*'s one long mug

64 Books

Will Blythe

Novelist Kazuo Ishiguro trades precise social ironies for dreamlike rambling in *The Unconsoled*

66 Classical Music

Peter G. Davis

You've heard about the new season: strikes, titling systems, concrete floors. And the, uh, music?

68 Art

Mark Stevens

Claes Oldenburg, Dan Flavin: the lush and the severe

70 Television

John Leonard

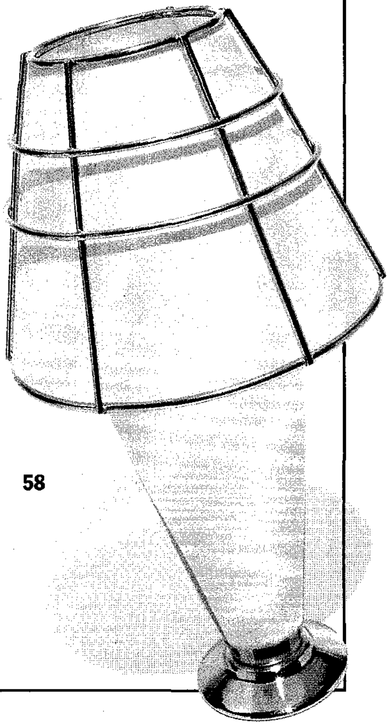
Making the transition from stage to small screen, *The Heidi Chronicles* has gone oddly sour

Cue

75 Brit *noir* at Film Forum; Patti LuPone, back (at last) on Broadway; Jessica Stockholder at Dia; New York glad rags, 300 years and counting

Misc.

Letters 12
Intelligencer *by Roger D.Friedman with Beth Landman*....................17
Best Bets *by Corky Pollan* 58
Sales & Bargains *by Leonore Fleischer* 74
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 118
Bad Publicity *by Larry Doyle and Kyle Baker*........................120
Classified 107
Strictly Personals.....................114



58

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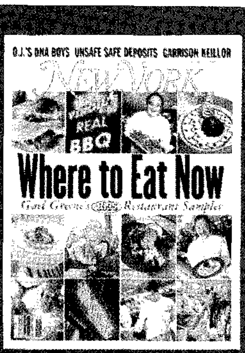
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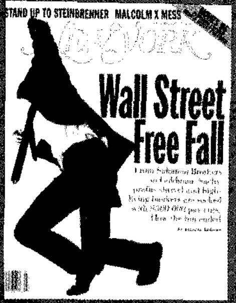
Where to Eat Now

50 TIMES A YEAR... A GIFT OF NEW YORK.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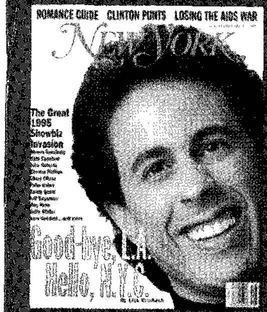
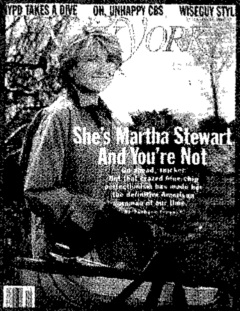
NEW YORK
Wall Street Free Fall


ROMANCE GUIDE CLINTON PUNTS LOSING THE AIDS WAR
NEW YORK
The Great 1995 Showbiz Invasion
Good-bye, L.A. Hello, N.Y.C.

CHRISTMAS

50 TRIPS INTO POLITICS, FASHION, PASSION AND INTRIGUE.


NYPD TAKES A DIVE OH, UNHAPPY CBS WISEGUY STYLE
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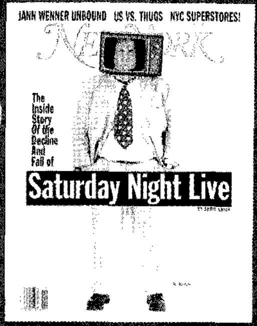
She's Martha Stewart And You're Not

50 FASCINATING ISSUES FILLED WITH SMART REVIEWS, PREVIEWS AND INTERVIEWS.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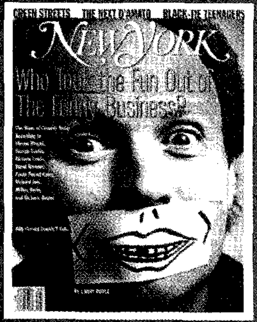
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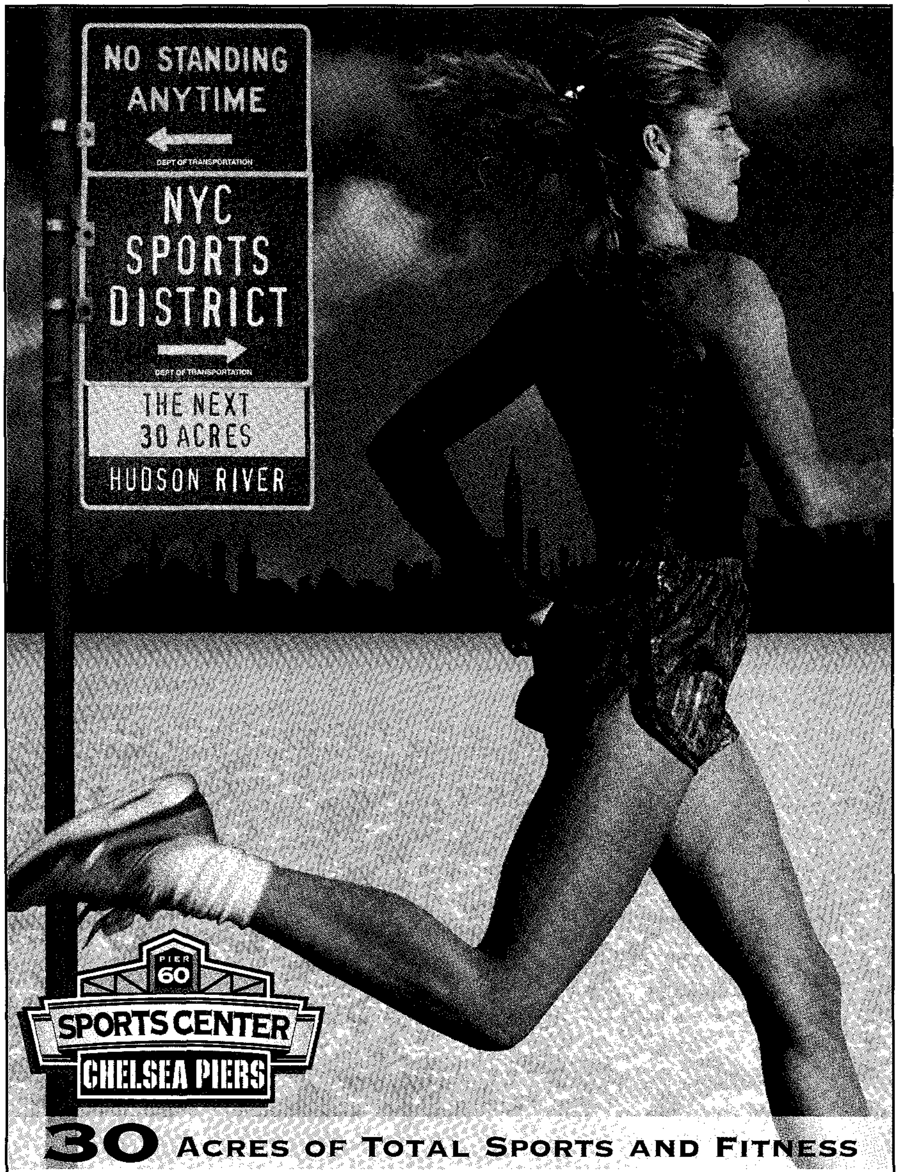

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In Transit

Are the city's buses a vehicle for success? Was that the wheel thief on the Brooklyn Bridge? Does "Bad Publicity" just take getting used to?

OUR BUSES DO NOT STINK ["BUSMAN'S Holiday," September 25, by Bill McKibben]. I love our buses. I take one to work every day and one to get home. I use them all weekend to get around to museums, galleries, and stores. With few exceptions, I have found the drivers to be polite and patient, especially when almost every person boarding asks the same question, like "Do you go to 34th Street?" They are unfailingly kind to tourists, the elderly, and the handicapped. The bus temperature is appropriately cool in summer and warm in the winter, and the buses are well lit to allow comfortable reading.

I have never been in a bus that smelled bad. I have never been in a dirty bus. Bill McKibben's experience has been the antithesis of mine, and I am a very picky person.

RitaSue Siegal
MANHATTAN

MANY THANKS FOR BILL MCKIBBEN'S wonderful piece on Curitiba. Many people who take an active interest in clean, sustainable, livable cities have been following Jaime Lerner's innovations for some time. That the automobile has become the basic unit of urban reckoning is one of the great tragedies of the past half-century. In most of this country, the habits of even the best-intentioned citizens are restricted by an infrastructure that chains them to their cars. Meanwhile, cities from Athens to Beijing and Amsterdam to Curitiba are actively seeking a humanizing cityscape in which transit, bicycles, and feet matter.

Ben Grant
MANHATTAN

Spinning the Wheel

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, IN THE sticky afternoon heat, we were walking across the Brooklyn Bridge to Manhattan. It was not particularly crowded, just the occasional stray camera-gripping tourist and a few people lugging Century 21 shopping bags home to Brooklyn, and a young man carrying what from a distance appeared to be a bicycle wheel; on second glance, it looked like a stool. As he came closer, we saw that it was a bicycle wheel *attached* to the seat of the stool, à la Duchamp. "That guy just stole that from a museum," my husband commented. We laughed, thinking that that was, of course, preposterous. It must be some art student who had made a reproduction, we thought. As the man quickly walked by us, the wheel became dislodged from the seat and he stopped briefly to fix it. Imagine our shock upon opening that week's *New York* Magazine and learning that the Duchamp stool had indeed been stolen from MOMA ["Gotham: The *Bicycle Wheel* Thief," August 21].

S. Sullivan
P. Wang
BROOKLYN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

IN THE "GOTHAM" ARTICLE "THE *Bicycle Wheel* Thief," you show the Marcel Duchamp *Bicycle Wheel* that was stolen from the Museum of Modern Art in 1913, not the one stolen this past summer. The picture you show is from the original Marcel Duchamp photo. The wheel that was stolen recently is significantly different: The support for the wheel is curved, and the spike that the wheel sits on penetrates the stool by about seven inches.

The article states that the thief rode the escalator downstairs and walked out into the street. But (just so you do not think the guards are totally lax) the reality is that the thief grabbed the statue, turned, and ran down the internal fire stairs located in the room next door. I know this because I observed the thief grabbing the sculpture, and I chased him down the stairs. I lost him in the maze of doors when he exited through the bookshop.

David M. Rubenstein
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Interview With a Vampire?

IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT A few years ago. Nancy Richardson was looking for a personal assistant ["Mrs. Richardson Regrets," September 4, by David France]. I kept my appointment for the job interview although it meant coming into the city from Westchester in a driving rain. A maid led me to a sumptuous living room, and I waited, soggy and cold, for at least half an hour. Finally, Mrs. Richardson announced her entrance down a grand staircase by way of a string of expletives directed at no one in particular. Not bothering to greet me, she launched into a bitter tirade against her plumber, who was working upstairs: "The fucking idiot walked in on me while I was sitting on the john!" She then turned her wrath on a muralist working on his knees to paint a border near the floor of the room we were in, until the man crept away.

Once the niceties were done with, Mrs. Richardson collapsed, distraught, on the sofa, telling me I'd have to leave as she was much too upset to do the interview. Disappointed, not to mention drenched, I asked her to reconsider, as I'd traveled a long way in terrible weather for this meeting. Her blue eyes darkened and narrowed. "No!" she said emphatically as I was shown the door. Never was it clearer that having more stuff sure doesn't bring happiness.

Barbara Barton Sloane
ADDRESS WITHHELD

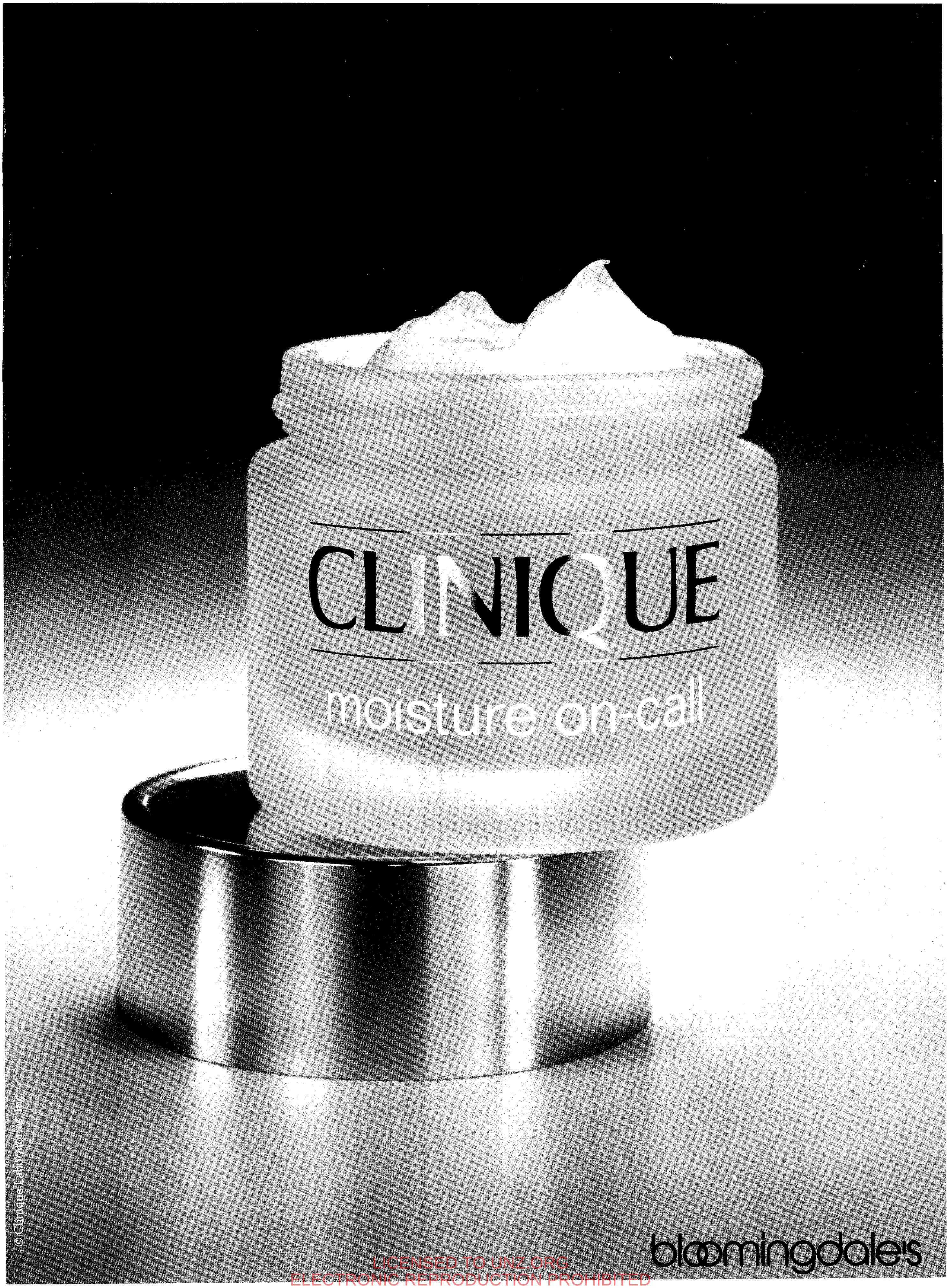
A Sign of the Times

YOUR SNIDE COMMENTS ABOUT THE pope's visit to New York were one thing ["Fall Preview: Street Life," September 11], but your choice of a photo showing the pope riding by a sign with the word *condom* on it was deliberately offensive. Like many other trendy types, the guys and gals at *New York* continue to confuse indecency with creativity.

William A. Donohue
MANHATTAN

Late Bloomers

JUST WANTED TO MENTION HOW ENTERtaining the comic strip "Bad Publicity" with Sandy and Syd Flacco is. It took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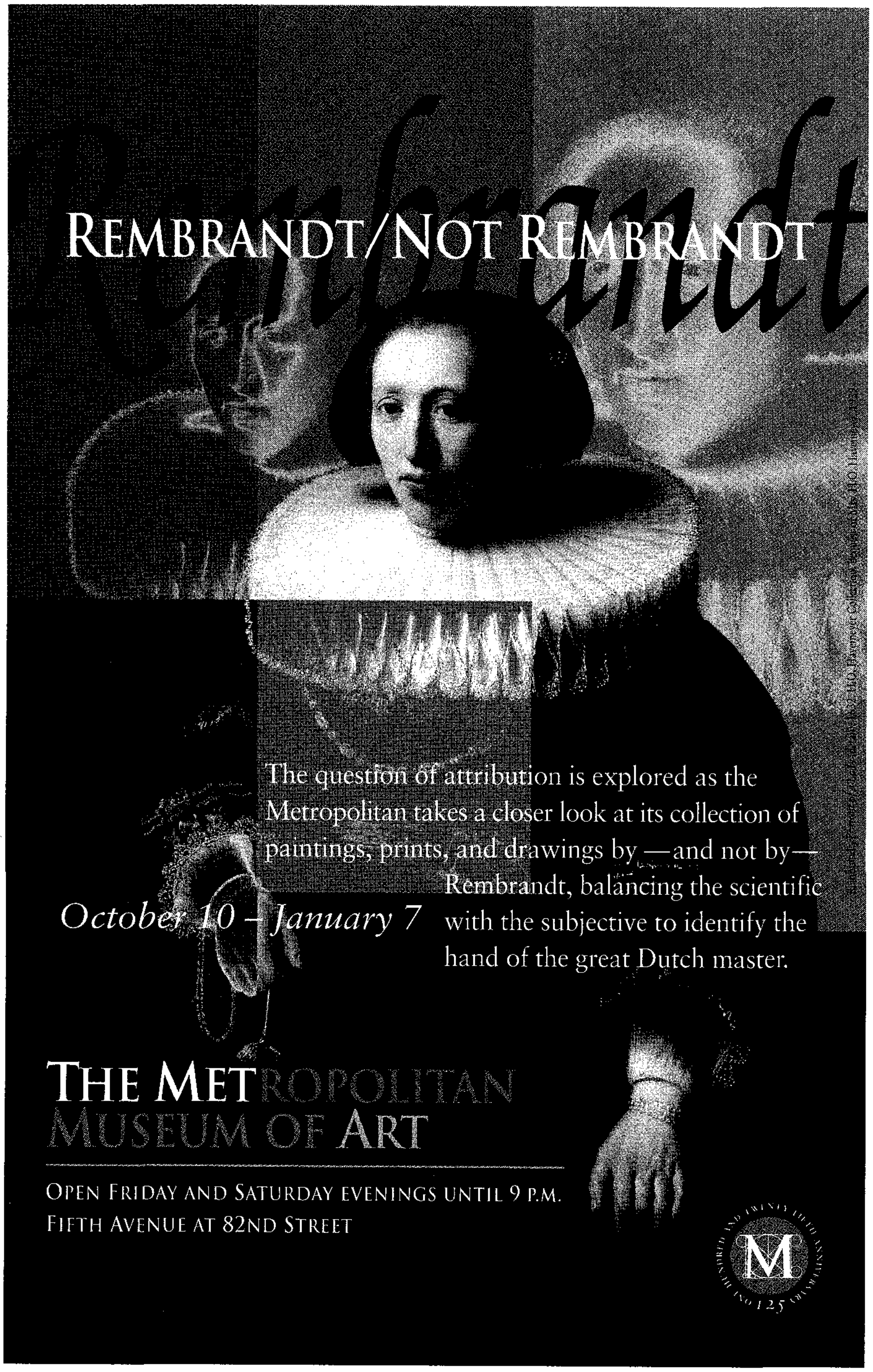

REMBRANDT/NOT REMBRANDT

The question of attribution is explored as the Metropolitan takes a closer look at its collection of paintings, prints, and drawings by—and not by—Rembrandt, balancing the scientific with the subjective to identify the hand of the great Dutch master.

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me a while to tune in and pick up on it, but now I love it.

Monica Zullo
MANHATTAN

A Movie Target

IN YOUR OUTSTANDING FALL PREVIEW ISsue, you describe the protagonist of the eagerly awaited new Linda Fiorentino vehicle *Jade* as "a psychologist by day–hooker by night, who is suspected by her ex-lover and assistant D.A. . . . of being a homicidal maniac" ["Movies," September 11, by Maureen Callahan]. Please (please!) tell me that it was with a shovel full of sarcasm that you praised screenwriter Joe (*Sliver, Showgirls*) Eszterhas for his portrayal of a "multifaceted, realistic woman of the nineties."

Julia E. Hanigsberg
MANHATTAN

Editor's note: Yes.

Ex-Patriot Dreams

WHEN I LEFT MY HIP, UNDERPRICED BUT not underappreciated Upper East Side apartment in December 1994 for a new job in Baltimore, I knew that only my subscription to *New York* would keep me sane. Whether you are updating me on what would happen if rent control in Manhattan were abolished ["Why We Must End Rent Control Now," May 8, by Malcolm Gladwell], explaining to me how my dealings with Teamsters employees during Javits Center business trips may change with Jimmy Hoffa Jr. as the new Teamsters president ["Hoffa Lives," July 31, by Jeffrey Goldberg], letting me know that as a "typical New Yorker," I was indeed in the "Players" category when I lived my busy life in the Big Apple ["A Tale of Four Cities: The 1995 *New York* New York Poll," August 21, by Mark J. Penn and Douglas E. Schoen], or suggesting that I really should step into style with a Benetton resin suitcase ["Best Bets," August 28] next time I fly up for an opening at the International Center of Photography (I haven't missed one in three years), I know *New York* will keep me feeling like I still live where I can see Trump Tower and the East River.

Brady Darvin
BALTIMORE, MD.

Correction Jane Kramer is not returning to New York City ("Intelligencer: Schama on Him," October 2). She will continue to report for *The New Yorker* from Paris.

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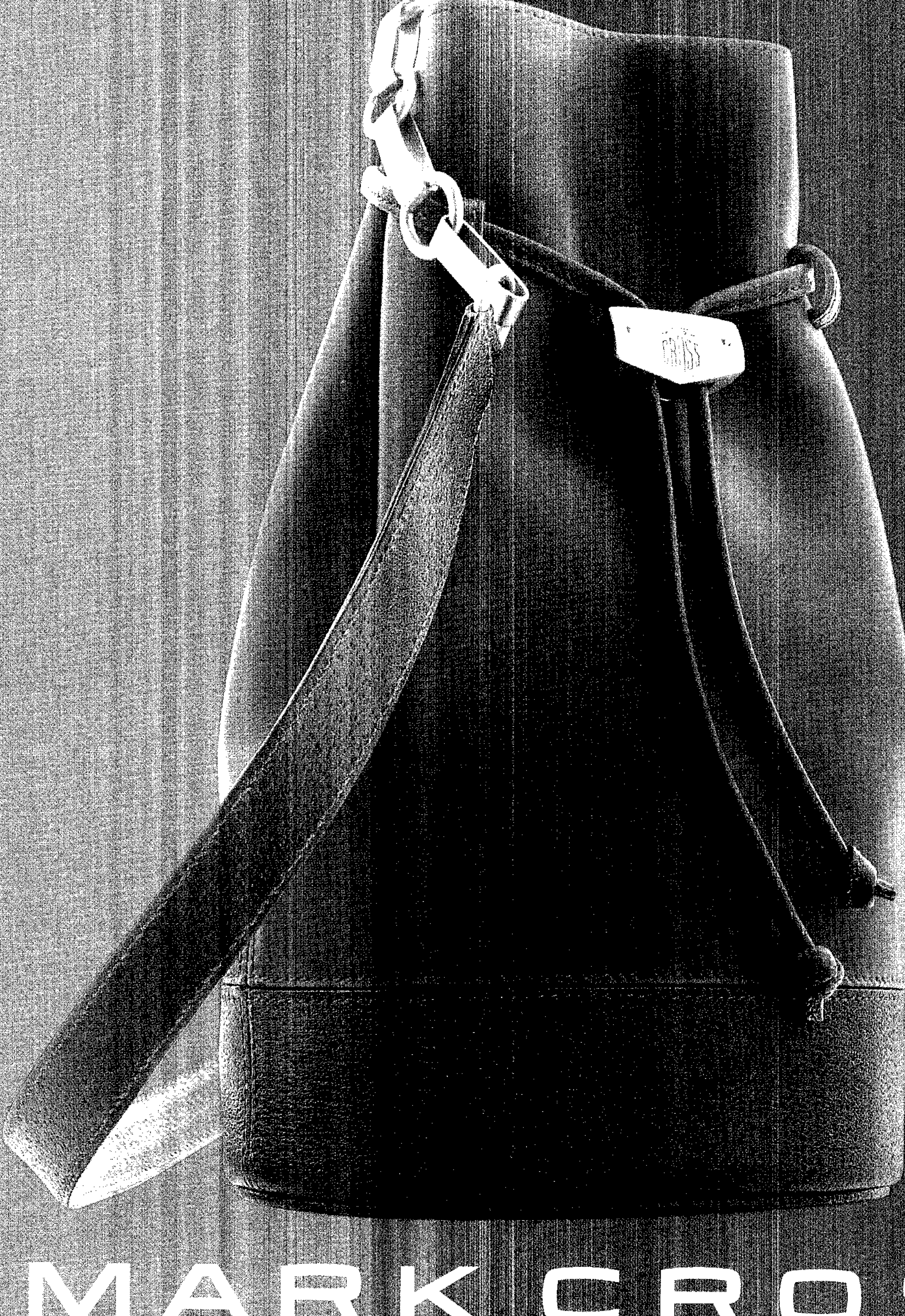

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INTELLIGENCER

FOR SHAPIRO, THE PARTY'S OVER

It may have been the eve of Yom Kippur, but **Robert Shapiro**'s quick getaway from **O. J. Simpson**'s infamous Rockingham estate still raised eyebrows last Tuesday at a post-verdict victory fiesta Simpson hosted for a few dozen of his friends. Guests included Simpson's mother, sisters, and older children; all of his attorneys; his mentor, **Wayne Hughes;** and his longtime golfing buddy, movie producer **Craig Baumgarten** (*Jade*). Motown jazz pianist **Tim Minor**—a newish friend of the Simpson sisters—provided entertainment. But while his guests sang gospel tunes and reminisced, O.J. spent most of his time on the telephone. (Amid all the celebrating, **Nicole Simpson**'s name never came up, admits one guest, who explained: "It wasn't that sort of party.") According to one guest, Shapiro was anxious to leave before **Johnnie Cochran** arrived. He slipped out of the house by 4 P.M., long before the party was over. Why? Word had leaked out about Shapiro's no-holds-barred **Barbara Walters** interview, in which he blasted both Cochran and his former buddy **F. Lee Bailey.** "Everyone was talking about what he had done to Johnnie," says a guest, referring to Shapiro's accusation that Cochran had "played the race card from the bottom of the deck." What infuriated Simpson's inner circle was that Shapiro had evidently been planning this public break for some time. ABC producer **Martin Clancy** admits that the interview had been in the works for weeks. But the enmity between the two attorneys goes back to the start of the trial. Defense sources claim that Shapiro resented Cochran's gradual usurping of his position, especially because it was he who brought Cochran into the case. But Shapiro's last-minute self-righteousness does seems a little hypocritical: At a First Amendment Leaders' Breakfast last year *The New Yorker*'s **Jeffrey Toobin** let it slip that it was Shapiro who leaked him the bombshell about **Mark Fuhrman**'s racist past, in violation of Judge Ito's gag order.

A DREAMWORKS NIGHTMARE FOR FUCHS?

Michael Fuchs knows to keep his friends close, but he should have kept his enemies closer. First **Doug Morris,** who was summarily fired by Fuchs from Warner Music last June, was recently handed his own label at MCA Records. Now Fuchs is also facing tough competition from former Warner honchos **Mo Ostin** and **Lenny Waronker,** who just signed a deal to head DreamWorks SKG's record division. The hiring of the legendary team may provoke a stampede of talent from Warner to SKG. Sources say **R.E.M.** and **Paul Simon**—who both have extremely close relationships with Ostin—are seriously considering jumping ship. The sources blame, in part, Fuchs's inability to develop personal ties to his artists (whereas Ostin and Waronker have cultivated the platinum-selling R.E.M. since 1988, for example). The band is now at work on the last album it owes to Warner. "When all the shoes stop dropping in the music industry, the band will make a decision about its recording future," says R.E.M.'s attorney **Bertis Downs.** Simon, meantime, made his award-winning *Graceland* album under Waronker's supervision. A spokesman for the singer refused to say whether Simon would be staying on at Warner.

Paul Simon:
From *Graceland* to DreamWorks?

ARETHA SETS OFF INDOOR FIREWORKS

Maybe **Aretha Franklin** was worried that **Gladys Knight** would blow her off the stage at KISS-FM's big show for charities including Children's Friends for Life at Madison Square Garden last week. (She did.) So just to cover her bets, the Queen of Soul employed an impressive display of indoor fireworks—literally *and* figuratively—during her 90-minute performance. In fact, Franklin is now apparently demanding indoor fireworks for all her major shows. During the KISS-FM finale, "Freeway of Love," the sublime, rotund Aretha sways while a group of lithe dancers churn around her and pyrotechnic pinwheels spin behind. The whole scene was courtesy of a Long Island company called Zenith Pyrotechnology. Franklin met the Zenith people some weeks ago when she performed at a Radio City show promoting the new Ford Taurus. The indoor fireworks display apparently gave the diva ideas. At her next show—a private performance for a Pennsylvania millionaire and a few hundred of his friends—she was thwarted by the drought. Nevertheless, says Zenith's **Steven Dobo,** Aretha has become a pyromaniac. "She used to be afraid of pyrotechnics. But now she loves the pizzazz. She gets very excited."

Aretha Franklin:
Playing with fire

IT'S NO LONGER MILLER'S *TIMES*

After nearly a decade as the hugely influential chief restaurant critic for the New York *Times,* followed by a less taxing stint as a quasi critic and food writer, **Bryan Miller** has departed the Paper of Record to pursue a new career as a screenwriter. His first project? A "romantic comedy" about a

Photographs: top left, Sygma; top right, John Barrett/Globe Photos; center right, Gary Gershoff/Retna.

David Caruso: *Westies,* ho!

Peter Brant, with Stephanie Seymour: Tea for two?

restaurant critic. Actor **Gerard Depardieu** is negotiating to buy the script for a new Paris-based production company he recently formed in partnership with Hachette Premiere. Miller's old antagonists should prepare themselves for a thinly crusted *roman à chef.* "Every film I've ever seen about restaurants is pie-throwing slapstick. Nothing has ever shown what it's really like, which is funnier than anything you can make up," he says. According to Miller, Depardieu is interested in acting in and directing the movie, though he won't be playing the lead role. "It would be too confusing for the critic to be played by a Frenchman," says Miller, who reports that life post-*Times* is just swell. "I'm *blissfully* happy to be out of the loop."

LIKE *SLEEPERS*? WHY NOT TRY *WESTIES*?

The controversy surrounding the questionable authenticity of **Lorenzo Carcaterra's** book and (soon-to-be) film *Sleepers* evidently hasn't deterred the producer of another movie on the same subject. **Joe Vecchio,** who's just wrapped **Woody Harrelson's** *Sunchaser* for Warner Bros., is about to start work on *The Westies,* a real-life account of Hell's Kitchen's most notorious Irish gang, based on the best-selling nonfiction book of the same name by **T. J. English.** Vecchio says that cranky former *NYPD Blue* star **David Caruso** and **Cathy Moriarty**—of *Raging Bull* fame—will most likely play notorious Westies leader Mickey Featherstone and his wife, Sissy; the ever-frightening **Christopher Walken** may sign on to the project as well. Interestingly, English's book is also being used—albeit on the sly—by the producers of *Sleepers,* currently shooting and starring **Brad Pitt.** The author says he was called by a *Sleepers* production assistant several months ago. "She wanted to pump me for background information on Hell's Kitchen," says English. "And she said she was told to tape-record the conversation." English refused to cooperate. But that hasn't stopped Pitt from using English's book to research his *Sleepers* role. A spokesman for the actor insists that if her client is reading *The Westies,* it's as background for *Devil's Own,* his next film, about an IRA agent. "That's funny," responds English, "since my book has nothing to do with the IRA whatsoever."

A GARDEN PARTY WITH ARTY SUBTEXT

Contrary to rumors that CAA's Young Turks are distancing themselves from their old leader, every important CAA agent—and nearly all their clients—turned out for a private dinner **Mike Ovitz** threw at his posh Brentwood home to welcome the new Los Angeles branch of the PaceWildenstein Gallery, owned by his friend **Arne Glimcher.** Among the A-list art lovers were **Steven Spielberg, Tom Hanks, Dustin Hoffman, Warren Beatty,** and CAA founding partner **Bill Haber.** Of course, **Harry Evans** and **Tina Brown** were there, representing New York's media elite. Brown and Ovitz lunched together on the day of the party, perhaps discussing the trouble Brown's *New Yorker* has had covering Ovitz's switch from CAA to Disney, which moved faster than the weekly could handle. Brown dispatched **Lynn Hirschberg** to L.A. to write the story, but spiked it after she was scooped by the dailies. "Some elements of it may turn up later," says a source.

MOVING *COMPANY;* STRIP BOOK

AN UNLIMITED ENGAGEMENT: The revival of **Stephen Sondheim's** *Company* has barely opened, but its producers are already planning a move from the modestly sized Roundabout Theatre to the more spacious Brooks Atkinson in December. "When we did *She Loves Me,* [the producers] waited to see if the show was a hit," says a Roundabout source. "This time, they're going to do it no matter *what* the reviews are." The Atkinson is owned by the Nederlanders, who have seed money in the production and have the option of moving it, says a spokesman.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE FAILURE: Undaunted by the dismal *Showgirls,* Barricade Books has signed up **Jay Bildstein,** the former owner of the upscale striporium Scores, to tell his story. Coming to bookstores next spring, *King of Clubs* will be co-written with the *Daily News's* deputy metro editor, **Jerry Schmetterer.** Barricade is also making news with an unauthorized bio of Las Vegas casino owner **Steve Wynn** that claims he has ties to organized crime. Citing legal concerns, Ingram, one of the nation's largest book distributors, has so far refused to carry the title.

PETER BRANT SMELLS TROUBLE

So long to the T Salon? The twee, stylish dining room—located underneath the Guggenheim SoHo—just received a notice to vacate from the building's millionaire owner. **Peter Brant**—who owns *Interview* and the Bridgehampton Polo Club—also occupies a loft above the museum with his fashion-model bride, **Stephanie Seymour,** and doesn't want the T down below anymore. The polo-playing ex-convict complains that he's sickened by the restaurant's "obnoxious odors," but **Miriam Novalle,** the T's quirky owner—known for her kooky hats and flowing dresses—counters that "the only thing Peter smells is money. Somebody must have hit him on a polo field and offered him more for the space." Not so, insists Brant's attorney, **Robert Ivanhoe:** "Ms. Novalle was repeatedly late with her rent, and the lease stipulates that an exhaust system must be installed to eliminate cooking odors. Peter gets extremely frustrated when someone is contracted to do something and won't listen. If she complies with her lease obligations, she should be able to keep the space." But a source close to Brant claims he is attempting to purge the T Salon in a desperate attempt to purge Ms. Novalle. "It's a personality thing," sniffs the source. "He finds her eccentricities embarrassing."

Photographs: top left, Blake Little/Sygma; center left, Kelly Jordan/Sygma; center right, Adam Scull/Globe Photos.

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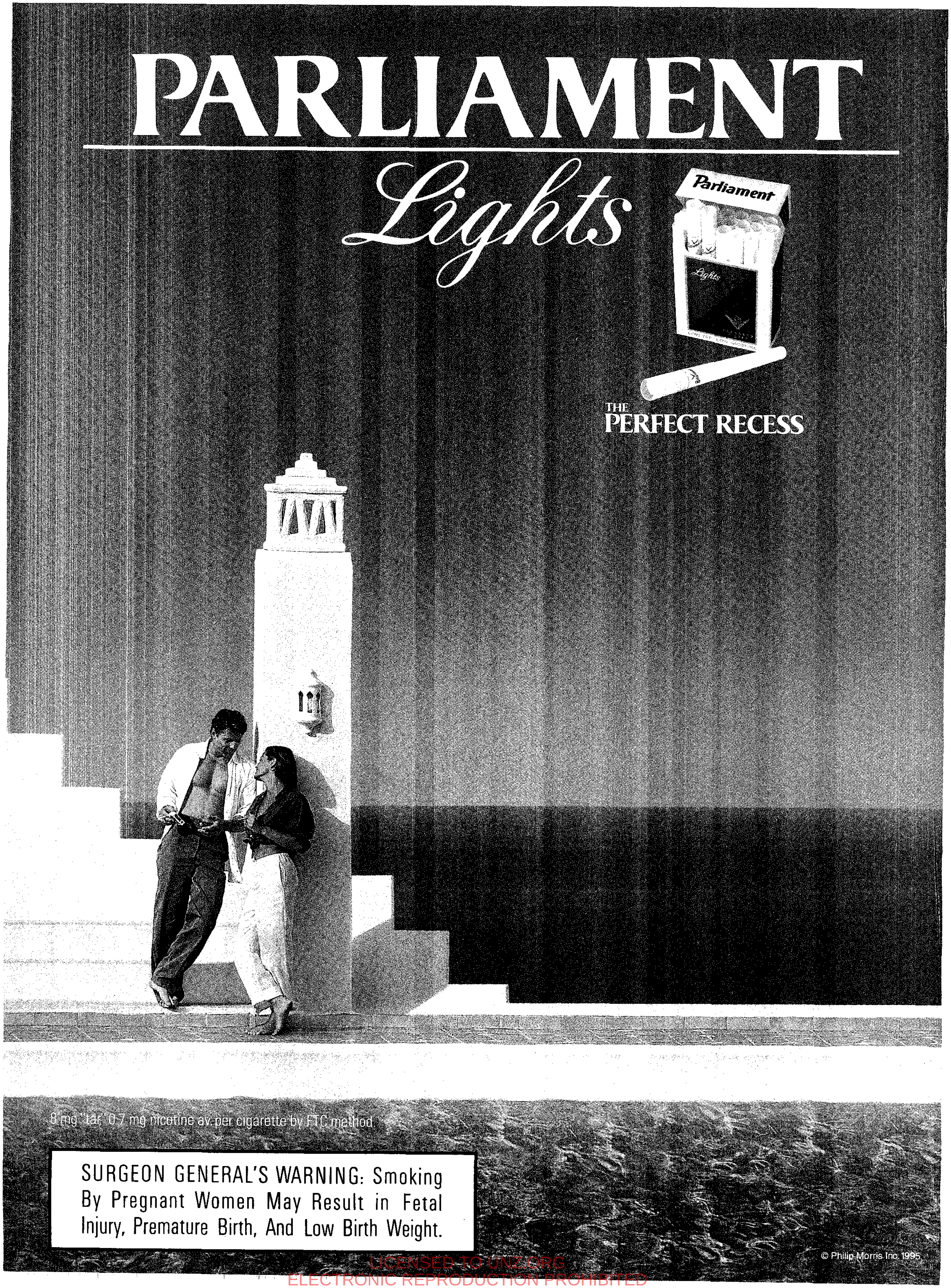
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GOTHAM

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THE FRONT PAGE

Ave O.J.

The resurrection of O. J. Simpson bumped the pope, among others.

So O. J. Simpson was in the news last week. This was bad news for many, certainly the families of the two people he slaughtered, but bad news, too, for two other people whose lives previously had not been touched by Orenthal James Simpson: Pope John Paul II of the Holy See in Rome and Domingo Morales, a retired trucker from the Bronx.

The pope doesn't come to America often, or address the United Nations General Assembly (2 and 30 years ago, respectively). And so it was with divinely bad timing that the pontiff flew into Newark International Airport on the day when all the nation's papers were going with a different story. (The *Daily News* and the *Post,* in fact, both used the same headline, HOME FREE, accompanied by the same photograph of O.J. with his pal Al Cowlings partying on Simpson's Brentwood estate.) And it was indicative of just how callow our media have become that one of the questions put to the pope during an in-flight press conference was *What does the Holy Father think of the O.J. verdict?*

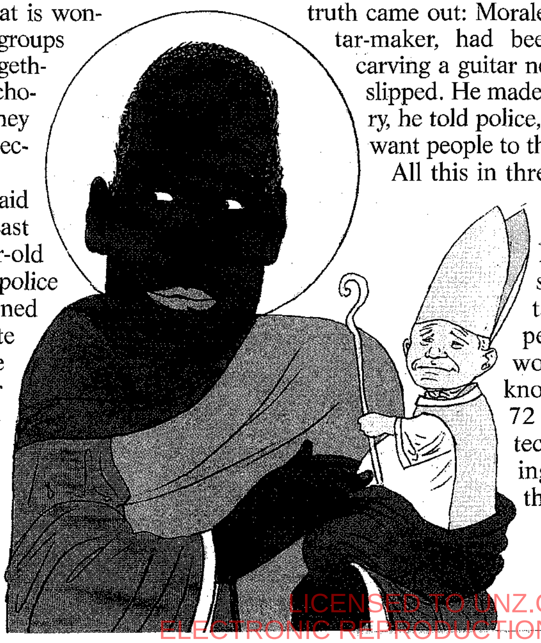
The pope, who has better things to talk about, rose above the question and instead expressed his faith that America's "great mosaic" would get past O.J. "That is wonderful, that all the ethnic groups could co-exist and live together," his Holiness said, echoing the words of Rodney King. He then went impeccably about his business.

The same cannot be said of Domingo Morales. Last Monday, the 67-year-old Bedford Park man told police that he had commissioned the work of a prostitute for $30, but when she was finished he told her he had no money. The woman, Morales said, then went into his kitchen, got a five-inch folding knife, and cut off his penis. The penis could not be found.

In an ordinary week, the front page of the tabloids the next day would have been a cinch: HOOKER HACKS DEADBEAT PENIS. There would have been a frantic neighborhood search for the penis covered live by Fox News, offers of free plastic surgery, a hospital bedside visit by John Wayne Bobbitt, an angry denunciation from Divine Brown calling the prostitute's conduct "unprofessional," a Letterman list of "Top Ten Complaints by Unsatisfied Hooker Customers." It would have been all Howard Stern talked about; Domingo Morales would have been a guest, and he might even have made a few dollars from tabloid-television appearances and T-shirt sales.

But instead, the story, in all its lurid, ugly glory, played out in single-column spurts well behind the Lurid, Ugly Story of the Century. The next day, Morales's penis was found, too late to reattach it, stuffed in a Tupperware container on a kitchen shelf. The day after that, the whole truth came out: Morales, an amateur guitar-maker, had been drinking while carving a guitar neck when the knife slipped. He made up the hooker story, he told police, because "he didn't want people to think he was crazy."

All this in three short days. And for a depravity-ravenous public, how much more satisfyingly entertaining this small personal tragedy would have been, knowing that within 72 hours, a police detective would be saying, "We consider this case closed."

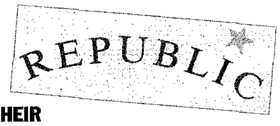


Photograph: top right, Fitzroy Barrett/Retna; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

AS SEEN ON TV In a recent survey of 197 domestic-violence victims in New York City, the nonprofit organization Victim Services found that 35 percent said their batterers had used O. J. Simpson as a threat against them, such as by saying "O.J. had the right idea" or "I'll do to you what O.J. did."

Wife Beaters
Are Not
WAC IS WATCHING
Heroes

OFF THE RECORD "The NYPD—we've got more soft spots than a ripe banana, but this never would have happened here. All these amateurs running around on the crime scene in L.A.: We would have had a chief on the scene in fifteen minutes, and nobody would have made a move until he was there. The verdict didn't surprise me. The prosecution was bad, but the cops were worse," an NYPD lieutenant told *New York* after watching the O. J. Simpson verdict.



FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE THEIR FOOD EDGY "[The word] *restaurant* is more homey; it's where the family goes. A *foodspace* is . . . definitely edgy. It's going to be fast; it's going to be fresh, cutting edge. They're going to be selling photographs, hats and things, actual artifacts from Vietnam like coconut bowls. It goes way beyond being a restaurant . . . which is very cutting-edge, especially with the changing laws and the closing of the clubs."
—Publicist Victoria George, on why she is marketing Republic on Union Square as a "foodspace," not a "restaurant"

Crime

TUESDAY LUNCH

12:44 P.M. Tuesday, October 3. A STREAM OF dark-suited men in their fifties stride up the stairs into the dining room of the Four Seasons. Maître d' Julian Niccolini shakes hands with each of them and greets him by name.

12:46 Stephanie Snyder, the hostess at '44' in the Royalton hotel, looks up from scribbling. It's the restaurant's first seating, but the dining room is two-thirds empty, with most diners packed toward the front. Along the east wall, the avocado-velvet power booths (coveted tables 15, 10, 5, and 1) sit empty, with regulars such as Tina Brown, James Truman, and Anna Wintour conspicuously absent. "Cancellations?" says Snyder, wearing tortoiseshell rims. "Almost ten. That's *got* to be a record." A black French waiter stands behind the bar, bantering in his native tongue with a patron. There is no television in the bar, or elsewhere. Patrons are asking whether Snyder is planning to "broadcast" the imminent news from Los Angeles.

12:47 "It's *sooo* quiet in here," comments a patron at the Four Seasons bar. "Ah," scoffs a nearby waiter, "that's the way this place is. They want to look like they're above it. Yeah, right. They're freaking." A martini is sent back to the bar. Not dry enough.

12:50 A '44' waiter buttoned to the neck in black confesses, "I'm *dyin',*" then drops off a menu. Is there a radio in the kitchen? He nods toward the front. "The hostess, her *mother's* supposed to call. . . ."

12:51 A Four Seasons patron asks for the time. "Ten minutes," the bartender replies. "Ten little minutes." An O.J. joke is cracked at the first table south of the maître d's lectern. Something financial. At the wait station, a busboy bounces up and down on the balls of his feet. The dangling gold strands that hang above the bar vibrate. The bartender whips out a pocket-size television and cradles it in his palms. A busboy hurries into the kitchen. "I don't care what's being served," he hisses over his shoulder. "I'm out of here at one o'clock."

12:58 At '44,' two Brits in suits at table 21 near the front of the dining room talk diminishing returns and Far East sales in an indeterminate industry. At her lectern, Snyder presses the telephone receiver to her ear. "My mom in Kansas City is going crazy. She's sitting there with these four bridge ladies."

1:01 Stunningly for '44' on a Tuesday, three booths remain empty and no well-known publishing-industry faces are visible. A stylish young blonde with numerous silver bracelets surmises a fashion trend. Hovering over grilled salmon served on dates and crushed cucumbers, she cautions, "You always wonder about that *fizzle* thing." The waiter surveys the room and marvels, "Usually by one, *everyone's* in."

1:02 The last visible vacant table at Four Seasons is filled by a woman with briefcase and guest. A cellular phone rings.

1:06 The Four Seasons bartender buries his head in his hands. "No way!" a waitress says.

1:07 Near the '44' hostess station, two runners linger under the Philippe Starck light fixtures shaped like mayonnaise dollops. One is from Mexico, one from Bangladesh. Both have fashionable, angular haircuts. Suddenly, one claps his hands sharply, then shuffles quickly from the lectern, his arms raised victoriously in the air. He gathers with the other runner and the French waiter for an exchange of palm slaps and broad smiles. Each shakes his head in amazement. Elsewhere, there are unmodulated murmurs. "It's good management," continues a nearby man in a blue suit. "And then in Saudi Arabia," continues another. Forks plink on white china.

1:08 A whispered *Not guilty* escapes from the Four Seasons dining area. The phone rings and Niccolini carries it to the corner table.

1:20 "Before, it was all jokes," laments the Four Seasons's Niccolini. "Now the mood is really somber in here. We have a lot of lawyers here—Dr. Kissinger's in a board meeting in the back room. I don't think he finds this funny at all." Outside the tinted windows, a woman scurries down 52nd Street, grabbing the first passerby. "I've been stuck in therapy for a goddamn hour—someone tell me what happened!"

1:30 Andre Harrell, whose appointment as the new head of Motown Records is in the *Wall Street Journal,* strides coolly into '44' and takes a seat in a booth with a friend, who guffaws over a joke involving Grant Hill and basketball shorts. He has been waiting outside to get better reception for his cellular telephone. Nearby, the first audible reference is made to the news from the Coast. "I was right," says the stylish young woman with a Holly Golightly air. "I kept saying about the jury . . ." She trails off, poking at a chunk of salmon, then shrugs and reaches for the latest issue of *Details.* Tina is not coming today, nor James nor Anna, the hostess says.

DANY LEVY AND
ALEX WILLIAMS

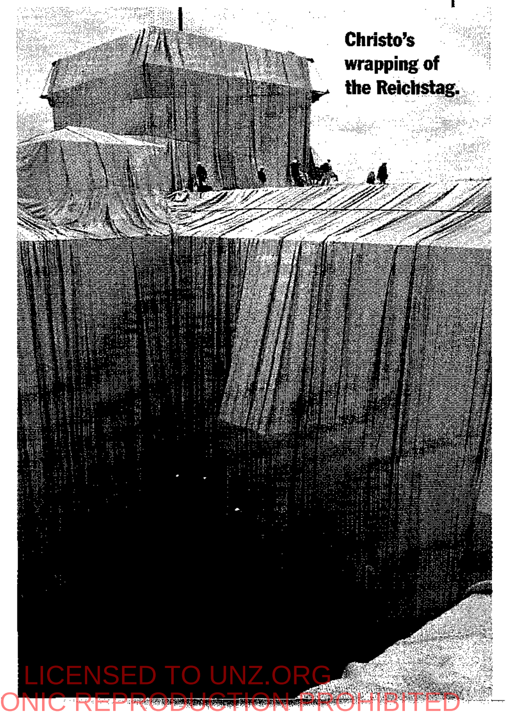
Art

BANALLY RETENTIVE

IT WILL PROBABLY SURPRISE FEW THAT Christo, the artist who wraps things up into nice, tight packages—most recently in Berlin—is a bit of a control freak. But at least one attempt by the artist, or more precisely by his spouse-partner, Jeanne-Claude, to control his artistic environment is genuinely awe-inspiring.

When the magazine *Art in America* decided to do a story about Christo's wrapping of the Reichstag in its November issue, the couple demanded to pre-approve any article that would be accompanied by Reichstag photos from a Christo-issued press kit. This demand was made, Jeanne-Claude explained, because there had been so many "asinine" articles written about Christo's work. "We have read so many preposterous inaccuracies," she says. "The New York *Times* wrote that we used twenty tons of steel . . . three times! . . . when in fact it's two hundred."

Then, when *Art in America* decided to go ahead with the article by using different, uncopyrighted photos, Jeanne-Claude, based on her own rather generous interpretation of copyright law, insisted that this, too, was unacceptable. "We have copyrights on all our works, and our names are trademarked in seventeen different countries, including, of course, [the United States]," she says. The U.S. copyright act lists "criticism, comment, [and] news reporting" as examples of "fair use," but Jeanne-Claude also claims that because *Art in America* is a business, their use is therefore



Christo's wrapping of the Reichstag.

Photograph by W. Volz/Bilderberg/Bauer/© Christo & Jeanne-Claude/Stock Market.

commercial. (According to Jane Ginsburg, Columbia's Morton L. Janklow Professor of Literary and Artistic Property Law, that argument is pretty weak "because almost every use can be construed to be commercial.")

Elizabeth C. Baker, the editor-in-chief of *Art in America*, is more or less flabbergasted by the whole thing. "This is a piece that could not be more public," she says. "Every magazine in the world ran a piece on it. And they couldn't possibly all be run through Christo." Whatever, the issue is at the printers and will hit the newsstand at the end of October, whether Christo likes it or not. JONATHAN NAPACK

City

NOTES ON THE GOOFBALL WHO IS DETERMINING YOUR KIDS' EDUCATIONAL FUTURE

"I AM KNOWN TO BE A PERSON TO MARCH to my own drumbeat," Board of Education member Jerry Cammarata said, by way of explaining why he decided to march to Rudy Giuliani's insistent drumbeat by reversing himself within 24 hours and voting against—and thus defeating—schools-chancellor-candidate Daniel Domenech. But as disingenuous as the 48-year-old speech pathologist's self-appraisal may have been in this specific case, it is certainly true that Staten Island's official education representative indeed marches to a very different, and quite peculiar, drummer.

1972 Set world record for continuous singing (48 hours) at Nathan's in Times Square, in an attempt to demonstrate that using air pressure under the vocal cords allows you to sing the longest without causing damage.

1973 Became first man in America to win paternity leave: The U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission ruled against his employer, the Board of Education, so that Cammarata, a teacher, could spend quality time with his second child. The story was developed for the movies (but never made), with Richard Dreyfuss in the Cammarata role. "One of the movements of the script was to show the problems of ethnicity," Cammarata said later. "You know, the Italian family sitting around saying, 'You're a jerk; you're a screwball; you've gotta work; wadda you mean you stay home?!' "

- Upon learning that Eamon McGirr of England had broken his singing record, Cammarata, as the "Singing Professor," donned mortarboard and robe and reclaimed the title by singing for 75 hours while sitting in a bathtub perched on

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THE SCENE

Selling Short

At the Carlyle party for Bobby Short's book 'The Life and Times of a Saloon Singer.'

By Alex Williams

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

At the Carlyle party (top), Arnold Scaasi with Ricky and Ralph Lauren. Above, Tracy Pollan and Michael J. Fox with their son, Sam, at *Harper's Bazaar's* Kids for Kids pediatric-AIDS benefit at Industria.

Saloon SINGER, INDEED. "IT'S A SHIT-KICKING SORT of thing, like calling yourself an 'ink-stained wretch,' " says Liz Smith, dismissing any significance of the too-modest title of Bobby Short's gentle, name-droppy new memoir. Indeed, the saloon in question is the Carlyle—Princess Di's home in New York—and Short, humble piano man, routinely gets credit for being everything from an East Side Dooley Wilson to the final, treasured embodiment of easy, yesteryear good taste. As book agent Lynn Nesbit says, Short is "what being a grown-up is all about."

Even by book-party-gushing standards, this is gushing. "He's an institution," explains David Dinkins. "He's the Statue of Liberty," asserts Lionel Larner, Carroll O'Connor's agent. In fact, Short has been embraced everywhere forever—in Vanderbilt circles, in Warhol circles. He's bantered with Gene Hackman and Shelley Hack, Truman Capote and Ronald Reagan. No wonder he titters saucily about the book he didn't write: "the unexpurgated version of this one." He won't write that one, of course. And never has easy, old-fashioned good taste been more prized.

Right: At Bolo, executive chef Bobby Flay (with drink) celebrates his wedding to Kate Connelly with chefs Tom Valenti (Cascabel), Mario Batali (Pó), Matthew Kenney (Matthew's), Ed Brown (The Sea Grill), Laurence Kretchmer (owner, Bolo, Mesa Grill), and Neil Manecle (Bolo).

RuPaul and pals at the Kids for Kids bash.

a roaming pickup truck.

1974 To protest a telephone-company decision to start charging for directory assistance, Cammarata ordered and received 1,776 telephone books, more than any other noncorporate entity. He put books to good use, allowing his children to employ them to make one weekly three-minute call to anywhere in the country. "What a great way to learn geography, numbers—and politeness."

- Produced *Auditory Memory,* an album-length recording of 52 minutes 10 seconds of live silence. Originally conceived as a "motivating piece" for students to listen to as they try to recall the subtler points of music, the album was instead played on radio and at cocktail parties, selling thousands of copies. Cammarata promoted the album by holding a press conference with an orchestra composed of bowed instruments that lacked strings, drums with no skins, and woodwinds devoid of reeds.
- Ate 21 doughnuts in seven minutes to set new world record.
- Set third and final singing record (96 hours) while riding city subways and buses "to maintain the very highest level of visibility." The stunt was overshadowed by Nixon's resignation.

1975 Released *Plant Serenade,* an album consisting of pure tones ranging from 1,000 to 10,000 cycles per second. The record was devised to stimulate protoplasm along plant stems and keep open air sacs underneath leaves, promoting oxygenation and growth. Cammarata contended that when one talks to plants, the dissonance produced by the human voice can actually "ignite hostility" toward greenery. "If you really want to screw up your neighbor's garden, sound-stimulate *your* garden and talk to *his* tomatoes. You're gonna see your tomatoes leap, and he'll have tomatoes that won't come up. Because you'll go over and say, 'Nice tomato, *beautiful* tomato,' but your voice has overtones that are dissonant to the fundamental!"

1976 Designed a diet record to desensitize overeaters to the sounds of meals being prepared—e.g., cans opening, refrigerator doors closing, bacon sizzling. Album was to be supplemented with scratch-'n'-sniff panels that overexpose listeners to food aromas, thus lessening cravings. "From the neurological perspective, the concept is sound and wholesome."

1978 Published *The Fun Book of Fatherhood,* which likens the child-rearing process to parallels elsewhere in the animal kingdom, with special focus on the nurturing role of the male. "What does the male sea horse do? He puts all the eggs in the pouch, and he's the one who brings all the kids up. If the sea horse can do it, certainly we can do it. We're far better than the sea horse."

1984 Received permit from Police Department to carry gun.

1995 Appointed to central Board of Education by Borough President Guy Molinari. Announced, "I have promised Carol Gresser, the mayor, and the borough president that I will never blow the whistle on any wrongdoings that I see . . . but I *will* sing about them." THOMAS VINCIGUERRA

POLICE

Below the Blue Line Costs

Last week, when the New York City Police Department unveiled its new—and slightly improved—uniform, some folks worried that the rank and file might have trouble stretching their $1,000-a-year clothing allowance (about $600 after taxes) to cover the cost of buying the new navy-blue polyester-rayon-blend shirts that come "complete with a place to hold pens as part of the breast pocket, longevity bars, redesigned collar brass, and 'hash marks' on the sleeves for each five years of service." Not a problem, says one cop who asked to remain anonymous: "I don't think too many people buy $600 worth of uniforms a year. [The money] was originally for maintenance: dry-cleaning, restitching, having pants let out—you know, if someone put on weight or something—and the purchase of accessories." Then he added, "You get the check before Christmas, so you know where it goes." MATT HABER

Hat: $35

Shoulder patch: $2

Shirt (short sleeve): $26

Glock 9-mm. handgun with holster: $350 (Optional. All officers are issued .38s at no cost. Bullets are also free.)

Mace: $26
Mace holder: $13

Flashlight: $16.50
Leather flashlight holder: $11

Wool dress pants: $75

Velcro ankleholster: $31

Shoes: between $69 and $95

Not shown: Pen-and-pencil holder, $9; whistle, between $2.50 and $4; cartridge case, $14; handcuff strap, $6; handcuffs, between $21 and $37; wallet, between $25 and $33; memo-book holder, between $13.50 and $19.50; nightstick holder, $7; nightstick, between $16.50 and $24.

Prices according to Dornan Uniforms and Accessories, of Manhattan; officers may purchase uniforms through the department at a discount.

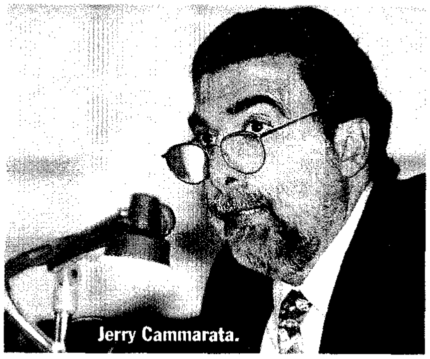
Total: $484

Publishing

SOROS FOR PRESIDENT!

GEORGE SOROS IS STANDING IN THE rotunda of the Morgan Library. A middle-aged woman, her name tag identifying her as an employee of Waldenbooks, approaches. She hands him a copy of *Soros on Soros* to inscribe for posterity. "We've just had to reorder," she says, practically genuflecting. "Oh, really?" Soros replies sweetly. "That's a good sign." How curious it is to see the man who made $1 billion unhinging the British pound from the European exchange-

Photograph by Terésa Schwarz/courtesy of the New York City Police Department.


Jerry Cammarata.

rate mechanism taking market indicators from a . . . well, *anybody.*

But book tours do funny things to people. Soros has become a temporary man-of-the-people, adding another layer to his already complex public persona, which began as reclusive financial wizard and evolved into expansive philanthropist and policy-maker. Either way, he was always a bit unapproachable. But at a party last week for his new book, Soros was trying hard to be obliging, posing for photos with lots of nobodies and signing copy after copy.

"I must apologize for being late," he says genially. "I was taping for *Charlie Rose,* and it went on for an hour."

According to Myles Thompson, executive editor of his publisher, Wiley & Sons, this tour is hardly necessary. At the official *Soros on Soros* kickoff at the London School of Economics earlier this month, "it was like he was a head of state or something," Thompson avows. "Like Colin Powell is in the U.S.!"

The book, however, is not like Colin Powell. It consists of heavily edited but not uninteresting conversations between Soros and Krisztina Koenen, a German journalist, and Soros's old pal Byron Wien of Morgan Stanley, on Soros's childhood, his financial strategy while managing his Quantum hedge fund, and his geopolitical philosophy. "We did it up at George's place in Bedford," says Wein. "Saturday morning, we'd get up early and play tennis. George would hire two pros; I'd play with one pro and he'd play with the other. Then we'd sit down to lunch, and we had a tape recorder on, and we'd go on from then until the evening.

"One thing I want to get across," Wien adds, "is that this is a *human* story. People have a tendency to associate a deviousness to him, which is not there."

Which may be why Soros refused to cooperate with journalist Robert Slater on Slater's just-published Soros biography; nor, Soros says, will he utter a peep to Michael Lewis, author of *Liar's Poker,* for Lewis's upcoming book on Soros—for which Lewis received an advance of close to $1 million. "He'll have to use his imagination," says Soros. "He's got enough of it."

RUTH G. DAVIS

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O.J. Simpson

Michael Milken

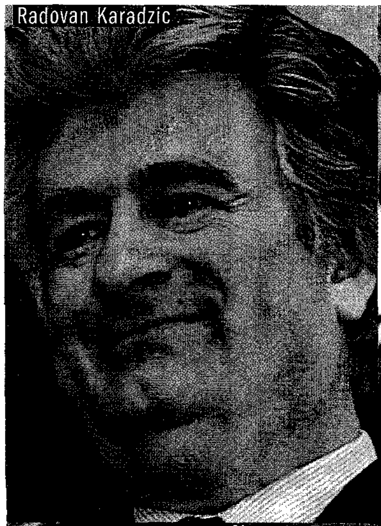
William Kennedy Smith

Oliver North

The Untouchables

By Tad Friend

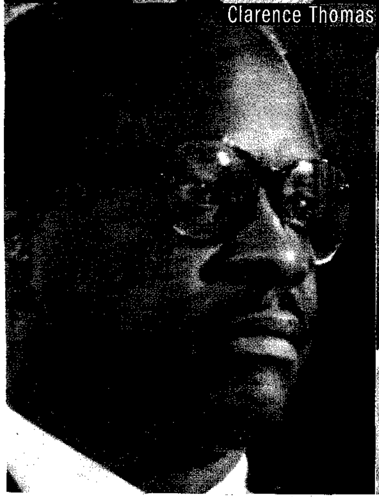
White or black, if you've got the bucks, you can duck the heat. Some notes on a modern-day rite of passage.

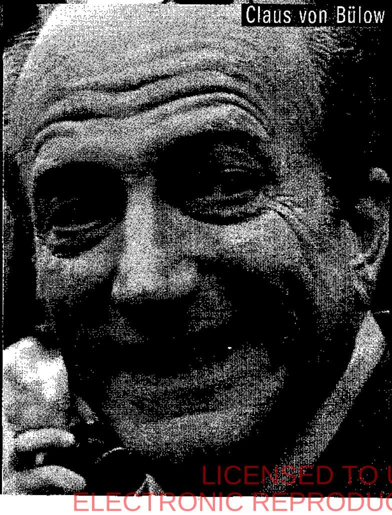

Radovan Karadzic

Mike Tyson

Kurt Waldheim

Don King


Clarence Thomas


Claus von Bülow

Marion Barry

Michael Jacks

AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, O. J. SIMPSON walked. And the first thing he did, Disney World being out of the question, was have a party at his Rockingham estate. O.J. would see his small children Sydney and Justin the next day in a tasteful reunion, with only the *Star* present to take exclusive photos for upwards of $500,000; right now, as Nicole's father said, he had "some wild oats to sow." Near where police had found O.J.'s blood-saturated socks, white-gloved waiters hovered with offerings of shrimp, steak, and chicken. The wingding featured champagne on the balcony; Simpson's mother, Eunice, arriving in a cream Rolls-Royce; and "curvy nude model" Paula Barbieri—as the New York *Post* delicately put it—arriving for the night. The whole fiesta was filmed for later airing on O.J.'s expected $10 million pay-per-view interview. A classy homecoming, in short, one bespeaking the humility that has enabled Simpson to endure these monstrous false accusations.

Wait. That little bubble of sarcasm was wholly inappropriate, and I apologize. I still catch myself thinking that a man who is *manifestly guilty of butchering two people like pigs in a slaughterhouse and who should spend the rest of his life vainly scraping at his bars with a dull toothbrush* might give thanks for his freedom in a more seemly manner. Might even feel a pang of, oh, I don't know, guilt.

But that's old thinking, yesterday's morality. The fact is that today powerful men walk or do only token time, feel no guilt, and often cash in even bigger than before. In the old days Fatty Arbuckle's career was ruined, Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb received lengthy sentences for murder, and Robert Mitchum served time for smoking pot. Nowadays, punishment, like taxes, is for the little people.

Witness sculptor Carl Andre (acquitted of pushing his wife out the window after an argument); John DeLorean (acquitted of drug possession, conspiracy, and distribution, despite an incriminating videotape); the director John Landis (acquitted of the involuntary manslaughter of actor Vic Morrow); Washington fixer Clark Clifford (indicted but never tried—because of ailing health—on charges of bribery and conspiracy in the secret acquisition of First American Bank by BCCI); Senator Alfonse D'Amato (found by the Senate Ethics Committee to have conducted his office in an "improper and inappropriate manner," but not charged with influence peddling to Wedtech, Unisys, and many other companies); and Michael Milken (did time but just rehabilitated with a $50 million bouquet from Ted Turner for his fine work in getting Turner together with Time Warner).

Witness also the merry Iran-contra gang: Oliver North and John Poindexter, whose felony charges were reversed on an evidentiary technicality; Caspar Weinberger and Robert McFarlane, who were pardoned by outgoing president George Bush; Bush himself, whose claim to be "out of the loop" was undercut by Weinberger's handwritten meeting notes; and Ronald Reagan, who gave investigators three different versions of what he knew and when he knew it.

All these guys knew other guys who knew the guys to know; they were upheld by their network; they had top lawyers. Lawyers! The one moment in the Simpson trial when I admired a defense lawyer's probity was when Robert Shapiro stood in court to denounce Johnnie Cochran for making racist detective Mark Fuhrman the issue. "Not only did we play the race card, we dealt it from the bottom of the deck," Shapiro said, apologizing to humanity in general. Oh. My time line is off—Shapiro said that *after* the verdict, when the race card had already trumped for his client.

The piety we heard from so many commentators, including President Clinton, to the effect that the jury system, whatever its flaws, blah, blah, blah, is a dusty civics lesson that shouldn't even be taught in the third grade. The truth is: If you can afford to hire Johnnie Cochran—or Roy Black or Richard "Racehorse" Haines or Gerry Spence or Thomas Puccio or Alan Dershowitz—at $400 an hour, you'll probably get away with it. While Martha "Sunny" von Bülow lies in a coma from insulin injections, her husband, Claus, is a glam socialite with a roguish cachet (yes, yes, acquitted in the retrial with Puccio at his side after Dershowitz won an appeal). We kinda think you did it, Claus, but you're so darn Continental and debonair.

Does anyone doubt that if Susan Smith, who drove her kids into a lake, had had enough money to hire Leslie Abramson, she'd be home right now eating microwave popcorn? Abramson, Erik Menendez's fiercely mothering attorney, would connect the dots of victimization: sexually abused by her stepfather; rejected by her boyfriend; hasn't she suffered enough? Gina Grant, too, suffered considerable abuse before she clubbed her mother thirteen times with a candlestick. But she worked hard, aced her SATs, and was set to go to Harvard until the university caught wind of the whole, um, you know, the thing that happened. If Grant had had Johnnie Cochran, she'd be blowing froth off a cappuccino in Harvard Square.

Of course, both Smith and Grant would have done better if they were men. Guys have license. Judges and juries find their flaws natural and forgivable (of Dershowitz's celebrity clients, Patty Hearst and Leona Helmsley fared least well). But even prominent men need a fortune to be convincing as poor victims. Former House Ways and Means chairman Dan Rostenkowski is having trouble defending against charges that he misappropriated more than $640,000 simply because, after spending $3 million on lawyers, he's broke. Robert Vesco, now languishing in a Cuban prison for marketing a supposed wonder drug, was a fool to flee America. He should have taken the $224 million he embezzled, hired about 500 lawyers, and gotten himself off on a technicality like a man.

So clear is it that money buys reasonable doubt that we should simply codify it: Henceforth, anyone who can afford to hire Johnnie Cochran is not guilty. Simple as that. When the prosecutor says, "Isn't this you on the videotape, killing your whole family down to your daughter's gerbils, Puff and Spanky, and then illegally hooking yourself up to a premium cable channel?" you simply say, "May it please the court, my attorney [dramatic pause] . . . Johnnie Cochran!" Pandemonium in the court, and you're escorted home in a white minivan.

Let's allocate society's resources where they can be effective. In the future, we should only try poor people, preferably those with marginal IQs who don't speak much English and have never heard of the *Miranda* decision. And let's reconsider the whole idea of court-appointed lawyers. If Colin Ferguson can do such a masterful (and cheap!) job defending himself—even while missing a few toys in the attic—this is clearly an area where private enterprise should replace government intervention.

In employing the Cochran standard, we will simply be adopting our foreign-relations paradigm for domestic use. The U.S. has expressed distaste for—and finally bombed the positions of—Bosnian Serb leaders Radovan Karazdic and General Ratko Mladic (charged with crimes against humanity for their gleefully announced blood "feast" against Muslims, which required killing 200,000 civilians and raping up to 20,000 women). Yet we winked at the ethnic cleansings carried out by Croatian president and unreconstructed anti-Semite Franjo Tudjman.

So, too, we insisted that Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, which killed at least 1 million Cambodians during the seventies, be part of recent election negotiations. And remember George Bush shamelessly toasting the late Philippine dictator Ferdinand Marcos: "We love your adherence to democratic principles"? We brought that policy home in 1990, when Imelda Marcos was acquitted of stealing $222 million from the Philippines and investing it in Manhattan real estate. Somehow, she was able to afford Gerry Spence.

What a benevolent country! The O.J. case was rife with troubling portents about spousal abuse and racist police, but the bottom line is that—finally!—a prominent black reprobate can go as scot-free as a *(continued on page 101)*

Photographs: top left to right, Pool/Saba; James Colburn/Photoreporters; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Rick Maiman/Sygma; center left to right, Cedric Galbe/JB Pictures; Sygma; L. Nekula/Viennareport/Sipa; Andrea Renault/ Globe Photos; bottom left to right, Martin Simon/Saba; Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma; Stephen Jaffe/JB Pictures; Neal Preston/Outline.

Mailer and Muhammad Ali in 1965

O.J.

Black and White Justice

By Norman Mailer

Two different views of the American legal system collided head-on. The author of *The White Negro* explains how the shock waves will be felt for decades.

On Monday night a week ago, when everyone in America was agog that the jury in the O. J. Simpson trial had come back with a decision in less than four hours, I was having dinner with a close friend, Ivan Fisher, the defense attorney. Ivan, like many another good lawyer, could not decide in that hour what the verdict would be, but he was certain of one thing: The jury had reacted in anger.

Indeed, they did. The anger was vast. And I would say it came out of looking at American life from a black point of view. It was my aim in this interview, steered by my son Michael, with whom I've often talked about these issues, to try to present such a point of view.

MICHAEL MAILER: I can remember you were saying a year ago that the O. J. Simpson case is going to be the worst thing that's happened to black-white relations in a long time. You remarked that no matter whether O.J. was acquitted or found guilty, these relations were going to get even worse.

NORMAN MAILER: Most blacks consider it vainglorious for any white to dare to speak from their point of view, but I am a novelist, and my occupation does require me to try to enter people's minds. I'd be happier in a world where women could write about men, men about women, and the Japanese could have real insights into the Irish. So I'll plunge ahead. I'll say that right now, whites are very angry. They feel that the jury paid no attention to the evidence, nor to the trappings of the law, which virtually demand that a jury argue the evidence back and forth before moving on to a decision.

WHITES DON'T LIKE TO LOOK AT BLACK LOGIC, WHICH SEES REAL JUSTICE COMING FROM REAL SOCIAL CHANGE.

Of course, these whites are not taking account of the attitude of most blacks toward American justice. Blacks see it as white justice; therefore, it's not justice. It's a game waged by players, sometimes very skillful players. When one team has considerably more money than the other, the varsity ends up playing the junior varsity. That's been the black experience going to court. Poor blacks have court-appointed defenders. So they see it as a game they usually lose.

As whites, however, we strive to hold on to the idea that justice is a chalice and our law courts are the altar. We don't care to recognize that not only in criminal cases, but even more in civil cases, a trial remains a game. Sometimes it is played for low stakes, sometimes for very high stakes, sometimes by mediocre players, occasionally by extraordinarily skillful players; but even at its best, the most we can say for the process of law in the courts is that it is a game where even justice may occasionally be served.

M.M.: The person who plays the game better wins? Regardless of the issues of justice?

N.M.: Exactly.

M.M.: Surely not all people in the legal system, including the Simpson jurors, believe justice to be a game?

N.M.: I think the black attitude in general—and of course I am generalizing; sometimes you can only encounter the truth by marshaling your generalizations against others—but yes, I think the general black attitude might be that white people place a huge emphasis on innocent or guilty because that way they can discard large social questions, sweep them off the court. A focus on individual innocence or guilt works to the white Establishment's advantage.

Once you say that justice must be served in every individual case, it enables you to take one hundredth of the highly imperfect social body and pretend that this is justice for all. Thereby whites can even feel a little less guilty about racism, disproportions of wealth, and the homeless. But from the black point of view, it's a shell game. The whites are holding the pea.

By now, blacks are suffused with a sense of the evils that have been done to them over several centuries. From a black point of view, it almost doesn't matter whether O.J. is innocent or guilty. He is not guilty because this game has to be won. That will give a little recompense to the past. By black logic, it's neither good nor proper to allow the O.J. case to be sequestered away from all their other ills. So to hell with whether whites feel that it was a terrible injustice that O.J. went free. Let whites recognize that there were immense numbers of injustices that blacks suffered and for which they received no compensation. O.J. is their reward.

In effect, blacks are saying: "We are not interested in serving your white justice. We prefer our kind. Our justice is obtained from being able to arrive at our own sense of personal balance. And that can only come from emotional compensation. Compensation for what has been done to us in the past."

M.M.: Aren't you also saying that in this case, blacks are benefiting from a system that usually is slanted to favor whites?

N.M.: I don't think they're trying to benefit from the system. Rather, they're saying: "We don't give a damn about your kind of justice. Your justice elevates minor questions over major ones. Then you can delude yourself that these minor questions are taking care of the whole."

Let me give an example that is a little off to the side. When I was running for mayor of New York in 1969, several influential whites came to us and said, "If you could develop a good welfare program, people might begin to take you seriously." So Jimmy Breslin and I went up to talk with a women's welfare group in Harlem, and on the top floor of a tenement was a small apartment and two big, powerful black women sitting there at a long table. We never got a chance to open our mouths. One of them said, "Mrs. Goldplate on Fifth Avenue, she says I'm being paid welfare and I got a Cadillac. I say, 'My Cadillac is in the garage all the time and it's twelve years old and I can't afford the payments.' And she's got a Rolls-Royce and a chauffeur." The other one said, "Mrs. Silverspoon over on Park Avenue, she says I have five illegitimate children and I'm receiving welfare money for all of them. I say, 'Fuck her.' I gave birth to my children. She didn't. She had seven abortions."

Then this woman said, "We want our share of the waste."

Where was an answer? Could we pretend that there was not prodigious waste at the top? We all know the example of Lee Iacocca asking his workers at Chrysler to

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

settle for a little less while he's making $17 million a year.

M.M.: All right, blacks want their share of the waste. Great. Do two wrongs make a right?

N.M.: As far as blacks are concerned, that's just another trap: That's whitey's game to say, "Two wrongs don't make a right." But whitey is defining the rules. But when people are poor, emotional satisfaction is the name of the game. That's often their only capital.

M.M.: Okay, the jury voted to acquit. Are you going to say that such a verdict lessens the gap between blacks and whites? Or is it just an expensive way of enlarging the anger that whites feel toward blacks?

N.M.: Yes, we're even farther away from bridging anything. The verdict was good for black emotion but terrible for whites. They now feel that black reactions are totally irresponsible. How can you live and work, whites will claim, with people who have no regard for the facts, and don't live emotionally in our society, don't understand our feelings? Of course, blacks feel the same way about whites. My anxiety from the beginning has been that if we can't find some way for blacks and whites to come together, this country is going to head for fascism.

M.M.: Into American fascism? It's the only place we go from here?

N.M.: We won't go that far unless there's a serious depression. But if we have a major economic wipeout in America, we're on the way toward barbed wire. If liberals think Republicans are getting too tough on blacks now, consider what will happen in a real depression. As soon as there are riots in the ghettos, a lot of unused army bases will become holding camps. We'll have a de facto fascism with increasing repression of the media. The only thing we can be certain of is that however the leaders will describe it, it won't be called fascism.

EVEN AT ITS BEST, THE MOST WE CAN SAY FO
IT IS A GAME WHERE EVEN JUSTICE IS OCCASI

M.M.: Will this be entirely the fault of the whites? Aren't some kinds of black intransigence also helping to bring it on?

N.M.: Of course. Blacks have to make their large move toward white people. If blacks don't give some remission of century-old sin to whites, then we're never going to get together and things will just get worse for the blacks. And eventually, worse for whites.

M.M.: If the verdict had been guilty, would more damage have been done to this country? In terms of black-white relations?

N.M.: I think blacks would have been confirmed in their rage and would feel it was a continuation of the domination and warping of their lives by the police.

M.M.: As a leader of the Democratic Party, will President Clinton be helped or hurt in his reelection bid?

N.M.: I don't think it'll do Clinton any good. It certainly divides two of his groups, blacks and women. Women's groups are going to feel that blacks don't care that Nicole was brutally murdered. Ron Goldman's father, no matter the extent of his suffering, certainly seems determined to start a war between blacks and whites. When he said, "The prosecution didn't lose today, America lost," that's an open appeal to racial antagonism.

M.M.: What about Johnnie Cochran bringing in Nation of Islam men to serve as his bodyguards?

N.M.: Before it's over, O.J. will have them onboard as well. The unhappy fact is that a black celebrity who feels his life is threatened can look for no better security than with Farrakhan's men.

M.M.: Americans are so wrapped up in their need for soap opera that last night on TV, a psychologist was actually counseling people about the symptoms of withdrawal that the end of the trial would likely induce. What advice would you give?

N.M.: Soap operas to fill the void! It's all part of the spiritual plague. The world is suffering not only from ecological damage to nature but from bad spiritual ecology. And very much so in America.

M.M.: Bad spiritual ecology? You had better outline that one.

N.M.: Start with the assassination of JFK. Then two more terrible assassinations, Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy. Vietnam through all of that. Then Watergate. And the years in which Ronald Reagan and George Bush tripled the national debt in order to combat the Evil Empire. Whites can see these events in many a way, but from a black point of view, one may arrive at more consensus. For blacks can see themselves as inhabitants, willy-nilly, of a powerful, vain, imperial-minded country that's shooting itself in the foot. Only they are the foot.

M.M.: But how does that make the Cold War relate to O.J.'s case?

N.M.: [*Laughs.*] They both belong to bad spiritual ecology. For 40 years, we were led to think of the Russians as godless, materialistic, and an Evil Empire. When the Cold War ended, we suddenly discovered that Russia was a poor Third World country. They had not been equipped to take over the world. In fact, they were just trying to improve a miserable standard of oppressive living, and couldn't. They had to spend too much on arms buildup. We didn't win the Cold War; we bankrupted the Russians. In effect, it was a big bank exhausting the reserves of a smaller one.

Now, people in America didn't necessarily think all that through. But they felt it. It was as if for 40 years we had all been magnetic filings, all lined up in the same direction. There we were, unified against the Evil Empire. Now it's as if a big switch has been thrown. The magnetic field no longer exists. All the filings are free to scatter. We don't have an external enemy to hate any longer. But we still have 40 years of hate and fear built up toward an Evil Empire that isn't there anymore. So everyone in America is now reeking with random, quickly focused hate for just about everyone else in America. And that has been the background for this case. It has brought us together like nothing since the Cold War. We were in a magnetic field again.

M.M.: With one critical difference. Even if it has had all our attention, there have been two sides. The anti-Simpson forces are full of intensity, often virulent. And the pro-Simpson side has been full of paranoia. And will even equate Fuhrman to Hitler.

N.M.: Yes. The anti-Simpsonites have the DNA evidence; the pro-Simpsonites have police corruption. The whites are outraged that no jury attention seems to have been paid to DNA, which would claim a 7 billion–to–one certainty that it was O.J.'s blood. Well, the blacks can ask, who tampered with the blood?

Besides, there is reasonable doubt. Two people are slaughtered in a bloodbath, and only a few drops of blood are found in O.J.'s house? Blind maniacal rage followed by cool, cleanly deportment? Separated only by twenty minutes? How can there not be reasonable doubt? blacks ask. Seven billion to one, say whites. Fuhrman, say the blacks. A myriad of blacks have been railroaded into jail because they didn't have the money to play the high-professional-skill game called Justice in the Law Courts.

M.M.: There are still a great many whites suffering over the verdict.

N.M.: Whites do cling to law. They grew up with it. For some, it's the last thing left to believe in. Go to law, and get justice. Whites don't like to look at black logic, which sees real justice as coming only from real transformations of society emerging from the depths of a democratic process. With endless contradictions and paradoxes.

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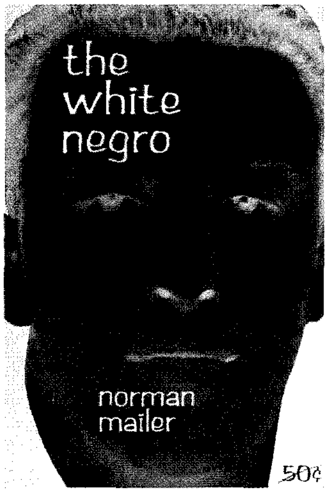
ALLY SERVED.



So I say again: Let's try as whites to look at things from the black point of view, at least a little. Maybe a few blacks will even come to look at whites from more of our point of view. Until the two races begin to understand the great divide between their basic premises, we are nowhere. Take a very large generalization: Whites, for example, believe in technology. Blacks, I would say, have more belief in divine forces, dark and light.

M.M.: Why does technology have to be seen as an enemy to the black people? Why can't it be perceived by them as a way of getting up to the next level of their relationship with whites? Why does it have to be a spiritual argument versus a technological one?

N.M.: Let's save that discussion for another place. I'll only say here that I believe terrorism seems to increase right along with technology. So we may never get to have as much technology as we expect. The real problem is to see whether human nature can become generous enough to create vital societies with or without technology.

M.M.: You've been saying that from a black point of view, O.J. was the protagonist and the legal system was the antagonist. Yet in this soap opera, the deaths of a beautiful woman and of a handsome young man were relegated to the balcony. What can you say about Nicole's voice?

N.M.: Nicole's voice? You mean her voice on that 911 call?

M.M.: Yes. This case has been much more concerned with O.J. than with Nicole. What now can we say on her behalf? Where are her rights?

N.M.: Yes. [*Pause.*] Let me think on it before I answer. This may be the toughest question you've asked. Because it's true. Her rights were not particularly observed in this case. She does not exist as a person so much as a victim. And a victim means less to most people than a person. But the prosecution decided that that 911 call in 1993 where she's pleading for protection could hardly be emphasized enough. The defense decided that to move into other aspects of Nicole was to open their defense to God-knows-what. It might have required putting O.J. on the stand. The defense thought they had a winning case, and they were right. They took the gamble they would win without him on the stand.

M.M.: All right. What about Nicole?

N.M.: The key problem for all involved was that O.J. and Nicole had a complex marriage. There was an awful lot going on back and forth. It wasn't that O.J. was simply a brute even if we do know that he was violent toward her on at least a couple of occasions. But the last recorded occasion of direct physical violence on her was, I think, in 1989.

Nicole was an exceptionally beautiful woman, and it's possible she gave him a very difficult time. I'm not trying to justify brutality against women. I am the last man whose personal history would permit that. I am saying that when you get into interpreting a marriage that turns violent, there's a good deal going on between man and woman. And in his case, both prosecution and defense, for different reasons, decided not to explore that marriage. Their avoidance was strategic, even political. Each side thought it was best for them not to get into the relationship. Not deeply. The prosecution didn't want the defense to muster witnesses who might testify that Nicole had done grievous things to O.J. From the prosecution's point of view, Nicole's image must not be tarnished. And the defense, to repeat, didn't want to pursue a situation that could require putting O.J. on the stand.

So the question, along with everything else that's awful about this case, is still out there, hanging out there. Nicole has become the specter in this case. She haunts us. And she will become an obsession to all women who are prodigiously concerned about male violence toward their sex. It also arms many women who are intensely political and implacable. They become more totalitarian in their mind-set. But then, there's obviously an oppressive mind-set of the left as well as of the right.

The net effect of this case is to increase the potentiality for totalitarianism in America. And if you say, "What do we do about it?" because that's always the basic American question—"What do we do about it?"—sometimes you just have to stop and feel the emotional and philosophical fatigue of an unhappy matter and after contemplating it for a long, long time, all you can say is, "I don't know yet." After all, it's not the only one of our problems. We have many, some of them immense, and maybe out of the sum of these problems (because democracy, one hopes, one always hopes, has

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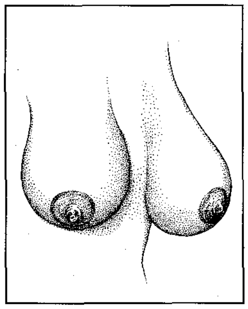
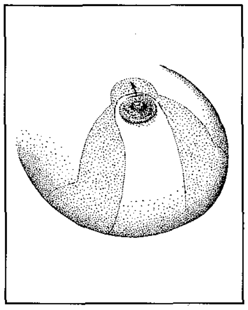
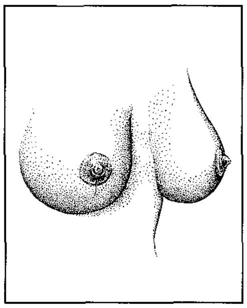


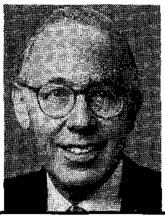
Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.



Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.



The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.



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resources yet untapped), we will find solutions, or at least continuations. But at this moment, all I can say is that if you're dealing with someone who's not well and he or she suddenly comes down with one more abominable illness, you can't pretend that something good has happened. I repeat: The O.J. case was a spiritual plague for America from beginning to end, no matter who won.

M.M.: Let me ask you—Gus Van Sant's new movie, *To Die For*, chronicles the ambition of an on-air correspondent who will do almost anything to increase her fame and fortune, even if it involves murder. O.J. stands to make between $50 million and $100 million off this murder trial. What does this say about the nature of celebrity?

N.M.: There are a lot of people, and I might be one of them, who would propose that celebrity has become our first national disease. It's the price we pay for having neither gods nor leaders nor a society we can respect. Nor even the promise of the future. Because technology is an enormous and often sinister presence in the lives of many Americans. So there is not even a future that we can anticipate. And when you don't have a sense of what the next ten or twenty years are likely to bring, since life is changing so quickly, then the media gods of the moment become enormous. In the *Times* today, somebody from an advertising agency said that he thought O.J. was guilty but added, of course, there's so much money to be made from this that we cannot ignore him.

M.M.: Anything good about the case?

N.M.: One odd advantage. The case may force us to scrutinize those ways in which making money is no longer permissible. The basic tenet of latter-day American capitalism is that if you make money, it's all right. Money is its own cleansing agent. It will even clean your soul. So goes the logic. If people make enough money, everything else will take care of itself. Well, it may not. And about the time that people realize that O.J., innocent or guilty, is making $50 million to $100 million on a tragedy, we may start to say, What is there in our values that has such lack of value that we get into nothing but anomalies and distortions in our public life? There's got to be a curb on outrageous wealth. There are simply too many poor people around. ▬

The Truth Card

By Jacob Weisberg

Why guilty white liberals need to say what everyone knows: The man did it. Bowing to racial anger is just a trap.

FOR ANYONE TRYING TO FIGURE out why the American liberal has become an endangered species, the response to the O. J. Simpson verdict would be a pretty good place to start. In the immediate aftermath of the verdict, no one to the left of George Will could be heard to utter what was obvious to even the most casual of observers: that Simpson was a brutal murderer going free, that the jury had been a terrible failure, and that there was some kind of sick moral inversion about African-Americans celebrating his acquittal as a victory.

The postgame analysis has instead found shelter in Talmudic dissections of process. "They never found the smoking gun, or knives," said Jesse Jackson, as if the murder weapon were always required these days to obtain a guilty verdict. Among other points, the New York *Times's* next-day editorial noted that police hadn't gotten blood samples to the lab quickly enough or adequately secured Simpson's Bronco after impounding it as evidence—"In the end, this will be remembered as a case that was disrupted by the police." In the Washington *Post,* Richard Cohen expressed his hope that "once the emotions of the moment have run their course, maybe a smug American majority will ponder why African Americans had so little faith in the criminal justice system." Cohen concluded his column by saying he finally sympathized with his grandmother, who believed Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were innocent on the basis of Jewish persecution in other lands.

It may be worth recalling what we heard from these same voices in response to another outrageous verdict in Los Angeles, in April 1992, when a mostly white jury acquitted four white LAPD officers on charges of brutalizing Rodney King. "We're looking at a miscarriage of justice," thundered Jackson. "The whole process undermines the credibility of the criminal-justice system in this country." The *Times* editorial page called the Simi Valley verdict "shocking," saying it fed "suspicions that racism played a big role in the case." The *Post's* Cohen criticized George Bush for failing to let the public "use him to vent our outrage at the King verdict." Then-candidate Clinton's first reaction was "to wonder whether this is a just verdict." Barry Scheck, later to become famous as a Simpson lawyer, endorsed in *The New Republic* the notion that the jury had come to the wrong decision partly out of a racial motive. When it came to Rodney King, few denied the undeniable: Justice had been ill-served, a jury was wrong, and the fiasco had something to do with misplaced racial solidarity.

Politics aside, is there a difference between the two cases? Not much. The evidence in the Simpson case pointed as conclusively—if not with the same videotape obviousness—toward guilt. To doubt that O.J. committed the crime, one must believe not just that the LAPD had a few rogue or racist cops but that the entire system of justice—police, prosecutors, and laboratory technicians of many races—was enmeshed in an immense, diabolical conspiracy. That's not reasonable doubt. It's radical skepticism, clinical paranoia. For the New York *Daily News* to write, in its lead story, that the verdict "left the killer's identity a secret that died with the victims' last breaths" is more than tabloid bathos; it suggests that a legal technicality is the same thing as the truth.

Even the few Republicans who had something to say—Bob Dole, Lamar Alexander, and Orrin Hatch—only affirmed their own respect for the jury's decision. Could it be that for all the vaunted rightward drifting going on these days, even the backlash brigade buys into the idea that a racial double standard is an appropriate payback for slavery and segregation and poverty? As riots spread throughout Los Angeles after Simi Valley, no one worried about the implications of criticizing the jury. And there was widespread agreement that a way must be found around the sticky little problem of double jeopardy, so the Rodney King cops could be tried a second time. A way was, thanks to the Bush Justice Department. Only in the Simpson case, with whites as the victims, and blacks siding with the defendant, is respectable opinion cast back on idolatry toward the criminal-justice system.

What does it mean that millions of blacks seemingly approved of the O.J. acquittal and that a majority say they would have voted the same way themselves? If most blacks think Simpson was innocent on the basis of empirical information, it testifies to a distorted sense of reality. One suspects, however, that when blacks say they think Simpson is innocent, most of them mean something else: They are expressing racial solidarity and political alienation. "He became every black male who's ever been involved in the criminal justice system," Wilbert Tatum, of the *Amsterdam News,* told the Washington *Post.* "It was the black male in America who was on trial." In some instances, this identification with O.J. took particularly ugly forms. The *Times* reported that at black Morehouse College in Atlanta, a roomful of students erupted in hoots of derision when the faces of the Goldman and Brown families flashed on the TV screen. (Imagine if a white audience were shown celebrating the Rodney King verdicts.)

Liberals who preach tolerance should have no tolerance for such sentiments, which embody not only reverse racism but a form of moral relativism as well. Instead of demanding equal justice, this kind of identity-based politics asserts that equality can never exist and instead claims for blacks a judicial exemption. In the Simpson trial, the premier exponent of this idea was Johnnie Cochran, with his Fruit of Islam phalanx, his casting of the white detectives as "devils," and his exhortations to the jury to "do the right thing" by sending a message about the system. Like Tawana Brawley's lawyers (and, oddly, like a French post-structuralist), Cochran implicitly suggested that truth was not paramount. He tried to convince jurors—to paraphrase the Brawleyites—that the prosecution's case was less important than the fact that black people are framed in this country every day.

Few argue directly that we should excuse Simpson because Mark Fuhrman exists. But by refraining from criticizing a verdict laden with extrajudicial freight, the white Establishment is guilty, at the very least, of patronizing behavior. To humor black chauvinism treats African-Americans as less than adult, less than full fellow citizens. White America owes blacks the duty of strong criticism no less than black America owes the same to whites. Blacks who feel victimized by society should sympathize with the genuine victims in this case—Nicole Brown and Ronald Goldman, and their families—not with the victimizer who happens to share with them the superficial characteristic of skin color.

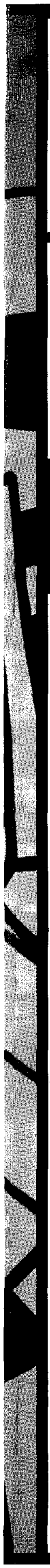
African-Americans who revel in the Simpson verdict, like those who celebrated Mike Tyson's release from prison or Lemrick Nelson's acquittal on the charge of murdering Yankel Rosenbaum in Crown Heights,

(continued on page 104)

Edifice Rex: Jerry Speyer, in front of Jean Dubuffet's *Site au Ciel Bleu avec Personnage.*

The Invisible Magnate

You may not know his name, but he's one of New York's canniest overachievers, the insider's insider. Now, in his own quiet way, Jerry Speyer is making a grab for the city's most splendid, splashy chunk of real estate, Rockefeller Center.



BY PETER HELLMAN

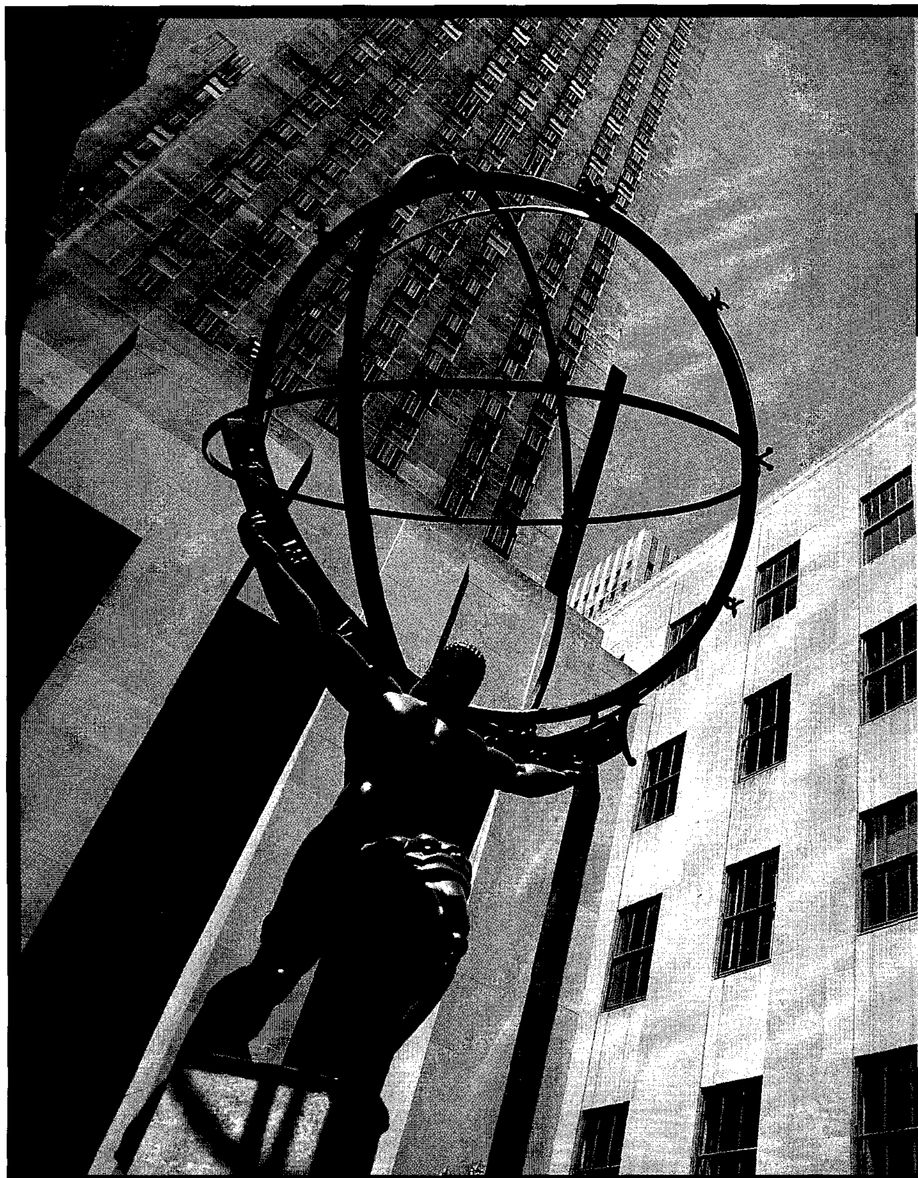
PHOTOGRAPH BY
JONATHAN LEVINE

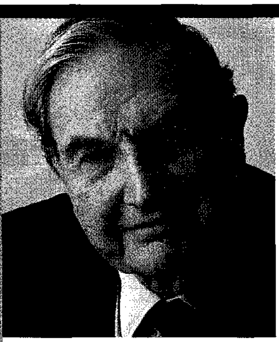
It's 8:30 on a Monday morning in September, and 55-year-old Jerry Speyer, the most inconspicuous real-estate honcho in a field rife with chest-beaters, is struggling with a small pencil in the University Club's dining room. Scratching an order of orange juice and oatmeal onto a slip of paper has never required so much effort; a bowling alley doles out bigger pencils, and he can't seem to get a grip on this one. A pen is finally produced, and relief washes over Jerry Speyer's face.

The moment seems to underscore the humiliating events of the weekend. The CEO of Tishman Speyer Properties, a $5 billion real-estate partnership, thought he was making an audacious play for control of Rockefeller Center. Its current owners, Mitsubishi Estate Company and the Rockefeller family, were lined up as partners in the deal, and the ultimate trophy property—the very embodiment of New York urbanity—was positively glittering on Speyer's windowsill. But that Saturday, the deal was abruptly upended. Mitsubishi, having already filed for bankruptcy in May, had simply decided to walk away from Rockefeller Center rather than restructure its way out of bankruptcy as part of the Speyer plan. The developer was appalled to find himself suddenly, and very publicly, relegated to the sidelines.

"The offer is suspended, not withdrawn," growled Speyer, almost choking on his oatmeal. "Obviously, you only go into this if you think you can succeed. Or you're just plain stupid for trying."

DAYS LATER, ROCKEFELLER CENTER PROPERTIES (the real-estate investment trust, or REIT, holding the mortgage on the twelve-building office complex) tentatively agreed to accept $250 million from Sam Zell. In return, Zell's team, which comprises Walt Disney and General Electric (owner of NBC, the Center's best-known tenant), would get a 50 percent stake in





Left: David Rockefeller hopped a plane to Tokyo to stop Mitsubishi from declaring bankruptcy. Far left: With the Rockefeller Center gambit, Speyer can no longer remain in the shadows.

Jerry Speyer could not have come roaring back into the game without David Rockefeller at his side. "The Rockefellers were sick to death that the Japanese were going to do what they did, which was put the Center in the tank," says Speyer.

the new real-estate trust. Now Speyer really seemed irrelevant, his tough talk the bluster of a wounded ego.

The situation was further complicated when Gotham Partners L.P., a group of fifteen moneyed families, jumped into the fray on September 28. Gotham's plan—raise $150 million for the REIT by issuing new stock and selling it to the current shareholders—looked even more intriguing than Zell's. Suddenly, Rockefeller Center was in play again. At 11 P.M. on the first Sunday of October, Speyer's voice crackled excitedly over his car phone as he returned home from secret negotiations. "We're *back,*" he crowed. "Our new deal is what's called 'no contest.' " Speyer's stunning new bid has made his group the favorite in the battle for Rockefeller Center. And confidence is high (for now).

Speyer could not have come roaring back into the game without longtime friend David Rockefeller at his side. Six years ago, on the very eve of the real-estate crash, Rockefeller sold 80 percent of the family's stake to the Mitsubishi Estate Company for $1.4 billion. The family trust retained 20 percent. But David Rockefeller was aghast, outraged, when Mitsubishi announced in May that it wanted to declare the complex his father built bankrupt. The 80-year-old hopped on a plane to Tokyo in an unsuccessful attempt to head off the filing, which meant the Rockefellers' entire stake was effectively about to evaporate. "The Rockefellers were sick to death that the Japanese were going to do what they did, which was put the Center in the tank," says Speyer. Now David Rockefeller is relishing the opportunity to get the property back from the mortgage holder and redeem the family name.

With Whitehall Partners, a Goldman, Sachs–managed real-estate-investment fund, Rockefeller and Speyer are now offering $7.75 per share for *all* the outstanding shares of Rockefeller Center Properties. The group would also assume about $800 million of Rockefeller Center Properties's debt.

Sam Zell originally offered 29 percent less, or $5.50 per share, for a 50 percent stake in the company. Last Thursday, Zell's group had to sweeten its offer by reducing its bite to 32.5 percent of the company and cutting the REIT's interest expenses. But Speyer's group brings more muscle to the table: Whitehall is owed $191 million by the REIT at interest rates of up to 14 percent. Whitehall also had the right to buy 20 percent of the company. Dislodging Whitehall would be tough even for Zell, who's known for hardball tactics. Speyer's team has one more intangible bonus: It would keep Rockefeller Center "in the family."

Earlier last week, in a sign that Rockefeller Center Properties was already disenchanted with Zell, it declined to allow him to buy a 9.7 percent stake for $10 million. The other competing scheme, from Gotham Partners, hasn't gone away. But that proposal, however sweet, will never wrest Rockefeller Center Properties from Whitehall's claw-hold. And Speyer, teamed up with Whitehall, knows it.

HOWARD RUBENSTEIN, THE PUBLIC-RELATIONS man, is moderately powerful himself. But not powerful enough, it seems, to get a repairman to come fix his air-conditioning system on short notice. At his Pound Ridge summer home one sweltering Saturday in July, the central air-conditioning unit went down hours before a large dinner party was scheduled to start.

Photographs: left, Terry Qing/FPG; right, George Lange/Outline.

Even a frantic call to the builder of his house, who lived minutes away, proved futile.

Then real clout arrived. "Jerry Speyer"—who is a client of Rubenstein's—"first offered to move the whole party to his summerhouse nearby," Rubenstein recalls. "I wouldn't hear of it." The developer disappeared into a bedroom to use the phone. One hour later, an air-conditioning mechanic pulled into the driveway. Temporarily patching a broken underground coolant line to get the A/C on in time for dinner, he continued working until 2:30 on Sunday morning to fully restore the system.

Which just goes to show that power, in New York, means being able to get the A/C fixed fast on a Saturday night—even if the average New Yorker doesn't have any idea who Jerry Speyer is. "My only problem with Jerry," says Rubenstein, "was getting him to agree to let me pay the repair bill."

Speyer is the stealth power broker, a made member of the city's Establishment who has remained invisible to media radar. "*Why* this *interest* in *me*?" he asked plaintively when first approached for this story. "Can't I just climb back in my shell?" It's hard to believe that Donald Trump and Jerry Speyer come from the same planet. Howard Rubenstein has spent years discouraging media coverage of Speyer. "He's so subliminal, I don't even know if I could place a story on him—even if he wanted it," says Rubenstein.

With this Rockefeller Center gambit, Speyer can no longer remain in the shadows. But ambivalence has always hovered at the edges of Speyer's passion for privacy. There are those monogrammed vanity plates (JIS) on his Lincoln Town Car. And the mansion he's now building for himself on East 72nd Street between Lexington and Third Avenues, with a swimming pool in the basement and a couple of gardens—Speyer created the site by tearing down two existing Victorian brownstones. Though nothing like this $10 million private home has been built on the Upper East Side for years, Speyer seemed startled when it became the subject of a New York *Times* story in the summer. Brokers involved in the deal were put on notice not to utter a word. "When you cross Jerry, he turns you into a sweatball," says one broker.

The publication of the story in July with a photo of the site caused Speyer to "seriously consider stopping construction," he says. Surely he knew that such an ambitious project—on a main, Upper East Side cross street, no less—could hardly go unnoticed. "The reason he built that house on East 72nd Street," jokes real-estate developer Bernard Mendik, his regular morning jogging partner, "is that I insisted he stay a few steps from my house so that we can keep running together." But there are plenty of suitable apartments nearby where Speyer and his family could have found both luxury and privacy. Speyer is disarmingly direct in his own response to the question of why he's building such a high-profile house: "The truth is," he explains, seeming weirdly ingenuous, "my wife and I are building what we wanted. It never occurred to us that it would end up in the papers."

It was only a matter of time before Speyer blew his carefully cultivated cover. Much of his pull derives from an extraordinary web of civic roles that took years to spin. More than 40 past and present titles are listed on his curriculum vitae: Chairman of Columbia University's board of trustees. Trustee and member of the executive committee of the Museum of Modern Art. Chairman emeritus of the New York City Partnership. He's even a regent at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Not bad for a Jewish boy from the Upper West Side.

And Speyer evidently doesn't shirk the real work that goes with all those eleemosynary pursuits. Take his two-year role chairing the New York City Partnership, founded by David Rockefeller in 1979 to get business involved in improving the city. Speyer was spending "65 to 70 percent of his time on Partnership work," according to Robert Kiley, former chief of the MTA, who is now the organization's salaried president.

"Whatever crops up or gets in the way," says Kiley, "Jerry will do whatever it takes to bore through to the objective."

Like what?

"Like getting me to run the Partnership," answers Kiley. "It went from me not taking him seriously when he asked me to do the job—*really* not taking him seriously—to saying, 'Yes, Jerry, I'll do it.' "

REAL-ESTATE SUCCESS, as the cliché goes, is a matter of location, location, location. But Speyer's career owes just as much to timing, timing, timing. In 1978, on the brink of a decade marked by a heedless building frenzy by New York real-estate developers, Speyer and his father-in-law, Robert Tishman, made several prescient moves. The first was to liquidate Tishman Realty & Construction, a venerable but undervalued public company listed on the New York Stock Exchange that had put up, among other buildings, the World Trade Center and Chicago's John Hancock Building. Shareholders of the company did well. Their stock, selling for only $8 per share before the liquidation, returned to $30 once the assets were sold off. Out of the ashes of the old, publicly traded company rose the private Tishman Speyer Properties. Its chairman is Tishman, who's now 78 years old and represents the third generation of the celebrated real-estate family. Speyer, its CEO, was married for 25 years to Tishman's daughter, Lynne, before they divorced in 1989.

Tishman Speyer, with initial funding from Lazard Frères's senior partner, André Meyer, shot into the skyline with several successful ventures. One, in partnership with developer Larry Silverstein, was to buy and renovate 11 West 42nd Street, a big, rundown office tower facing Bryant Park. Its vacancy rate was then 90 percent. "People called up Bob and me to ask why we'd buy it," says Speyer. "They thought it was dumb." As office rents soared in the early eighties, the tower started to fill. It's been a moneymaker ever since. In 1981, Tishman Speyer unveiled a sleek, new, 43-story, slant-façaded office tower at 520 Madison Avenue, clad in rose-colored granite. Quickly rented up, 520 Madison has banks as its major tenants: Saudi International Bank,

TISHMAN SPEYER'S EMPIRE

NEW YORK CITY
520 Madison Avenue
Equitable Center
375 Hudson Street
500 Park Tower
Credit Lyonnais Building
620 Avenue of the Americas
11 West 42nd Street

CHICAGO
222 North LaSalle
Cityfront Center
500 West Monroe
525 West Monroe

MIAMI
One Brickell Square

SAN FRANCISCO
First Market Tower

SAN DIEGO
525 B Street

FRANKFURT
The MesseTurm

BERLIN
Friedrichstadt Passagen

Current Targets:

NEW YORK CITY
Rockefeller Center
World Financial Center, Towers A, B, and D
237 Park Avenue
245 Park Avenue
1290 Avenue of the Americas
One Liberty Plaza

BOSTON
53 State Street

CHICAGO
Olympia Center

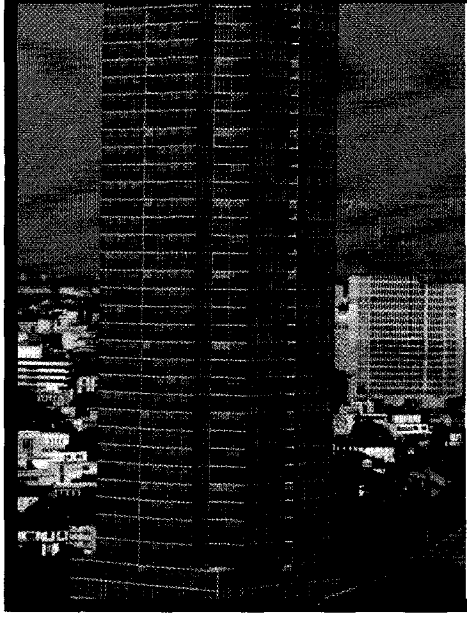
LOS ANGELES
11601 Wilshire Boulevard

Arab Bank, and Crédit Agricole. The building is also Tishman Speyer's corporate headquarters. According to independent brokers, 520 Madison is currently getting $45 per square foot, matched on the avenue only by the IBM Building. Occupancy is 100 percent.

With development money gushing in the early eighties, Tishman Speyer was suddenly everywhere. It developed five major projects in Chicago, including the $200 million NBC Tower at Cityfront Center. In Miami, overlooking Biscayne Bay, it erected the 28-story One Brickell Square. In California, it carried out a $50 million makeover of the Ojai Valley Inn.

But at the market's giddy high in the mid-eighties, Tishman Speyer was among the few to pull back. "We put 7 million square feet of development on the shelf between 1985 and 1987," says Speyer. Why withdraw when the market was so hot? "That's exactly what was wrong," he says. "The market was *too* hot. It was worrisome."

A friend from the early days remembers that "Jerry was like an Energizer battery—he just kept going and going and going. And he always had an agenda." He took the business so seriously he couldn't even have fun playing Monopoly.



Tishman Speyer constructed Frankfurt's MesseTurm, the tallest building in Continental Europe. Jerry Speyer's grandest artistic commission yet, Jonathan Borofsky's *Hammering Man*, stands near the curb out front.

Speyer darted back into the Manhattan market in 1988, just long enough to buy at auction, in partnership with Trammell Crow, the shopworn tower at 53rd and Sixth Avenue that had been vacated by J. C. Penney. Its faded exterior panels were resurfaced; its dysfunctional sunken entrance plaza filled in. Speyer, who is a serious contemporary-art collector, picked Jim Dine, an artist known more for his paintings of hearts and housecoats than for sculpture, to create three draped, Junoesque torsos in bronze for the building's plaza. The market was starting to wobble as leases were signed, but Tishman Speyer has managed to fill the tower with blue-chip tenants, including RJR Nabisco, Siemens, Dewey Ballantine, AT&T, and Crédit Lyonnais. Since then, no other office-tower venture in town has met a similarly happy fate.

Speyer didn't entirely escape damage in the commercial-real-estate-market free fall of the early nineties. One of the buildings that went under was 1515 Broadway, an undistinguished 54-story tower at 45th Street where Viacom has its headquarters. Its general partners were Tishman Speyer and the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Bought in 1985, 1515 Broadway never did earn its keep. Low tenancy was less of a problem than the crushing debt load of more than $300 million. By the end of the eighties, Equitable was ready to put the partnership into bankruptcy. "I would go to my grave before I agree to a filing," said Speyer at the time. There was an easier way out: The night before 1515 Broadway's bankruptcy filing, Speyer sold his share in the general partnership to Equitable for $10 and bought back Equitable's half-interest in Tishman Speyer for $1 million. Tishman Speyer's quick exit enraged the 25 or so limited partners in 1515 Broadway, says one of those partners. Many were Bear, Stearns executives, and they'd invested $77 million in the building.

In the legal wrangle that followed, the limited partners claimed that the bankruptcy filing was made behind their backs. They also thought Speyer should have fought harder for them rather than check out at the last minute as a general partner, says the source. Speyer testified that he'd only exited after failing to persuade Equitable to forgo bankruptcy and instead tried to renegotiate 1515 Broadway's debt with Manufacturers Hanover. "I'm an old-fashioned guy," says Speyer. "I don't believe in bankruptcy."

After the 1515 Broadway debacle, Tishman Speyer's long relationship with Equitable ended. A testament to the former strength of their relationship is the Equitable Center, combining the insurer's old headquarters on Sixth Avenue with an enormous new headquarters on Seventh Avenue for a total of 3 million square feet. Completed in 1989, it disproved the notion that Seventh Avenue was too far west for a tip-top office tower. Having a Roy Lichtenstein lobby mural and two smash restaurants on the premises—Palio and Le Bernardin—didn't hurt.

Art is essential to any Tishman Speyer building, and Speyer is his own curator. On the granite walls of 520 Madison Avenue's lobby, beneath banks of red and yellow chrysanthemums, are four distinctly uncorporate paintings. There's an early Eric Fischl called *Best Western,* showing a boy kneeling poolside rolling oranges against toy cowboys and Indians, and a tense work by Richard Bosman, in which a blindfolded, crouching young man grasps for a large key on the ground. The two large abstractions are by the young Italian painter Rudolf Stingel. When Speyer learned that Stingel needed help getting a green card, he responded with a glowing letter. "He wrote that I am a very good, very famous artist," says Stingel. "He's a very nice man." Looking very much like art in the vest-pocket park at 520 Madison is a graffiti-spattered chunk of the Berlin Wall.

Speyer is a regular at the art fairs held in Basel and Cologne and has been collecting for 30 years. He roams Manhattan galleries on Saturdays and always buys from private dealers rather than at auction. Dozens of works are always being shifted around Tishman Speyer's offices. Currently on display are Nam June Paik's

Photographs: left, courtesy of Tishman Speyer Properties; center, courtesy of Paula Cooper Gallery.

TV Play Go Kart, abristle with TV screens, and a large, nocturnal cityscape by Sue Coe labeled NEW YORK 1985: CAR HOOKERS AGE 13.

One morning, carried away by his own impromptu lecture on Coe's early anti-apartheid works, Speyer took on the bearing of an eager museum docent, and he made himself late for a meeting. Asked if it wasn't unusual that a real-estate developer would want to own something by the anti-capitalist painter, Speyer shrugged and answered, "I don't own one. I own five." Speyer favors young, relatively unknown artists over "brand names." He says he's never resold a painting and what he can't hang, he lends to friends or puts in storage.

In the late eighties, seeking opportunities that just couldn't be found Stateside, Tishman Speyer built the stark, pyramid-crowned MesseTurm in Frankfurt, Speyer's father's birthplace. At 70 stories, it's Europe's tallest building. At the dedication of the Helmut Jahn–designed building, Speyer spoke in fluent German. As a college student, he'd spent a semester at Berlin's Free University. When a reporter asked Speyer what it felt like to erect such an important building in his father's hometown, Speyer answered, "It's a monument to my father." (Speyer's father, Ernest, had died a year earlier. He'd fled Frankfurt with his family in the thirties.) In Berlin, Speyer is developing Friedrichstadt Passagen, a one-million-square-foot residential-and-retail complex fronting the historic Friedrichstrasse.

JERRY SPEYER GREW UP IN COMFORT on Riverside Drive, attending Horace Mann. His father prospered at whatever he touched, starting with shoes and moving on to steel and chemicals, while his son looked on; Ernest Speyer was able to retire at age 52. Always a good student, Jerry finished Columbia College in 1962 and went on to graduate from the business school. At first, he considered a career in law or teaching. "But after I teased apart that notion and focused on what a guy like me needed to do, I decided I wanted to make money," he says. So he chose real estate. He was only 23 when he married Lynne Tishman. They have two daughters and a son, Robert, who is a reporter at the *Daily News.*

Jerry Speyer did not go to work at once in his father-in-law's firm. "I never even intended to do that," he says, "just as I never went into business with my own father." He worked first for Madison Square Garden, then for a company building middle-income housing in New York and Florida. After two years, Speyer joined the Tishmans' construction firm; the Tishmans were eager to have him. A friend from those early days remembers that "Jerry was like an Energizer battery—he just kept going and going and going. And he always had an agenda." He took the business so seriously that he couldn't even have fun playing Monopoly.

Speyer and his first wife divorced in 1989. Friends say that Lynne was an "old-fashioned" wife whose main interest was her children. She liked to turn in early while her husband was constantly on the move. Speyer insists that they maintain an amicable relationship. "The proof," he says, "is that I'm still working with my ex-father-in-law." Speyer is now married to Katherine Farley, a managing director at his firm specializing in international projects. She has a master's degree in architecture from Harvard—and now they have a 3-year-old daughter whom Speyer dotes on. Farley is now handling Tishman Speyer's first South American venture—an office building in São Paulo. "I think he married his secretary," says one high-level real-estate developer, who got the story wrong even though he's done deals with Speyer.

Speyer guards his family's privacy to the point of paranoia. He'll remark that one of his adult daughters just bought a pasta machine from the Home Shopping Network—then clam up when asked her name. He'll speak enthusiastically of the reactions of friends to a Holocaust-themed piece by Christian Boltanski in his living room, yet turn silent when a reporter asks to see it; his home in the East Seventies is definitely off-limits to the press. Proud to discuss his second wife's conversion to Judaism, he insists that the name of the synagogue where she converted be kept off the record.

ALMOST FORGOTTEN IN THE ONGOING skirmish at Rockefeller Center is Speyer's other high-stakes quest, for control of several office towers in the city belonging to Olympia & York (USA). The prize property is the World Financial Center. Here, Speyer has partnered up with Apollo Real Estate Investment Fund and Olympia & York Developments Limited of Canada. They're facing off against Battery Park Holding Company, controlled by the Bronfmans of Toronto. "We're only in round one of fifteen on this one," says Speyer.

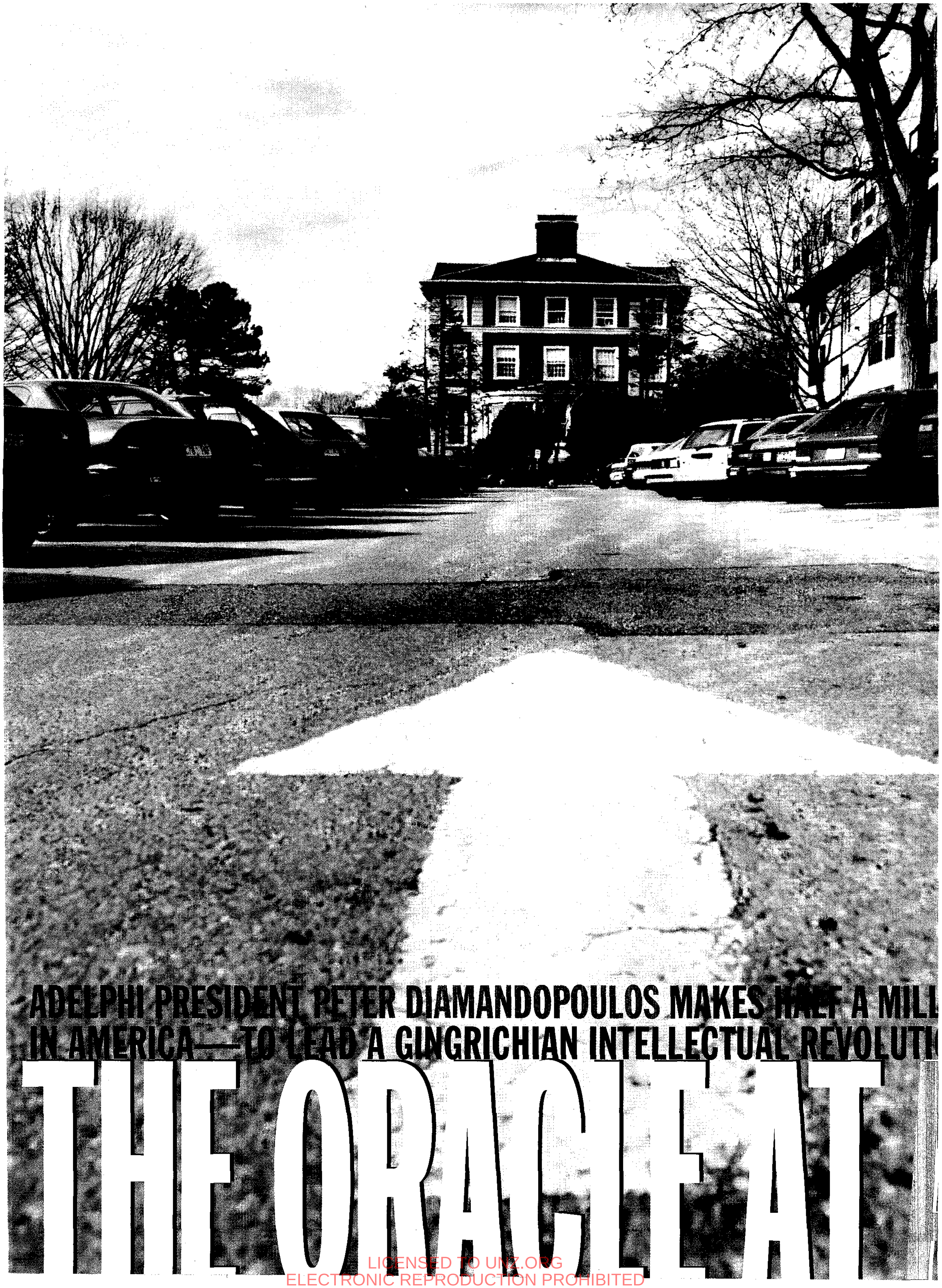
Even as he silently formed his new alliance to win Rockefeller Center in the past few weeks, Speyer kept up with extracurriculars. One Wednesday morning, he sat patiently for two hours in Tishman Speyer's windowless sixth-floor boardroom while a dozen Columbia Journalism School advisers hashed over a guest list for a benefit dinner. Speyer volunteered to write personal letters to more of the power brokers who were being invited than everyone else seated at the table combined. Given the unbudging distance Speyer has until now maintained from the press, it's ironic that he'd go to bat for the journalism school. But this dinner was, in his mind, for a good cause: to support the Knight-Bagehot fellowships for mid-career financial journalists. "There isn't a businessperson in America who doesn't care how the press communicates," said Speyer at the meeting. "When Jack Welch [CEO of General Electric] takes off his news hat and puts on his turbine hat, he goes ballistic about inaccurate press coverage. If there were a hundred more good financial reporters, we'd be better off."

The East 72nd Street mansion is under construction.

IN RECENT LEAN, POST-CRASH YEARS, NO new office towers are going up in Manhattan. None are even in the planning stages. If demand does rise, owners of space will be primed for a terrific recovery. "You can do a microanalysis of Rockefeller Center," says Daniel Neidich, chief of Goldman, Sachs's Whitehall group. "But the fact is that macro-markets move things." If the economy does heat up, so will demand for office space.

Building Rockefeller Center in the thirties was John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s act of faith for a Depression-rattled city. Fifty years later, the Speyer-Whitehall-Rockefeller offer is a new act of faith in the city. No matter what the economy does, Rockefeller Center can't be made bigger, so it must be made better. Speyer is vague about how the team plans to give the complex new zip. "But if we do buy it," he says, "it won't just stagger along. We want this to be a great confirmation for the property and the city." ■

Photograph by Philip Greenberg.



ADELPHI PRESIDENT PETER DIAMANDOPOULOS MAKES HALF A MILL
IN AMERICA—TO LEAD A GINGRICHIAN INTELLECTUAL REVOLUTI

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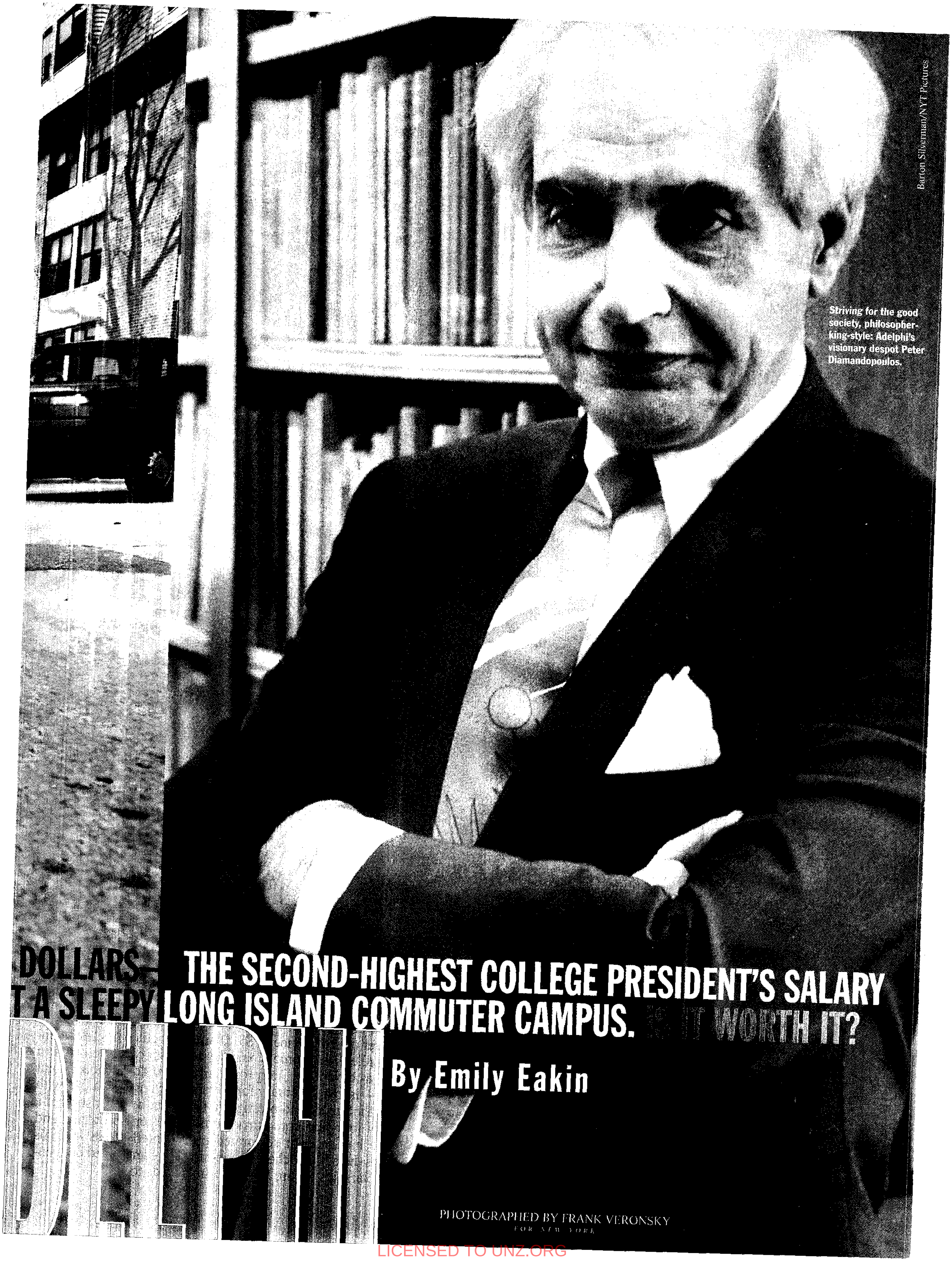


DOLLARS— THE SECOND-HIGHEST COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S SALARY
T A SLEEPY LONG ISLAND COMMUTER CAMPUS. IS IT WORTH IT?

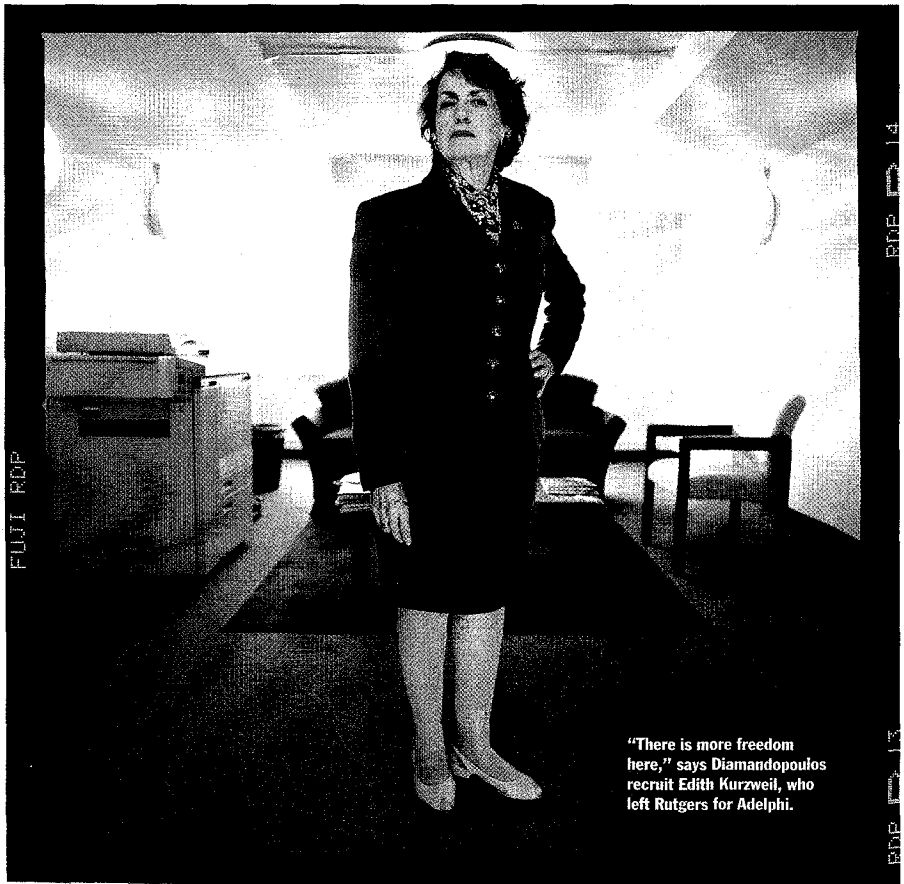
DELPHI

By Emily Eakin

Striving for the good society, philosopher-king-style: Adelphi's visionary despot Peter Diamandopoulos.

Barton Silverman/NYT Pictures

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK VERONSKY FOR NEW YORK



"There is more freedom here," says Diamandopoulos recruit Edith Kurzweil, who left Rutgers for Adelphi.

SINCE 1985, DIAMANDOPOULOS HAS BEEN CONDUCTING A QU

SO PROFOUND IS THE AURA OF SUSPICION AROUND ADELPHI UNIversity president Peter Diamandopoulos that it has achieved architectural expression: double pine doors, a surveillance camera, and a buzzer security system. But even these, in place for the past fifteen months, have proved insufficient to protect him from public humiliation. Proclaimed on the front page of the New York *Times* on September 30 were the embarrassing details: Diamandopoulos's $523,000 salary and benefits package, making him the second-highest-paid college president in the country; a $1.2 million university-financed condo in Manhattan; a university board meeting in Greece; and other financial extravagances. These were followed by tales of Adelphi's dwindling enrollment, budget cuts, and staff layoffs, and the alarming report that the state attorney general's office had already begun looking into Adelphi's spending. Last Monday morning brought a small stampede of local television crews and newspaper reporters to the Garden City, Long Island, campus, where they swarmed around a group of professors calling themselves the Committee to Save Adelphi and demanding the resignation of Diamandopoulos, or "Dimo," as they refer to him. "Last year, the president got a 28 percent raise and the library's book budget went to zero," complained Patrick Kelly, a history professor. "The world finally knows about us!" beamed Kathleen Slavin, an editor of the *Delphian,* the campus newspaper. "Dimo can't hide from the law or from the press."

He seemed determined to try. Perhaps he thought if he lay low, the fuss would blow over. The unflattering publicity could not have been more ill timed, coming two weeks after Adelphi had kicked off its yearlong centennial celebration and launched its latest grandiose, in-your-face ad campaign to promote Diamandopoulos's radical educational agenda—his quixotic endeavor to turn a backwater commuter college into the Harvard of Long Island. Bad press might well discomfit the powerful conservatives to whom Diamandopoulos had turned for ideological and financial support. So while the 67-year-old Greek-born former philosophy professor remained holed up in his office in Levermore Hall on Monday morning, his press officer, Vince Passaro—a literary journalist who was at that moment also on deadline for *George* and the New York *Observer*—circulated a statement of support from the trustees ("We believe he deserves every penny") and made feeble attempts at damage control. "There's nothing earthshaking going on here," Passaro insisted. "The faculty are pissed because they don't run the university." Soon he, too, had disappeared into the presidential suite, leaving reporters to gawk at its heavily fortified exterior. "Don't forget," snapped Adelphi's chief of security, who was wearing a gold centennial pin on his lapel, "Colin Ferguson was an Adelphi student."

Such is the inflation of the daily rhetoric at Adelphi University that a madman now serving a life sentence for killing six people on the Long Island Rail Road has come to embody for Diamandopoulos's entourage the threats posed to the presidency by the students and faculty, and for Diamandopoulos's opponents the heavy-handed contempt with which the administration treats them. Adelphians like to recount how on the morning after Ferguson's shooting spree two years ago there were half a dozen guys in suits—according to one professor, they were carrying guns—guarding Diamandopoulos's suite. This professor says the protection force maintained its post until Adelphi broke for Christmas two weeks later.

Diamandopoulos contributes to the atmosphere of conspiratorial strife by being notoriously hard to get hold of. "There is no way to meet Dimo," complains Melissa, a drama student. "You can't call and make an appointment," echoes Anaissa, a dance major. "I finally approached him one evening after dinner when he was crossing campus with his men. 'Make it quick,' he said. 'I have things to do.' "

INTO A SANCTUARY FOR HIGH-MODERNIST LIBERAL LEARNI

THEN AGAIN, DIAMANDOPOULOS IS A BUSY MAN. UNTIL A LITTLE MORE than a week ago, he was too busy leading an academic revolution to worry much about his critics. "I don't care what people say about me," he said during an interview late last year. "But I do care about what I know they ought to *have*!" What they ought to have, as Diamandopoulos sees it, is an education unlike any Adelphi has ever offered. Since 1985, Diamandopoulos has been conducting a relentless (some would say ruthless) campaign to turn Adelphi, a haven for preprofessionals—middle-management wannabes—into a sanctuary for "liberal learning" on a par with the Ivies in influence and prestige. In ten years, he has instituted a mandatory four-year core curriculum in Western problems and values; he has brought celebrated public intellectuals into his classrooms; he has launched an honors college and doled out generous scholarships to lure bona fide smart kids to it.

"There are 3,000 run-of-the-mill universities," he fumes. "Doing what? *Servicing!* Let's use the real word. Education has become a vast service industry. People want it; give it to them. And if you dare to ask questions, well, you are an elitist. But without elites, without a meritocracy, there is no democracy." Diamandopoulos wants to train scholarly leaders, not competent accountants. That he is determined to do so at Adelphi, a school with neither an endowment nor a reputation, is the result of heartfelt ideology and a symptom of outright ego. Exceedingly ambitious, flamboyantly autocratic, Diamandopoulos is a new breed of university president: the visionary despot.

His crusade has won him important allies in the world outside Adelphi and made enemies of his faculty and students. Intellectual conservatives—including culture kvetch Hilton Kramer, Boston University president John Silber, and John M. Olin Foundation president William E. Simon, all of whom Diamandopoulos wooed to his board of trustees—venerate him as a martyr for high standards. Diamandopoulos, his enthusiasts maintain, is rescuing higher education from the ravages of multiculturalism and anchoring it firmly where it belongs, in the traditions of Western civilization. "I consider Peter a Renaissance man," says Simon. "He's fighting the conventional wisdom of tenure. He's not tolerating the liberal garbage that spews around. He's hired teachers willing to teach freedom. If he stays for the next ten years, Adelphi will be one of the best institutions in the country." The *National Review College Guide*—a polemical survey with a section on "the academic Gulag" of hard-core-p.c. campuses like Brown and Berkeley—recently anointed Diamandopoulos "a hero" and declared Adelphi "one of the East's most dynamic universities." (Brad Miner, one of the *Guide's* co-editors, subsequently got an appointment at Adelphi as a visiting professor.)

TIC CAMPAIGN TO TURN THIS HAVEN FOR **PREPROFESSIONALS**

In today's absurdly ideological academic climate, of course, a school does not have to beam in Newt Gingrich's televised curriculum to earn the epithet *right-wing.* Any institution declaring a penchant for Western civilization is a likely target for conservative adulation and liberal wailing. Thinkers who break faith with the orthodoxy of radical inclusiveness may suddenly find themselves, often to their dismay, poster children for the right. Such is the case of historian Ronald Radosh and of *Partisan Review* editor Edith Kurzweil, recent additions to Adelphi's faculty. Radosh, a visiting professor whose salary is partly financed by a grant from the Olin Foundation, is the co-author of *The Rosenberg File: A Search for Truth,* a book that established the Rosenbergs' guilt and Radosh's status as a traitor to the New Left. Kurzweil, an old-style New York intellectual who also came to Adelphi on Olin money, gave up the sociology-department chair at Rutgers to do so. "Adelphi," she says with evident relief, "is not politically correct."

ON A PAR WITH THE IVIES.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY WOULD SEEM AN UNLIKELY BIRTHplace for an academy of the right. For a time after its founding in Brooklyn in 1896, it was the only co-educational liberal-arts college on Long Island, but by World War II, Adelphi had moved to sleepy Garden City and become a women's school, training scores of Army nurses. After the war, the college cashed in on returning GIs, reopening its doors to men and launching a school of social work. New programs followed haphazardly: business administration, banking, psychology, education, a graduate school of arts and sciences. When Diamandopoulos took over, Adelphi had become a decentralized patchwork of schools and programs, linked only by dwindling enrollments, a negligible endowment, and a $2 million annual operating deficit. Ninety percent of the budget comes from tuition, but Adelphi had allowed almost $5 million to accrue in defaulted student payments. Meanwhile, Hofstra, Adelphi's longtime rival five miles away in Hempstead, had hired an energetic new leader who pumped up the endowment, added a law school, expanded the library, and improved the university's regional reputation. For the past decade, Hofstra has attracted better students at slightly lower prices.

Under Diamandopoulos's tenure, overdue accounts have been paid off, the endowment has tripled, and the university has accumulated a $40 million cash surplus. But the president's inaugural projection—15,000 full-time students by 1990—remains a dream figure. Today, there are slightly fewer than 8,000 undergraduate and graduate students, almost all of them from New York State. As the university's enrollment atrophies, its tuition has soared along with that of first-rank private colleges, increasing 60 percent in the past five years. Twenty percent of freshmen leave after one year. (Hofstra, by comparison, loses only 9 percent.) "It's a truism," a senior in the honors program says: "The exceptional student at Adelphi leaves." In the past year, professors say, there has been a 30 percent cut in the admissions budget, a 60 percent cut in part-time library staff, and increases in class size, which has in some cases doubled. Although some of Diamandopoulos's critics concede he has rescued the university from debt, they complain that he is a "pathetic fund-raiser" and insist that most of the endowment increases represent transfers of cash from operating funds, most of *them* drawn from student tuition. This is an assessment he does not exactly deny. "I don't think it is one of my responsibilities," he said when I asked about the modest $1.5 million he raised last year. "Lots of presidents don't raise a penny."

Undaunted by grim statistics, the president has devoted himself to Adelphi's glorious future. The university offers more than 1,200 merit scholarships each year, including a dozen that guarantee a virtually free ride through the Honors College. And Adelphi has spent millions proselytizing, not to Adelphians but to the cultural elite. Since 1989, full-page ads have appeared in the *Times, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, National Review,* and *The New York Review of Books.* Many of these broadsides quote the president and display his picture. All are feistily unconventional. "Harvard. The Adelphi of Massachusetts" begins the best-known ad. Another gives the admissions-office phone number in Roman numerals. The current campaign in the *Times* showcases an unusual notion of professorial virtuosity: In one ad, a demure poet clutches a rose to her bosom. In another, a biology professor wraps himself in a boa constrictor. In a third, a physics professor billed as an "unregenerate flower-child" splits boards with his bare hands.

If image could sell a school, Adelphi might be teeming with just the sort of students its Harvard-educated president admires: smart, cultured, articulate, and ambitious—in short, devoted to what Diamandopoulos's deputies solemnly call "the life of the mind." But at Adelphi, this kind of student is still the exception. Students come here not to cultivate their intellects but to earn the degree that will get them a job—more often than not in nursing, social work, accounting, education. Many are first-generation college students. Most are working-class Greek, Italian, Irish, or African-American kids from neighboring towns like Bellerose, Melville, and Floral Park. The average combined SAT score last year was an undistinguished 962. *US News & World Report* ranks Adelphi among the bottom 25 percent of schools nationally. Igor Webb, the school's vice-president, admits, "The ad campaign got you to look at the ads, but it hasn't gotten you to send your child here."

"We don't have that good a reputation," explains one senior apologetically. “We're just known as that school you go to if you don't get into the ones you really wanted.” Adelphi offers the “best package,” students told me, because of a merit scholarship, proximity to home, or both. College, for these kids, is a practical necessity, not a cultural experience.

Adelphi's 75-acre Garden City campus reinforces this sense of dreary utilitarianism. Only 40 minutes from Manhattan on the Long Island Rail Road and surrounded by bland suburban affluence—spotless sidewalks, immaculate lawns, and generously proportioned Tudor façades—Adelphi itself lacks all the usual amenities. It has no cool off-campus bookstores, no after-hours clubs, no cineplex, no fast-food joints, no clusters of kids with backpacks and cigarettes, no other signs of collegiate abandon. Approaching campus on a deserted sidewalk for the first time, I wondered whether I might be going the wrong way—the university seemed mostly parking lots, an unfortunate consequence of having to minister to a population that is 60 percent day-student commuters. Once I arrived, however, I found myself on something that looked like a campus: a flat, grassy plot crisscrossed by walkways and lined with a casual collection of three-story brick buildings, flower beds, and a few solitary trees.

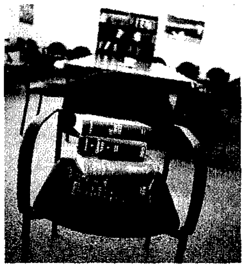
This underpeopled tableau is typical. The campus empties out at night and on weekends, but even during the day it is frequently desolate. Admissions brochures boast more than 70 undergraduate organizations, including sororities and fraternities, but students report “precious few” resources and activities. “Students are bored to death,” says one junior. “You won't find the Nation of Islam here,” adds a senior. “You won't find the white Aryan resistance—but then, you will not find much of any extreme here.” The administration likes to mention that *USA Today* has rated Adelphi America's safest college campus.

“THE ADMINISTRATION WOULD LIKE TO GET RID OF A NUMBER O

MOST HAVE TENURE—IS TO

FROM HIS OFFICE ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF LEVERMORE HALL, ONE OF the oldest and most elegant of the brick buildings, Diamandopoulos has a view of central campus, a view he does not seem particularly inclined to enjoy. When I visited him in his office, the red blinds over his windows were drawn, as they were each time I passed Levermore Hall on subsequent occasions.

Unlike the Wizard of Oz, who turned out to be just another balding, middle-aged man in a suit, Diamandopoulos does not disappoint. He is short and intense, with a shock of white hair, thick black brows, and hooded eyes—features that lend themselves to a spectacular range of expressions. His most frequent attitude is one of impatience, which seems to grip him whenever anyone else is speaking. He rolls his eyes, furls his brows, and taps his foot furiously. There is more than a whiff of the imperial about him, in his passionate, unsatisfied air; his rich red ties; and his office, done up in buttery calfskin. He is an avid reader of military biographies—Patton, Giap, and Montgomery are personal heroes. All this impresses, but Diamandopoulos's real power becomes apparent when he opens his mouth. He speaks with tremendous energy, through a Greek accent that is surprisingly strong, in sentences so laden with embedded clauses as to sound almost written.



Born in Crete, where he returns each summer to tend the family vineyards, Diamandopoulos proudly recalls shooting at Nazi paratroopers during the German invasion of the island when he was 13. After the war, he spent eight years at Harvard, ending up in 1957 with a Ph.D. in philosophy and classics. During the next two decades, he taught philosophy, primarily at Brandeis, before becoming president of Sonoma State College in California. He served for six years until he was accused of making improper faculty layoffs and resigned in 1983.

These days, Diamandopoulos's enemy is “service” education. “Adelphi provided the necessary credentials for an entry-level job,” he says indignantly. “I take the dramatically more ambitious view of what we ought to do, in spite of what the students think. Being the kind of intrusive guy I am, I'm not letting them tell me what they need. The very nature of education—even at its prostituted worst—is a prospective kind of service. Only in retrospect can you find out the value of the service rendered to you while you were a student.” According to Diamandopoulos, Adelphi has long been marketing mediocrity. The proof? “There is no powerful or generous alumni group,” he points out. “Few graduates have proved wealthy, successful, or influential.”

Diamandopoulos paints himself as a solitary and misunderstood crusader, and it's hard not to sympathize. Educators who speak of “qualitative distinctions,” “seriousness,” and “standards” or, worse, claim to know better than their students what constitutes a college education are immediately suspect in an academic culture preternaturally suspicious of anything that smacks of authoritarianism. But is establishing a spirit of independent, nonpartisan intellectual inquiry really Diamandopoulos's goal? Why all the alienated faculty and miserable students? Why a board of trustees stocked with professional conservatives? “From Silber to Simon,” the president replies, “the value of these people is that at least they have the courage to speak in powerful and colorful terms that run against the grain of our culture today. And that, at least, creates for me the necessary condition: utterly unimpeded.”

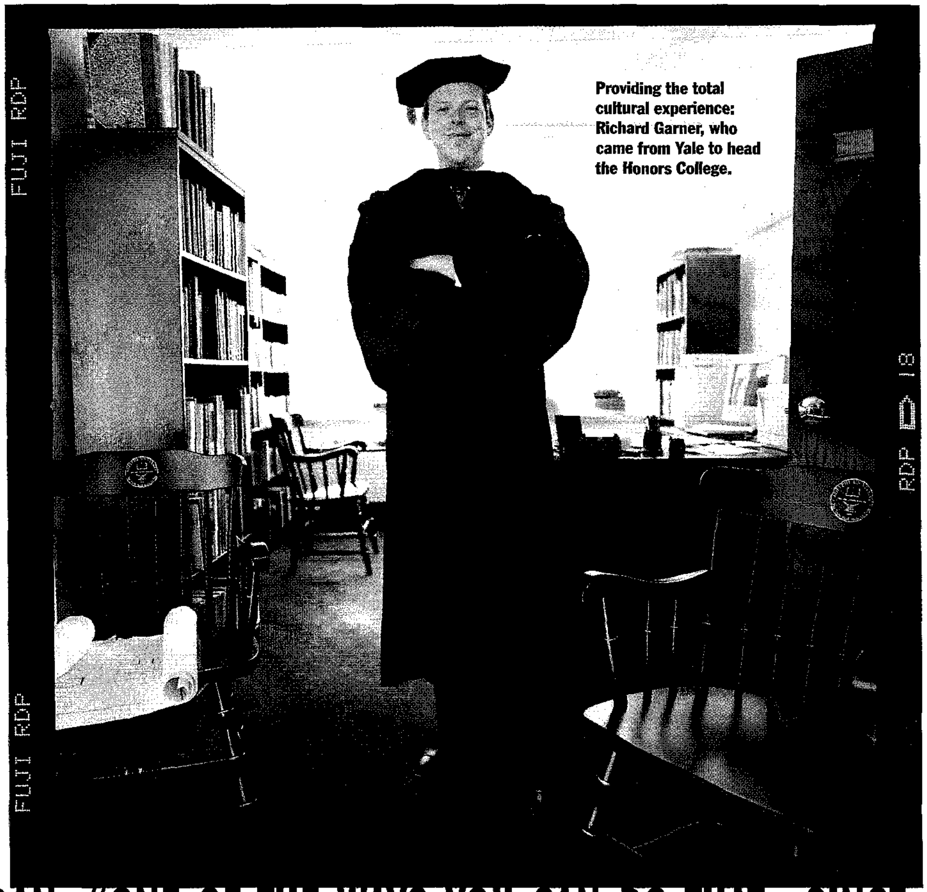
If Diamandopoulos considers the freedom to dissent a cherished prerogative, he has not communicated this notion to the Adelphi faculty. First, there was the tenured professor who, after agreeing to speak with me, changed his mind and left the following message on my machine: “I can't talk, I'm sorry; I have everything to lose and nothing to gain.” Then there were two others, also tenured, who agreed to be interviewed only on the condition of anonymity. When I told Diamandopoulos, he wrote it off to character deficiency. “That's *pathetic,*” he scoffed. “Most people are frightened; most people are weak.” Students offer a different explanation. “A lot of professors and departments are scared to speak up,” Haendel St. Juste, co-editor of *Afrika Unbound,* a student publication, told me last year. “It's almost like a reign of terror: They won't get a raise, the tenure, the extra funds they need.”

What appears to have been happening is actually a subtler and more effective campaign of intellectual isolation. One professor described the administration as operating with “a Mafia kind of mentality”: Loyalty is bought in exchange for favors (committee assignments, promotions, deanships), and critics get relegated to the academic outfield. Even within the administration, turnover is high. “The president likes to set his underlings against each other,” says a member of the faculty. “The deans fly in and out.” There is a joke on campus that the bulletin board in Levermore Hall listing who's who in the administration should be titled “Departures and Arrivals.”

“It's a cliché that the faculty should be in charge of the academy,” the president scoffs. “That the administrators are clerks and there is an impotent board watching the show. I believe there ought to be someone not only legally responsible but morally, philosophically, and educationally responsible. *This* is the president.” Hell-bent on realizing Adelphi's Ivy League potential, Diamandopoulos wastes no time attempting to persuade his own skeptical constituency. University professors may sit on academic committees, but for the most part, the president does as he pleases: Courses have been scheduled and canceled, instructors shuffled, and visiting faculty hired—all by presidential fiat. In late August, Diamandopoulos announced that henceforth he would avoid contact with the faculty senate and would deal only with individual professors.

For the most obstreperous dissenters, there are blunt offers of a quid pro quo. Kathleen Slavin of the *Delphian,* the student newspaper and main organ for anti-administration sentiment on campus, reports, “For the past four years, we’ve needed new computers. I was told by the administration that it would be much easier—I think those were the exact words—for me to get those computers if I stopped writing critical editorials about the president.”

This past August, Adelphi’s popular alternative radio station, WBAU—where Dr. Dre, an Adelphi graduate, got his start—was shut down; Adelphi sold the FM license to Nassau Community College, a move that has inspired a local lawyer and Adelphi alumnus to contemplate legal proceedings against the university. Students claim the administration closed the station behind their backs; the administration claims there was not enough student interest to keep it going.



Providing the total cultural experience: Richard Garner, who came from Yale to head the Honors College.

In the spring of 1994, the administration canceled 30 courses and reassigned 23 instructors to teach on auxiliary campuses in Manhattan and Huntington the following fall. Says Sal Primeggia, a 27-year veteran of the sociology department who was transferred to Adelphi’s School of Education facility on Varick Street, “The administration would like to get rid of a number of professors, and one of the ways you can do that—since most have tenure—is to try to make life so difficult and uncomfortable for them that they will leave.” In the past, tenure has not proved much of an obstacle for Diamandopoulos. The fourteen professors he laid off when he was president of Sonoma State College in California all had tenure; some were his most outspoken critics. Says a woman who served as trustee for the California state system at the time, “I have admired Peter and identified with his educational philosophy, but his autocratic and egomaniacal methods are eventually self-defeating.”

ROFESSORS,” SAYS ONE VETERAN. “ONE OF THE WAYS YOU CAN DO THAT—SINCE

Y TO MAKE LIFE SO UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THEM THAT **THEY WILL LEAVE.”**

Faculty claim the transfers amounted to a quasi-legal purge. The list of instructors was “very suspicious,” says Patrick Kelly, a history professor who was assigned a course at the School of Education’s Manhattan branch (he complained and was not forced to teach it). “It wasn’t based on seniority or enrollment figures.” A professor who was not transferred says simply, “It was the enemies list.” But the administration defended the moves as “intellectually and fiscally” necessary, part of a campaign to lower the teacher-student ratio to a profitable 1:15, and Diamandopoulos says he is just doing his job. “We don’t run a country club,” he snorts. “There is no contractual obligation not to work in another place. It’s the president’s absolute and unchallenged prerogative to assign anyone, including himself, to the work that has to be done.”

Adelphi’s trustees are unlikely to object to anything Diamandopoulos does; most of them were recruited by the president himself. (Critics have either resigned or been forced out.) Indeed, the board has tended to be more than generous. When Diamandopoulos was first hired, reports a former trustee, his salary was appropriately “modest.” When Adelphi released figures last fall—after years of paying fines to the IRS for refusing to disclose the wages of its top officials—Diamandopoulos’s pay package placed him among the top ten highest-paid private-college presidents in the country. The 28 percent raise he got last year pushed him into the No. 2 spot, just beneath his mentor, John Silber, president of Boston University. Given Adelphi’s modest operating budget—$85 million—Diamandopoulos may well be taking home a comparatively even bigger piece of the pie.

“Whatever Adelphi is paying Peter for all his hard work,” says Hilton Kramer, “it is not enough.” The board clearly considers its money well invested. So does the Olin Foundation, a prominent supporter of conservative causes and thinkers, including Charles Murray, Allan Bloom, and Irving Kristol, as well as Kramer’s own querulous culture journal, *The New Criterion.* Over the past three years, Olin has given Adelphi $1.5 million in matching funds for visiting-faculty appointments, enabling the administration to bypass faculty search committees and make hires directly. By offering light course loads and large salaries (said to be between $85,000 and $110,000, or considerably more than the average Adelphi professor makes), the president has attracted some big names to Garden City, including Carnes Lord, a former national-security adviser to Dan Quayle, and Tibor Machan, a former editor of *Reason,* as well as Kurzweil and Radosh.

Two Olin associates—executive director James Piereson and president William Simon—sit on Adelphi’s board (Simon is an honorary trustee), where, among other functions, they serve as talent scouts for potential recruits. Former *New Criterion* editor Bruce Bawer and former *National Review* editor Brad Miner have both been "preceptors" in expository writing, a sinecure that comes with an office but no course load. Simon has endowed an annual lecture at Adelphi for the past three years. So far, the list of speakers includes William F. Buckley Jr., Irving Kristol, and Simon himself, whose speech on the civilizing influence of Christopher Columbus was front-page news in the *Times* in 1992. The *Delphian* called Simon's lecture "a prepackaged collection of clichés" and wondered, "Will Adelphi become an indoctrination camp into [*sic*] the great 'global culture of American civilization?' "

Mark Blitz, who left the conservative Hudson Institute (also backed by Olin) and a successful career in public policy to become Adelphi's acting provost last September, says he joined the school because he "wanted to help create an emblematic university." He explains: "There are extremely few places run by people like Peter who know what a university should stand for and are doing what's necessary to make it happen. Most colleges have lost their sense of education as a kind of transformation of the soul."

For Blitz, it is an easy stretch from Adelphi's lofty educational mandate—"exposing people in the broadest sense to what the life of the mind is"—to the Republican national agenda. "For people who in other ways are defending individual responsibility or smaller government," he says, "it's all increasingly tied together." As someone with a stake in national politics, Blitz sees Adelphi as an ideological investment (as do Simon and Kramer); if it isn't an "indoctrination camp," it's at least a haven for tightly shared values.

IF IMAGE COULD **SELL A SCHOOL,** ADELPHI MIGHT BE TEEMING WITH JU

Diamandopoulos's core curriculum, however—his most successful experiment to date and presumably the place where boardroom values become textbook lessons—is by no means traditionally right-wing. It is not an Allan Bloomish celebration of Great Books. Nor is it about fulfilling distribution requirements in dead languages and cultures. And faculty were actively involved in every stage of its planning and development.

At least in theory, Adelphi's five-year-old core curriculum is daringly progressive, expertly tailored to the demands of "the real world," its subject contemporary, its approach interdisciplinary. The immersion begins freshman year in a course called "The Modern Condition." Students are told that "today's world is in constant and dangerous flux," but that through diligent study, they "will be empowered to act, to write, to advance." With that rather alarming proviso to goad them, they dabble in Galileo, Dostoevski, Einstein, and Langston Hughes and look at paintings by Goya and Rothko, all the while thinking about such questions as "How do we establish virtue, morality, 'the good,' without a God?" Once they've mastered modernity's big problems—the absence of God, the ambiguity of meaning, the uncertainty of self, the fallibility of science—they do some background reading ("Origins of the Modern Condition," sophomore year); learn that, despite the flux, knowledge does exist ("Modes of Knowledge and Versions of Understanding," junior year); and think about the ethical implications of what they now know ("Seminar in Values and Actions," senior year). Diamandopoulos himself teaches one of these seminars; it's called "Happiness, the Good, and Doing What Is Right."

In sum, the core is a splashy remake of the old Western Civ, plus a healthy dose of moral reasoning. At Adelphi, "modernity" means the world outside the classroom window—the Western World—an assumption that is not lost on the undergraduate population. In 1992, African-American and Latino students staged a twelve-hour sit-in at Levermore Hall to protest the lack of minority representation in the core curriculum. Haendel St. Juste says that the sit-in was productive but that the core is still "Eurocentric." Adelphi now has an associate dean for minority-student affairs, but African-American studies remains a "minor" without a department of its own.

Diamandopoulos is dismissive of what he calls "the clamor for relevance." "I regard the politically-correct debate as background noise rather than a threat," he says. Education and what some academics have called the race-class-gender mantra, he is convinced, have nothing to do with each other. Vice-president Webb, who was instrumental in developing the core, is more blunt: "The only thing I think *Western* has to mean is that all this stuff came out of the Western tradition, the one that, ironically, all the people who are powerless certainly want to acquire. I was born in Slovakia, a Jew. I never went to college thinking, *How many Slovakian Jews are there in the curriculum?* It's absurd."

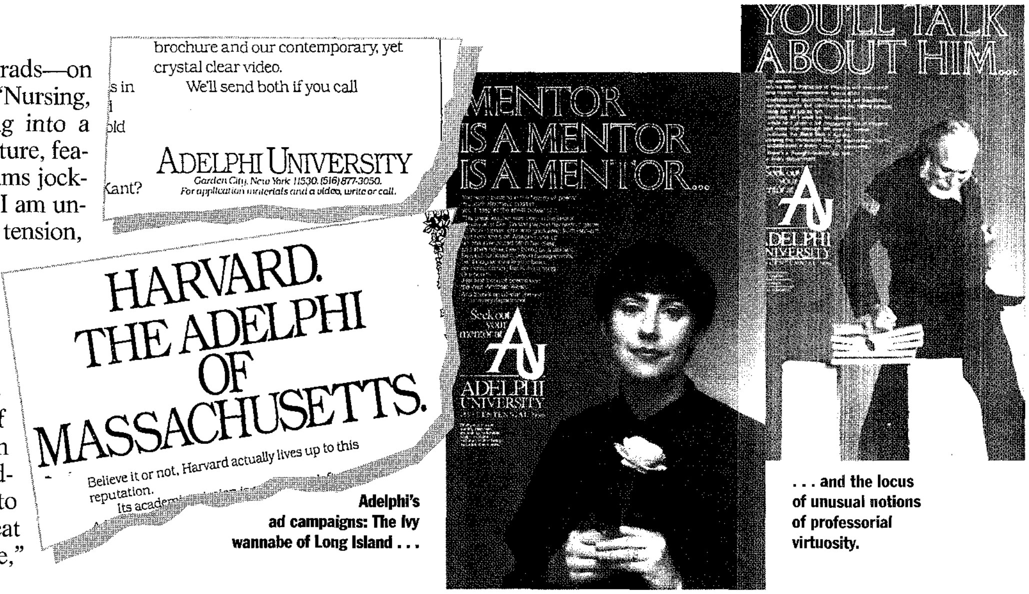
With turn-of-the-century feminist icon Charlotte Perkins Gilman, avant-garde filmmaker Trinh T. Minh-ha, and Harlem Renaissance painter Romare Bearden on the syllabus, the "Modern Condition" class can hardly be accused of harboring a "dominant class" fixation. And since the 1992 sit-in, ideological debate over the core has waned. Freshmen tend to resent the core for practical reasons—its size precludes double majors, and core credits don't transfer easily to other schools—but many advanced students show a retrospective appreciation. "In the beginning, I thought the core classes were useless," says Blair, an accounting major. "What were they going to do for me? But it brings diversity to your life." Sandro, a freshman studying business management, offers an endorsement that Adelphi administrators might find thrilling: "I saw Elie Wiesel's name on a poster the other day. If it weren't for the core, I wouldn't have known who he is. I hate the courses, but I wouldn't know who Kafka, Wilde, Schapiro, or Nietzsche are." Such praise, and from a non-honors, preprofessional student! If intellectual name recognition doesn't exactly constitute the life of the mind, it's a step in the right direction.

Not everyone is this pleased, though. The core remains the object of dispute between the faculty and the administration. Because students spend 30 percent of their class time in core courses and most of the rest of it fulfilling requirements in their majors, there is little room for electives. Many departments have had to scale back. "I have seen the English Department offerings whittle down from a five-page handout at the beginning of a semester, to three pages, to one," says Jason, a senior. "It's a power struggle between the administration and the various departments as to who's going to control the curriculum," explains a philosophy professor. "The main weapon for the administration has been this core."

TO LOOK AT THE ADS," SAYS O

Beneath faculty complaints about Diamandopoulos's ideological agenda and autocratic habits lies a justifiable anxiety over qualifications. "Faculty are asked to teach courses they have no competence in," says Thomas Heffernan, an English professor. "I've had people come around to me saying, 'What do you know about Emerson?' " Some students report similar horror stories—professors who showed movies on Einstein or Martin Luther King Jr. because they had nothing to say about relativity or civil rights.

"I don't mean to sound egotistical," says Radosh, "but people like myself have proven track records. The faculty here aren't known at all. They've done nothing. Some of them, I understand, are very good teachers. But you need people who are involved in the life of the mind." To the uneasy Adelphi professor, Diamandopoulos sounds no more reassuring. He hints darkly that he is willing to stake Adelphi's preprofessional schools—which still en-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Adelphi's ad campaigns: The Ivy wannabe of Long Island . . .

. . . and the locus of unusual notions of professorial virtuosity.

roll nearly 40 percent of the undergrads—on the success of the Honors College. "Nursing, schmursing," he exclaims, launching into a Darwinian description of Adelphi's future, featuring the various schools and programs jockeying with one another for survival. "I am unabashedly committed to fostering the tension, the disparity, the constant taunting of the different departments, of Honors College initiatives vis-à-vis other routine or complacent practices."

The Honors College, with its 187 students, is the crown jewel of Diamandopoulos's imperial project; if there's going to be an indoctrination camp at Adelphi, that will be it. Grandly promoted as a "school that returns to tradition, patterning itself after the great colleges of Oxford and Cambridge," with the intention of training "the next generation of American leaders," the Honors College turns Adelphi's honors program—a fast track for bright kids—into a 24-hour experience. The traffic in distinguished visitors may help lure some good students. Sixty-nine students showed up for the inaugural semester this fall. The incoming group, all of whom receive merit scholarships, are expected to study, take class, and, if they want to, reside in spiffily refurbished Earle Hall, the building set aside for them in the middle of campus. Like many a good college dorm, it has among its accoutrements an all-night computer center, a lounge, and a study hall. A resident faculty adviser is on hand to lend a degree of seriousness to the late-night pizza breaks.

HE SORT OF STUDENTS ITS PRESIDENT ADMIRES. BUT "THE AD CAMPAIGN GOT YOU

What distinguishes the Honors College from the rest of campus is not so much the curriculum, which includes supplementary seminars and special "Great Books" core classes, but the ambience. From the sincere and enthusiastic new dean, 42-year-old former Yale professor Richard Garner, who arranges excursions for credit to the Metropolitan Museum and hosts pretheater brunches in his Manhattan apartment, to the soft blue carpets and prim seating arrangements on the first floor of Earle Hall, where students may stop between classes to leaf through select periodicals, the Honors College is suffused in a warm and nurturing glow. "More and more courses wouldn't change the quality of the students' education," explains Garner. "You've got to have the sense of atmosphere and models for them. They see us all going to these things and talking to each other about them and organizing our lives around events like this, really giving students a model for intellectual life. As is the whole Honors College: these tables with the intellectual journals stacked up on them, where they sit between classes. It's not a comic book. It's *The Paris Review* or *The New York Review of Books* or *The New Criterion*. They have started reading journals they never knew existed before. They come here and they feel the intellectual intensity and know that it is part of a whole program of the life of the mind."

Garner makes the life of the mind sound attractive and easy. The professorial role models, the field trips, and the journals provide helpful hints about what is involved, especially for students who haven't been exposed to it all before: the numerous Adelphi undergrads who come from families that don't read *The Paris Review*, or who spent their adolescent leisure time working a full-time job. I was disappointed, over the course of several visits to Earle Hall, never to see a student sit down on one of the sofas or pull an intellectual journal from the neat stacks on the coffee tables. I couldn't help wondering whether the conspicuous absence of comic books had something to do with it. Perhaps the Honors College, with its perpetual aura of Ivy League sherry hour, was more alienating than I suspected.

OP OFFICIAL. "NOT TO SEND YOUR CHILDREN THERE."

Paradoxically, though, the long shadow of intolerance that hovers over Adelphi's campus is entirely absent from its classrooms, where, for the first time, students appear animated and inquisitive and discussion ranges freely across the ideological spectrum. In one classroom I visited, Edith Kurzweil was teaching a seminar on "Communism and Twentieth-Century Intellectuals" to a small group of honors students. Kurzweil, who came to Adelphi as a visiting professor, liked what she found so much, she decided to stay. Elegant and thoughtful, she is known for her wide-ranging scholarship and has written books on French structuralism, psychoanalysis, and feminism. "There is more freedom here," she says. "I felt that by coming I would be able to teach more motivated students than I used to have. Especially the kids in the Honors College. They ask questions. They assume they're here to learn." Kurzweil shows me a handout on the Dreyfus affair and another on the history of Zimbabwe. "They often do research I haven't asked them to do," she says proudly. "I think Adelphi could very well become a prototype for other places around the country—I hope it does."

On the day I attended Kurzweil's class, a student named Peter was giving an oral report on the British novelist and former Communist Doris Lessing. The hour had ended, but no one seemed to notice. Peter had more to say about Lessing's writing and politics and her insistence that the two are distinct. Kurzweil and her class listened attentively. "I felt Doris Lessing was a true intellectual," Peter concluded breathlessly, "because of her constant criticism and quest for knowledge. Human individuals should seek the courage to swim against collective boundaries and to swim upstream." Peter, it seemed, had discovered the life of the mind.

Diamandopoulos, on the other hand, still has much to learn. Despite his nobly iconoclastic desire to return to the basics of a traditional liberal education—from the timeless classics to the works of high modernity to an almost Deweyan immersion in culture with a capital *C*—the professor of "Happiness, the Good, and Doing What Is Right" has failed to grasp a most basic lesson: that education by intimidation breeds resentment, not leaders. Unfortunately for him, it may be too late. ■

LEARNING TO LOVE

As it celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, t

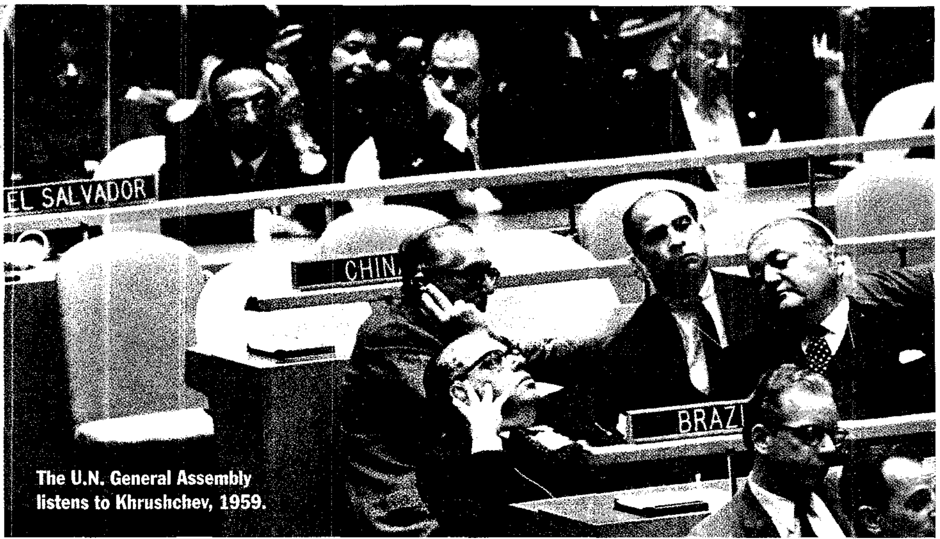
TOURING WARTIME CONGO IN 1960 WITH A DETACHMENT of Moroccan soldiers and their regimental goat, the ultimate U.N. peacekeeper, Sir Brian Urquhart, told a Congolese official that he represented the United Nations. The official was nonplussed. "What tribe is that?" he asked.

If the civil service were a tribe, the British-born Urquhart would be its living totem. After World War II service as a heroic British air-force intelligence officer, he became, in 1945, the second official recruited to the United Nations. He helped invent the modern notion of peacekeeping while working to orchestrate the international community's responses to nearly every crisis of the postwar era until 1986,

weenie incompetence. A look insid

The U.N., semi-constructed, in 1950, back when people talked unironically about ideas like global harmony.

HE UN

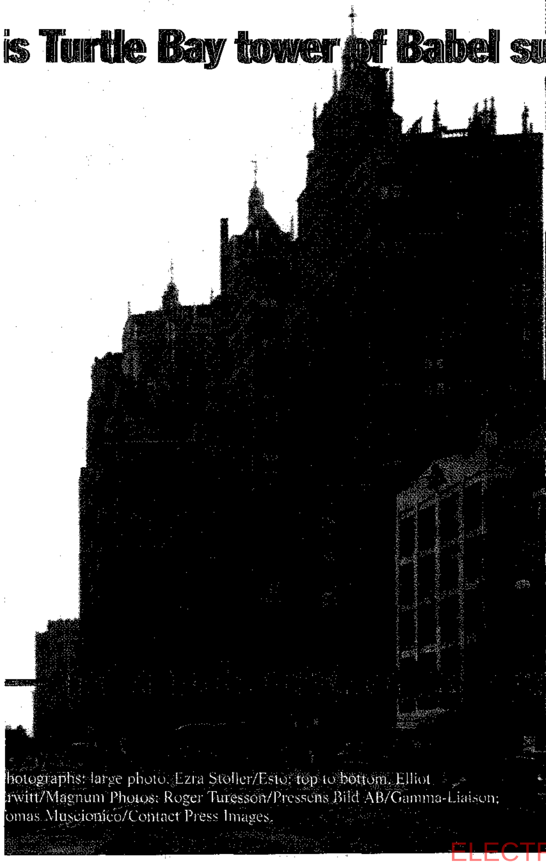


The U.N. General Assembly listens to Khrushchev, 1959.

nited Nations is variously accused of crypto-totalitarian conspiracy and liberal-

Policing Kuwait in 1991, a year after the Gulf War.

is Turtle Bay tower of Babel suggests that while the organization is silly, bloated,



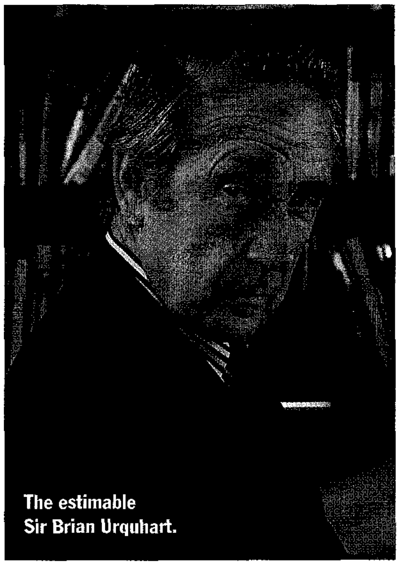
Kids playing peacekeeper outside Sarajevo, 1995.

it helps to make the world. **By Richard Murphy**

hotographs: large photo. Ezra Stoller/Esto; top to bottom, Elliot
rwitt/Magnum Photos; Roger Turesson/Pressens Bild AB/Gamma-Liaison;
omas Muscionico/Contact Press Images.

when he retired a few hundred yards west to the Ford Foundation. His former colleagues view him with a respect that borders on veneration. Sitting in his comfortably cluttered office, Urquhart gives a compressed answer to the old Congolese question: The U.N., he says, "is the biggest collection of foreigners in the world."

Which is an indirect way of saying that when things go wrong, you can always blame those damned foreigners at the United Nations. This month, as it celebrates 50 bumpy years on the site of an old East River slaughterhouse district called Turtle Bay, the U.N. is an all-purpose bête noire, targeted by foes with little in common besides their keen eye for a large, easy target. Why, they insistently demand, does the United Nations *exist*?


The estimable Sir Brian Urquhart.

The world media castigate what they see as the Security Council's variously stubborn or cowardly failure to wave a magic peace wand over the former Yugoslavia. In Washington, Senator Jesse Helms bashes the U.N.'s bloated bureaucracy and its delegates' notorious abuses of diplomatic immunity. The fertilizer-bombing lunatic fringe of American conservatism, meanwhile, sees a sinister crypto-Soviet world government whose (nonexistent) black helicopters are poised to invade the American heartland, guided by coded messages on our highway signs. At the other extreme, remnants of the global federalist movement savage the U.N. for *not* being a world government.

Amid the general clamor of hostility, there's a surprising indifference to what actually goes on behind the looking glass of that sleek monolith on First Avenue. In an effort to shed some anthropological light on this great tribe of foreigners (a large fraction of whom, incidentally, are American), I spent several weeks wandering the halls, lounges, council chambers, and offices of Turtle Bay. I interviewed diplomats and bureaucrats throughout the organization, met men and women, slackers and workaholics, cynics and idealists, several visionaries, and a few fools. I even interviewed the maître d'hotel in the Delegates' Dining Room, which provides three-hour lunches for all of the above. The dining room is as good a place as anywhere to start talking about U.N. culture, given that so much vital diplomatic schmoozing happens here. Floor-to-ceiling glass windows look out over the East River. A buzz of genial, multilingual conversation rises above a groaning buffet at the center of the room. "*Mon cher collègue?*" "How are you, old chap? Back from Bosnia?" "You must know the Italian ambassador." "*Enchanté,* Excellency!"

Presiding over this well-oiled gastronomic networking machine is Norman Manjaka, a caressingly smooth man of indeterminate age who has been overseeing the dining room for 25 years. He has catered national-day celebrations for virtually every country in the world ("I put their *flag,* and the United *Nations* flag, and *flowers* . . . ") and is a master at the art of stroking the sensitive egos of ambassadors, politicians, and civil servants. "You don't seat this country next to that country if they have friction," he says. "Since the end of the Cold War, though, people are much more relaxed. Ten years ago, I had to watch out more. Once [then–Israeli delegate Benjamin] Netanyahu and a Palestinian delegate were standing on either side of me at the buffet. Each had food piled up like a pyramid on his plate. So I asked Netanyahu, 'Is it frustration or hunger?' 'Both,' he replied. I asked the Palestinian the same question, and he said: 'It's frustration!' Needless to say, the two diplomats were not talking to each other."

Amid this Ruritanian comedy of table manners, it's hard to see how Turtle Bay can lately generate so many whacked-out conspiracy theories. The sheer scale of the organization gives us a clue. As an association of 185 member states, administered by a 37,000-odd-member civil service, the U.N. is not readily stereotyped, let alone understood. Its almost unimaginably complex bureaucracy numbers over 100 distinct entities, including the politically oriented Secretariat and a vast range of autonomous specialized agencies dealing with virtually everything: famine relief, international labor disputes, epidemics, refugees, world commerce, arms control, and so on and on. They have virtually no power aside from what member states choose to delegate them. But after a few days spent drinking in the U.N.'s thick alphabet soup of agency names, I could understand how the Montana Militia types might get confused. For while the U.N. effectively controls nothing, it appears to control everything.

LIKE HIS CUBAN, LIBYAN, NORTH KOREAN, and Iranian colleagues, His Excellency Nizar Hamdoon, Iraqi ambassador to the United Nations, represents a country with which the U.S. has no diplomatic relations away from the neutral ground of the U.N. Normally, he would not be allowed into the United States. Because the United Nations is not legally part of this country, however, Hamdoon and his colleagues on the State Department's enemies list live in an international twilight zone bounded either by the five boroughs of New York or a 25-mile radius around Columbus Circle, beyond which they may not travel. He is an inconstant presence even at the U.N., where Iraq recently had its voting rights suspended after it failed to pay dues for two years.

As I raise my finger to the doorbell at the Iraqi mission on East 79th Street, the mirrored door buzzes open. One-way glass. In the lobby, two burly Iraqi security men sit watching O. J. Simpson's face on CNN. Watching them is a large por-

Photographs: top, Yvonne Hemsey/Gamma-Liaison; bottom left to right, Keystone/Sygma; AP/Wide World Photos; UPI/Bettmann.

"People will be judged on merit," says one U.N. official, "no

U.N. cemetery, Korea

1950

The first peace-enforcement mission is deployed to Korea.

1956

The U.N. Emergency Force is dispatched to Egypt, discouraging Israel, England, and France from annexing the Suez Canal. The force stays for ten years to keep its eye on Nasser.

1960

Nikita Khrushchev, banging desk with shoe, vows to "bury" West.

1961

Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld, on his way to negotiate peace in the Congo, dies in mysterious plane crash, posthumously receives Nobel Peace Prize.

Khrushchev

SOVIET REPUBLICS

1971

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto of Pakistan speaks for eight hours during Security Council debate on Indo-Pakistan war, pausing once to faint.

Bhutto

1975

Yassir Arafat and Idi Amin push through General Assembly vote that equates Zionism with racism.

1980

Thirteen-year effort by the World Health Organization results in global eradication of smallpox. Global eradication of polio expected by year 2000.

1982

Theo van Boven, director of the Human Rights Division, is forced out after refusing

trait of Saddam Hussein wearing combat fatigues and an enigmatic little smile.

Between the lobby and Ambassador Hamdoon's fourth-floor office, the building is deserted, apart from Saddam portraits in each empty room. The ambassador sits in a large room overlooking the street. He is soft-spoken, has a neatly trimmed moustache, and wears a dark suit. He does not seem busy. We drink coffee, and I ask whether the loss of voting privileges has made life difficult for him at the U.N. He shrugs. "No, not really," he says. "We can still speak and serve on committees, and the other countries don't harass me for my vote. This makes life easier."

He seems more bothered that the American delegation won't talk to him. Not at all? "They say hello, but from far."

This is an ironic turn of events. In the mid-to-late eighties, when Hamdoon was Iraqi ambassador to Washington and the U.S. government was bending over backward to favor Saddam Hussein's regime in its war against Iran, American officials vied to receive him, dine with him, hear his views. Now he sees the American ambassador, Madeleine Albright, only for the formal communications that diplomats call *démarches.* "She calls, we meet, she hands me a note," he says. "For me, this is the lowest form of diplomacy."

These *démarches* generally relate to the enforcement of the Security Council's postwar sanctions against Iraq, which the Iraqi ambassador is lobbying to have lifted. The Americans, meanwhile, are leading the charge to keep sanctions in place until the Iraqis have finally complied with the terms of the Gulf War settlements, under which Iraq agreed to dismantle its chemical-, biological-, and nuclear-weapons programs. Meanwhile, Hamdoon's government is also exploiting chinks in the five-year-old Western alliance against Iraq, having secretly concluded concessionary deals with France for the sale of Iraqi oil, to take effect after the oil export embargo and other sanctions are lifted. The upshot of all of this, at 14 East 79th Street, is Ambassador Hamdoon sitting in his office, watching CNN and waiting for the diplomatic worm to turn once more.

With virtually the entire non-Russian world united in its condemnation of Bosnian Serb war crimes, the Belgrade Serbs are, perhaps, even more hated than the Iraqis. The Serbs are now the loneliest diplomats in New York. About a year ago, according to a young British U.N. official who spoke on condition of anonymity, the Muslim government of Bosnia sent the Security Council a letter accusing the British of complicity with Bosnian Serb genocide against the Muslims. "That same day," he said, "the British delegation walked out of the Security Council and into an anteroom where the Serbian delegation tends, not having much else to do, to spend hours each day drinking coffee. The largest and sweatiest Serb leapt up, embraced a British delegate, and, in full view of the assembled crowd, cried, 'We're in this *together* now!' "

PROPONENTS OF THE VIEW THAT the U.N. is little more than a vast theater of the absurd will be heartened by a highly critical new book on the U.N. by Rosemary Righter called *Utopia Lost,* which quotes the Lebanese delegate's speech to UNESCO's annual conference in 1980. While his country marked the fifth year of a particularly savage civil war, this optimistic man described Lebanon as a country which gives "to the world torn by conflicts and rivalries an admirable example of coexistence . . . this Lebanon, this object of beauty, illuminated by the hopes of the human race."

In 1986, Righter notes, there were 41 countries fielding 5.5 million combatants in 36 armed conflicts worldwide. Naturally, the United Nations declared this the "International Year of Peace." The most current example of the U.N.'s reality gap, of course, is the idea of the *safe area,* as in Srebrenica and Zepa. Not unreasonably, the world press now renders the term in ironic quotation marks. Security Council resolutions and U.N. spokesmen, however, refer to the surviving "Bosnian Muslim safe areas" in a blithe, earnest manner.

This reality gap appears to be pandemic within the U.N. itself. The prevailing tone around the organization is one of excruciating politesse, to the point where

Secretary General Boutros-Ghali reviews U.N. troops in Cambodia, 1993.

Photographs: right, P. Charlesworth/Saba; bottom left to right, J.P.Laffont/Sygma; AP/Wide World Photos; Recklinghausen/Gamma-Liaison.

e length of their skirts or the shape of their legs—just kidding."

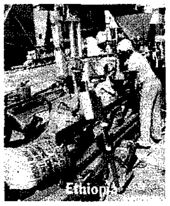
to tone down an annual report detailing mass executions in Iran and thousands of political murders in El Salvador and Guatemala.

1984

U.N.'s $800 million Food and Agriculture Association dithers while millions starve in Ethiopia.

1986

Former Secretary General Kurt Waldheim found to have lied about aspects of his service in a World War II German army unit that allegedly committed atrocities in the Balkans.



1989

Jean-Pierre Hocké, U.N. high commissioner for refugees, is forced to resign after advising that food rations be cut for Ethiopian refugees who decline to "choose" to go home. He is also accused of misusing a special fund dedicated to refugee education for entertainment and first-class travel.

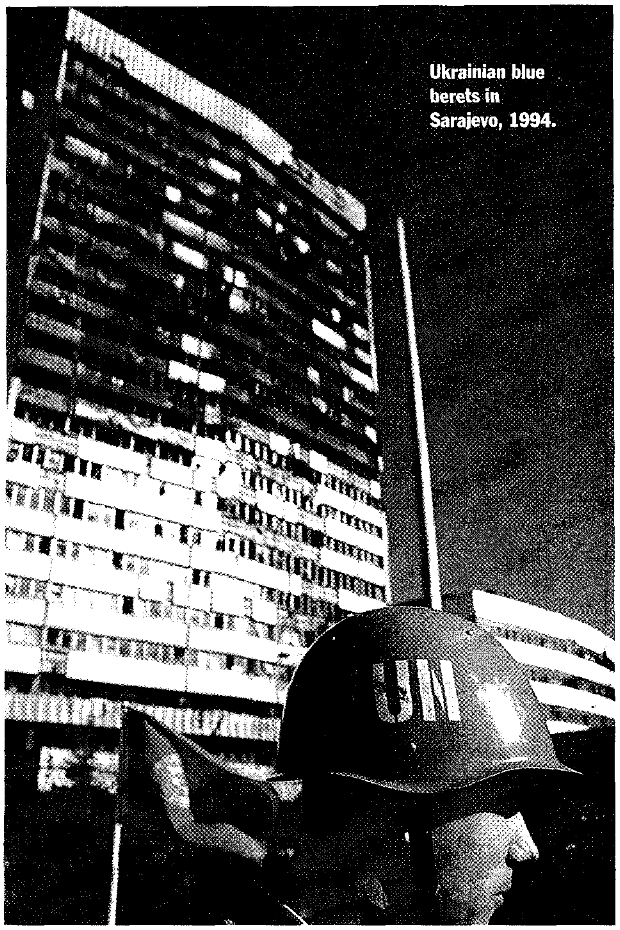
1990

U.N. authorizes member nations to attack Iraq if it does not pull out of Kuwait. Subsequent Gulf War retakes Kuwait and much of the world's oil supply.

1993

U.N. spends record $3 billion to pay for seventeen peacekeeping missions and 73,000 troops spread from Mogadishu to Port-au-Prince to Srebrenica.

Srebrenica


Ukrainian blue berets in Sarajevo, 1994.

junior officials are actively discouraged from even the mildest form of disagreement with their superiors. One relatively junior American official remembers a committee meeting where he took issue with Assistant Secretary General for Public Information Samir Sanbar: "The political director looked at me and said with more than a hint of menace, 'I should think twice before criticizing the decisions of the A.S.G.' "

In fact, the excessive politesse is more often than not a stylized form of passive aggression. As Urquhart puts it: "The whole *cher collègue* thing is *very* double-edged."

Indian peacekeeping official Shashi Tharoor says, "There is a formal level at which there is a lack of open conflict. But beneath the polite rhetoric of prose for the [committee] chairman, confrontation goes on all the time."

The pretense is more or less dispensed with when you get to the higher diplomatic reaches. The U.N. has a rich folklore full of angry clashes between the mastodons of world affairs. Urquhart remembers being at the General Assembly in 1960, for example, when Nikita Khrushchev demanded the floor by banging his shoe on the table. Semi-seriously, Urquhart alleges the existence of a photograph showing the feet of the Soviet delegation at this epic moment. "It seems they all appear shod, which suggests that the Soviet equipment chest may have contained a spare shoe for table-banging purposes. I remember the shoe distinctly, in any case. It was a sort of revolting plastic sandal."

At the end of the 1965 war between Pakistan and India, he continues, Pakistan's foreign minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, secretly agreed to accept the Security Council's cease-fire ultimatum at 3 A.M. on the morning of September 22. In order to save face for Pakistan, however, he first delivered a violent hour-long speech vilifying India as, among other things, "a great monster." Promptly at 2:59, Bhutto concluded his remarks and accepted the cease-fire. Waiving his right of reply, the Indian delegate drawled, "I can only say that our withers are unwrung by his imputations."

The anecdote is vintage Urquhart, world-historical slapstick illustrating a serious point: that, as he once put it in a speech, "inflammatory rhetoric can be useful if it protects something sensible going on behind the scenes." In other words, stylized rhetoric-reality gaps, as un-American as they theoretically may be, are not all bad.

One clash lingers in Urquhart's mind like an epiphany. "In the early days there was a particularly ridiculous Lebanese man named Jamil Baroodi, acting as Saudi ambassador. At one General Assembly he insulted a Latin American ambassador. Before we quite knew what was happening, these two elderly gents, both out of shape, had squared off on the platform in full view of the assembly. The president intervened—'Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is not how we settle disputes at the United Nations'—you know the kind of thing. So a deal was brokered whereby the two ambassadors backed away from each other, fists up, still hurling abuse."

Urquhart pauses. "I saw a look of pure relief on both their faces as they vanished from the platform. That's rather a good peacekeeping metaphor, I think. You keep shouting, and you keep your fists up. But you're allowed to stop fighting."

The corollary, of course, is that U.N. peacekeeping operations work best when the belligerents want an excuse not to fight. In one Italian official's pungently off-the-record phrase: "The U.N. gets used as a fig leaf in cases where countries go to war to prove they have a hard dick."

Peacekeeping officials argue that unlike the U.N.'s more successful recent operations in Cambodia, Namibia, Mozambique, and El Salvador, the warring parties in Bosnia have not so far shown any sustained interest in peace. As for the "safe areas," the Department of Peacekeeping Operations asked the Security Council to mandate 34,000 troops for their protection. They were granted 7,900. Urquhart remarks: "You can't expect 90 starved Bangladeshis to protect Zepa. That's crazy."

Assistant Secretary General Iqbal Reza, a senior Pakistani official who seems quietly but profoundly anguished by the plight of the Bosnian Muslims, puts it in blunt terms while contemplating the midtown skyline from his 37th-floor office at the Secretariat: "Placing peacekeeping troops in the middle of a war is a recipe for failure."

When U.N. bashers gather, they often pay special attention to the organization's penchant for endless, highly bureaucratized committee meetings and conferences. And the meetings, of course, *are* tedious. Particularly where women's issues are concerned, many conferences get bogged down before they start, in sterile ideological, inter-cultural wrangling over issues such as the admissibility of the term *breast-feeding* in official documents (one Arab delegate to a Cairo women's conference argued prudishly for *natural feeding*). Until recently, genital mutilation

Iraqi ambassador Hamdoon sits in his office, watching CNN.

1993
Five female U.N. employees file formal sexual-harassment charges against Mehmet Ulkumen, European chief of protocol. One woman reports, "He would grab me, he would pull me close to him and tried to kiss me. . . . Once he put a letter opener to my throat to make sure I understood his thinking." Ulkumen gets a six-week suspension.

MANDELA
South Africa

1994
After helping (through sanctions) to dismantle apartheid in South Africa, U.N. monitors elections that lead to the establishment of a majority government.

1995
Serbs hold 400 peacekeepers hostage, thwarting threatened NATO bomb strikes.

1995
Indiana transportation department is forced to change its road signs after far-right groups—which believe the U.N. is using the signs' maintenance codes as a road map for a global invasion—repeatedly deface them. Extremists also claim the U.N. blew up the Oklahoma City federal building as part of an effort to create a "new world order" that will do away with national governments and allow the Antichrist to rule the world.

Colleen Quinn

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was referred to only as "traditional practices harmful to women," which could mean almost anything. And at conferences on urban poverty, there are discussions about whether the allegedly demeaning term *squatter* should be replaced by the more empowering *urban pioneer*.

Once sufficiently misleading euphemisms have been chosen, the real fun begins, as delegates negotiate on substance. A young Arab delegate to the committee that drafted a preliminary version of the platform for last month's Beijing Women's Conference describes endless wrangles over seemingly innocuous phrases such as "We, the people of the world, will work for the equality of men and women."

Delegates from the more conservative Islamic countries rejected "equality" and insisted, every time, on the phrase "equality and equity." This reflected their position that women need not receive equal treatment, exactly, but merely fair treatment under local norms—in this case, Iran's. As with most U.N. declarations, the wording is deliberately left vague so that countries with irreconcilable differences can still issue common statements of principle. You say equity, I say equality. Whatever we do, let's not call the whole thing off.

SO ARE CONFERENCES LIKE THE recent extravaganza in Beijing mere forums for bloviation where delegates make high-sounding declarations that their governments have no intention of enforcing at home? I put this question to Chilean ambassador Juan Somavía, a top-flight diplomat who conceived the biggest meeting of heads of state in history: the World Summit for Social Development in Copenhagen last March. Somavía's considerable charisma is enhanced by a biblical white beard through which he strokes his reply. "Yes, governments often set standards that they aren't prepared to enforce at home. But you get caught by your own words. [Conferences set] the commonsense standards of good society, and it's very hard for governments to go against that."

Somavía argues that successive U.N. debates on human rights, the environment, apartheid, and women's issues have changed the modern world, albeit in a muted fashion, by setting the terms in which international problems are discussed. He hopes that the Copenhagen Declarations will have a similar effect on the international-development debate. Even though 70 percent of the U.N.'s total budget goes to relief and development programs, it has traditionally been easier to mobilize the international community to stop a war than to address the economic roots of political conflict. In 1993, Somavía points out, the U.N. spent $150 million on humanitarian relief in Somalia, as compared with $1.5 billion that year on the disastrously politicized Somalian peacekeeping mission. "It's irrational," Somavía says. "If you'd spent that money ten years before to develop Somalia, you wouldn't have the [political] problem."

Rosemary Righter, the critic, notes that the average U.N. agency produces 80 pounds of documentation per general conference. Most documents must be issued simultaneously in the six official languages (English, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, and Arabic). This creates a gigantic workload for translators and the U.N.'s six "terminologists," who are responsible for making sure that buzzwords such as *acid rain, sustainable development,* and *gender inequality* find adequate analogues in all six languages.

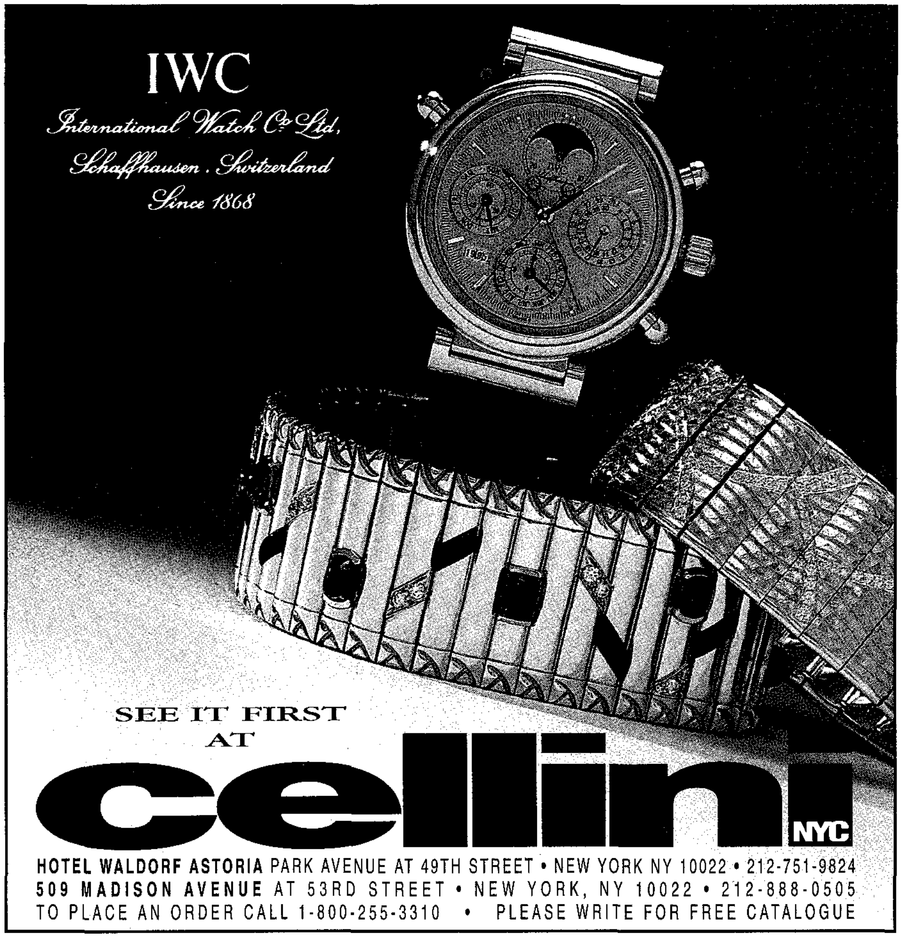
Harold Hille, the English terminologist, is my lunch date one day in the Secretariat staff café. A gentle, erudite American, he joined the U.N. twenty years ago after fleeing a Yale doctoral program in Slavic linguistics. He explains that U.N. translators do more than coin euphemisms. They can save delegates from serious political blunders resulting from careless language. About a year after Portugal's final withdrawal from its African colonies in 1976, he says, an African delegate delivered a blistering twenty-minute attack on Portuguese colonialism. The mystified Portuguese delegate asked via the translators whether this was going to enter the permanent record. If so, he would be forced to exercise his right of reply.

After some delays, the African speaker's delegation admitted that she had given the previous, pre-liberation year's speech by mistake. Hille shrugs: "Sometimes delegates read these statements where they have no idea." So what happened?

Eyes gleaming through his bifocals, Hille warms to his theme. "The translators and the African and the Portuguese delegations worked out a deal whereby the African delegate's statement was put in the past tense, shortened, and toned down." The revised statement entered the record, and the Portuguese delegate agreed to waive his reply. "The committee chair agreed that this was an unnecessary problem. After all, [the African] had misspoken—it was a spurious conflict!"

Hille advances this story as a different gloss on the U.N.'s reality-gap problem. "We knew what reality was," he says modestly, "so we knew this was unreal."

The story also illustrates the constant and often uneasy interplay between diplomats and civil servants that is the essence of U.N. culture. Sometimes the civil servants intervene, with reality checks on diplomatic rhetoric. Because the bureaucrats stay at the U.N. longer,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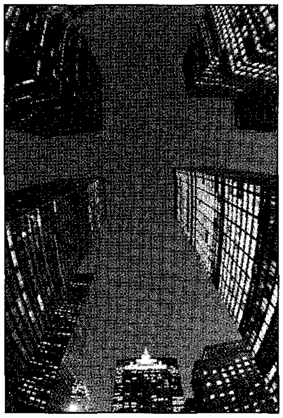

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they also tend to understand procedures better, which, as in any government, has given them an edge in internal politics. But the diplomats control the purse strings and also intervene routinely in hiring decisions. In conversation with civil servants one quickly notices an elaborate concern not to say anything that might possibly be construed offensively by a member state. No surprise, then, that in the Department of Public Information's publicity photos of General Assembly sessions, the country-name placards are almost invariably out of focus, so as not to give the impression of publicizing one country over another (DPI officials deny that this is their policy).

For civil servants, these are matters of self-preservation. Hiring and promotion at the U.N. are subject to national quotas as well as criteria of seniority and merit, and most delegations don't hesitate to exert pressure in attempts to place their nationals in desirable jobs. As a result there are several important factional mafias around the bureaucracy, notably the Japanese and Arabs—and Filipinos, who are said to be particularly savvy about placing their countrymen in the secretarial ranks. As one official put it: "Tagalog is the real official language around here. If you want your papers processed, you'd better know how to say *sigué* ["all right, good"]."

Particularly in the case of the more powerful countries, delegations can and do intervene aggressively in internal Secretariat affairs when they feel that their interests are at stake. To cite only two examples, in 1987 the Americans successfully pressured the Department of Public Information to remove the American segment of a film on international homelessness. In 1993, the Chinese forced the U.N. press office to ban the Chinese dissident Shen Tong from entering the Secretariat building to address a meeting of the U.N. Correspondents Association.

At the highest level of the U.N., meanwhile, Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali has become notorious for allegedly telling a journalist that he favored "stealth and sudden violence" in his approach to personnel management. The Secretary General's deputy spokesman and fellow Egyptian, Ahmed Fawzi, strongly denies that his boss said any such thing. Boutros-Ghali is not, it seems, even capable of pronouncing the word *stealth*, his man Fawzi insists: "English is his third language, and I can assure you that *stealth* is not in his vocabulary. I asked him about the quote, and he said, '*Steelss?* What's that?' "

But sources close to the Secretary General say that even if these were not Boutros-Ghali's exact words, they do convey his views. "He's always complaining about 'old U.N. hands' and 'apparatchiki,' " one official said. These sources note that Boutros-Ghali is insulated from the U.N. at large, dealing with the Secretariat mostly through a large, handpicked personal staff that functions as a kind of kitchen cabinet. "He's impatient with the departments—he thinks they're slow. He has one person [on his own staff] to deal with each department, so he won't have to." He has also extended his power over senior officials by appointing many of them to one-year contracts, renewable at his pleasure.

This rather Pharaonic administrative style stands in ironic contrast to Boutros-Ghali's strong public support for a new team at the Office of Human Resources Management, which is attempting to overhaul an ossified bureaucracy by changing the grade-inflated evaluation system (currently, 90 percent of employees are rated "excellent"), increasing the percentage of women in senior positions, and introducing management-training programs. Since it's very difficult to fire people at the U.N. (three quarters of the Secretariat staff is on permanent contracts), the new strategy includes a multi-million-dollar fund for paying incompetent tenured officials to go away.

Yet to be fully introduced, the program is already sending ripples of unease through the Secretariat's 15,000-member bureaucracy, which Under Secretary General Ismat Kittani characterized to me as being "ingrown like a toenail." Many staff members seem to fear that the evaluation system, in particular, will be used as an excuse to cut jobs. Not so, say the new management mandarins. They are merely trying to become more "client-sensitive." In the words of Dennis J. Halliday, the assistant secretary general in charge of personnel: "People will be judged on merit, not the length of their skirts or the shape or their legs—just kidding."

ONE CAN'T HELP THINKING, SOMEtimes, that the U.N. goes out of its way to invite ridicule. On July 9, for example, Barbara Crossette of the New York *Times* published a "Week in Review" article in which she flippantly contrasted the world-government paranoia of the radical right wing with the somnolent realities of life in much of the Secretariat. Titled "Sinister? U.N.'s Simply in the Dark," the piece provoked howls of outrage.

Sitting in the office of Under Secretary General Joseph Verner Reed—an American protocol expert described in his own biographical press release as "a dapper man who often wears a carnation in his buttonhole"—I asked, in effect, why the U.N. was being so touchy. Reed shot his cuffs in agitation. "She has insulted *every* man and woman in this house in the newspaper of record. I have received 137 angry messages from inside the bureaucracy. I mean, she had the effrontery to say that the most efficient people here were the short-order cooks!"

The nabobs were particularly appalled by the bit about the cafeteria cooks, who work for an outside contractor and are thus not even United Nations employees. In general, people around the organization resent being stereotyped as clock-punchers. While there is no immediate risk of a drone shortage at Turtle Bay, I was struck by the number of unreconstructed idealists I met. Many of them have devoted long, unpublicized careers to helping people in the Third World's most squalid corners. Guyanese United Nations Development Program official Denis Benn, for example, worked last year in Mogadishu setting up a comprehensive reconstruction-and-development program for the failed state of Somalia. He remembers the week his office manager fired a Somali employee. Taking it personally, the dismissed worker ambushed the office manager outside the U.N. compound, and a 45-minute firefight ensued between gunmen on both sides. Benn, a quietly erudite middle-aged economist, was sitting in his office drafting a report when bullets started flying through the window. What did he do? "I pulled my desk into a corner and went on writing." And how did all this affect his prose? Benn smiles shyly. "Well, I think it must have been inspirational."

It would be hard to stage a more telling coincidence of United Nations rhetoric and contemporary reality. The purpose of the U.N., as expressed in its charter, is to provide a framework in which the nations of the world can "practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors." The central assumption of U.N. culture, meanwhile, is that words can change the world. Urquhart recalls the heady optimism of 1945, when the founders of the U.N. determined in the charter "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small." Fifty years, 150 conflicts, 22 million combat deaths, and many inconclusive debates later, Urquhart looks back on those days with indulgent cynicism. "We had very highfalutin ideas of ourselves as a class. We were going out to change the world. I mean, dream on."

That is precisely what Urquhart and his colleagues have done these 50 years. The U.N.'s reality has always been less exalted than its rhetoric, but in a chronically poisoned world, there are many things worse than a global organization whose moral reach exceeds its grasp. ■

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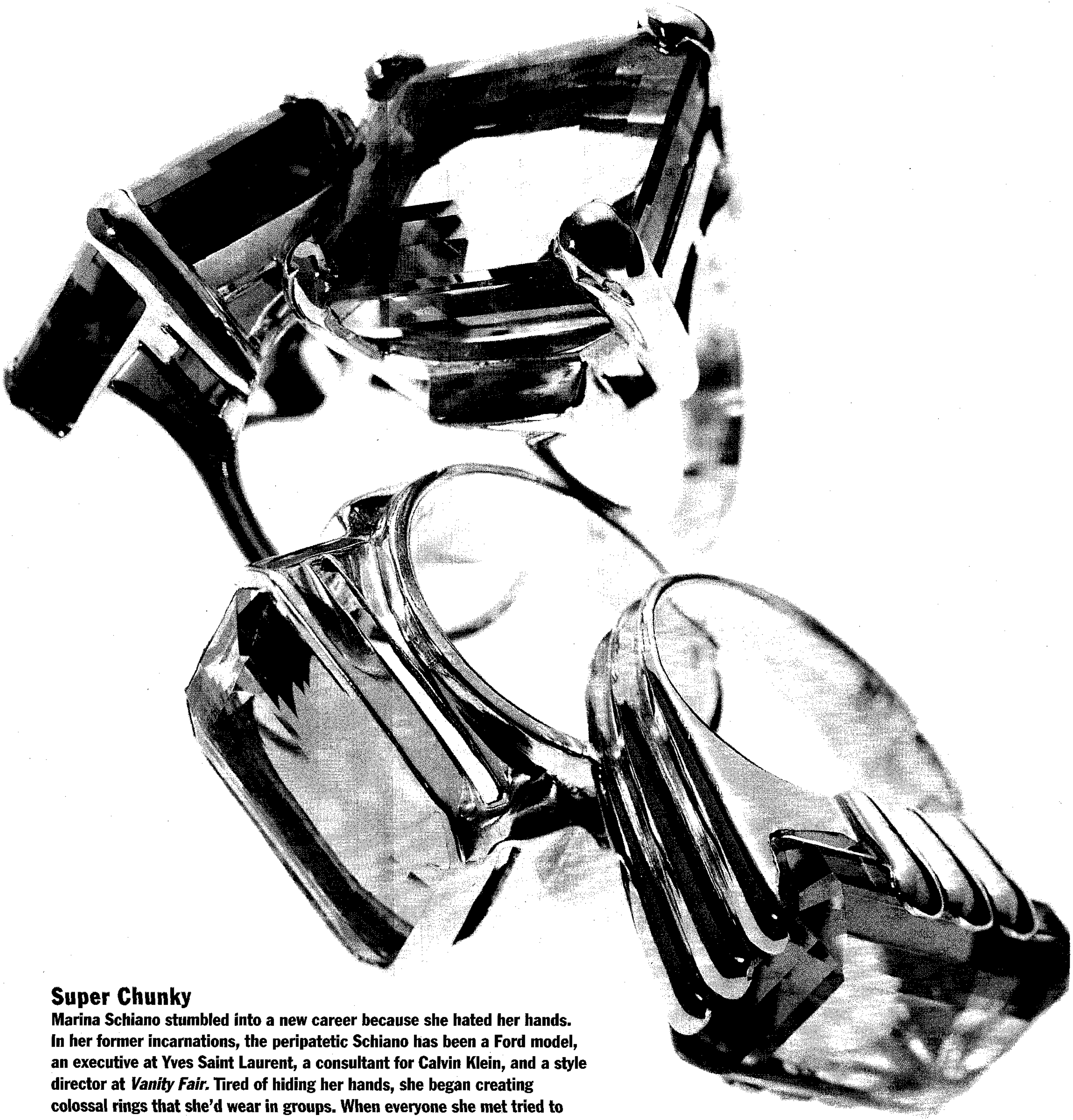

Super Chunky

Marina Schiano stumbled into a new career because she hated her hands. In her former incarnations, the peripatetic Schiano has been a Ford model, an executive at Yves Saint Laurent, a consultant for Calvin Klein, and a style director at *Vanity Fair.* Tired of hiding her hands, she began creating colossal rings that she'd wear in groups. When everyone she met tried to buy them, Schiano knew she could now add "jewelry designer" to her curriculum vitae. She sets luminous ice-cube-size, semiprecious stones from Brazil in spartan sterling-silver mounts (from $800 to $1,800).

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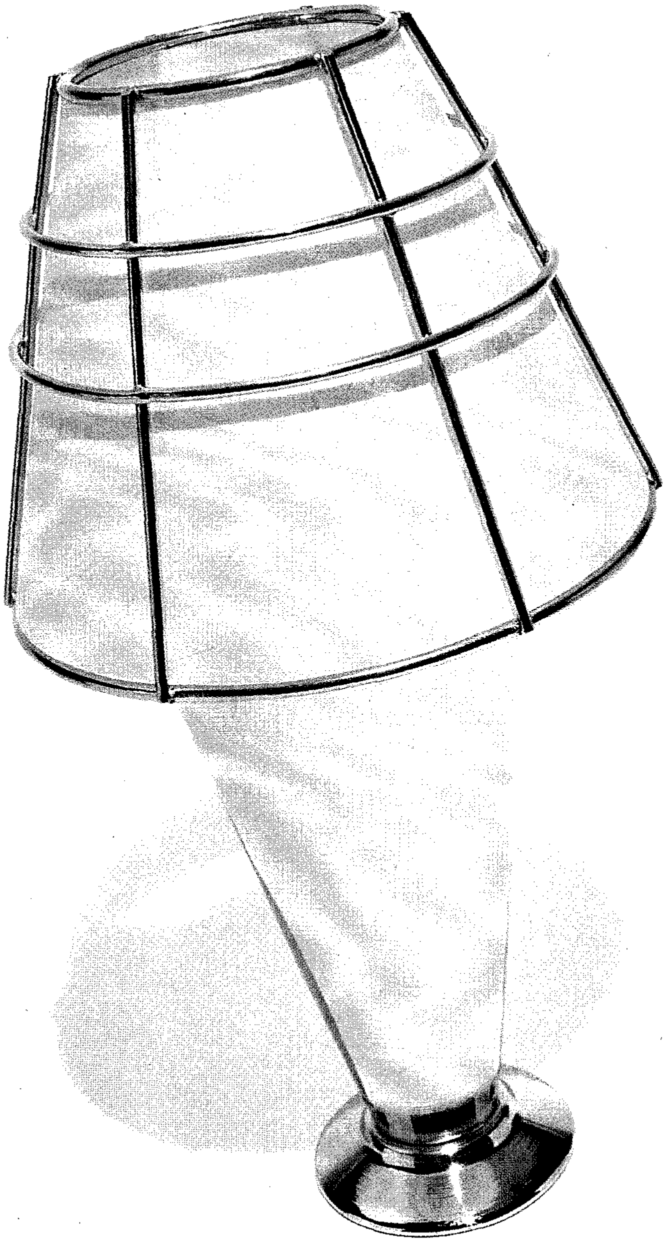

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MOVIES DAVID DENBY

People Are Strange

Set in a post-O.J. Los Angeles, 'Strange Days' wants you to get off on the sickest edges of voyeurism—and disapprove of them, too.

TV nation: Ralph Fiennes and Angela Bassett just before the millennium, broadcast live.

WE'RE USED TO SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIES set 25, 50, or 200 years in the future, but in **Strange Days**—a convulsively violent sci-fi thriller—the future is just a few nasty minutes away. Kathryn Bigelow's hyper-spaz movie begins on December 30, 1999, and ends two days later when a couple of survivors, a white man (Ralph Fiennes) and a black woman (Angela Bassett), stagger into the new millennium. Bigelow's former husband, director James Cameron, wrote the original story as well as the first version of the script (Jay Cocks collaborated on later versions), and Cameron has something unpleasant to tell us, something of particular moment for moviegoers: The greater and greater thrills we want out of the media are bound to destroy us. The setting of *Strange Days* is a Los Angeles jangled and coarsened by the Rodney King, Reginald Denny, and O. J. Simpson events, a city so media-ized in its relation to reality that the distinction between atrocity and vicarious thrill has been lost. Nearly everyone in the movie is jaded yet still unsatisfied, exhausted yet restless for more. The trouble is, the movie is all these things as well. The filmmakers have themselves lost the distinction between excitement and atrocity. They can't stop feasting on what they deplore.

Bigelow amplifies some familiar images into apocalypse. Riot and fire everywhere, police and tanks, the wealthy gliding by in bulletproof limos, the poor living in squalid nowheresvilles—much of this is familiar from news footage and from such earlier movies as Stephen Frears's *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* and Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner.* In itself, the familiarity isn't damaging, but in *Strange Days* the lurid chaos floats through the background of shots, and after a while it seems merely decorative, with no greater moral interest than the sets on an opera stage. You can't be shocked by any of it because the director obviously isn't shocked. Nor does she make sense of any of it. In such films as *Near Dark* and *Blue Steel,* Bigelow fetishized violence. The hateful *Blue Steel,* for instance, was an example of formalist art pulp—all surfaces. *Strange Days* is bigger, wilder, and woollier than her previous movies, but the pulpiness still overwhelms the art. What's missing is humor, a sense of proportion and control. Bigelow is not fetishizing violence any more; she's riding in it. In *Strange Days,* she creates a holiday gaiety in the destruction. The people running rampant seem to be having a good time, and the movie inadvertently suggests that this is what life is like, so why not accept it? But that's not an undertone that links up well with the movie's explicit moralizing.

In the midst of the tawdry mess, the filmmakers establish their saint of darkness, their knight of good hope, a compromised man who is also an overwhelmingly good man—Lenny Nero (Fiennes), a former vice cop gone to seed, a man who suffers. At first, it seems that Lenny battens on the waste. Lenny peddles sensation. People who work for him put on "the wire"—a crown of electronic sensors that penetrate to the cerebral cortex—then commit real robbery and have

Photographs by Merie W. Wallace/20th Century Fox.

sex. Everything these people do is digitally recorded. "Clips," the recordings are called, and when played back by one of Lenny's high-paying clients, the clips reveal the original experience with all its sensations and emotions intact, sight and sound, fear and delight, orgasm and, in one case, death. The voyeurs in *Strange Days* have gone way past the simple Peeping Tom–ism of movies and virtual reality. They taste the limits of human experience and live to be amazed by it. And once endured, the high is so great it has be repeated. The media have turned life itself into heroin.

Lenny is the candy man, a guilty fellow required by the moral scheme of the movie to hit bottom and seek redemption. In the movie's *noir*-ishly paranoid story, some anonymous, nasty person is taking Lenny's game a step further and turning it against him. Lenny's friend Max (Tom Sizemore), another low-life ex-cop, sounds the *noir* theme when he says that you can't be paranoid *enough*. A prostitute working for Lenny has been raped and murdered, and the murderer leaves Lenny, as a taunt, a clip detailing the experience. And this murder, in some way, is also connected to the death under mysterious circumstances of a black political-rap singer. A clip of that exists as well, and people are killing for it. Poor Lenny! He's in terrible trouble, and he's miserable as a whipped dog. But the movie is in trouble, too. Bigelow shows us the clips, raising a depressing moral issue that she's not equipped to handle.

There's no doubt about it: The clips wrench a response out of us. The opening sequence puts us inside the head and body of some nameless thug holding up a Chinese restaurant. Unexplained, not yet anchored in the story, it's a heart-pounding bit of filmmaking—cinéma-vérité gone bananas. As the camera lunges around corners, the thug's arm thrusts out and pistol-whips a waiter; then the cops arrive, bringing more fear and excitement—the involvement is so great that in spite of our horror at what the robber does, we instinctively want him to get away, just as we do in our own lawless dreams. The sequence has a great surprise ending, which has the effect of punishing us for our eager curiosity. So far, so good. Voyeurism, which is essential to the movies, should be punished by the movies; we need to be reminded once in a while that we're a bunch of cowards sitting safely in the dark. There's an incredibly creepy scene in which Lenny sees a clip of someone stalking him, and he comes close to experiencing his own extinction. More punishment: Lenny is like the prurient young king in Euripides' *Bacchae*, who watches the Dionysian revelers from the safety of a tree but then gets pulled from the branches and devoured by the celebrants.

But the clip of the prostitute's death pushes us the wrong way. We see it from the point of view of the demented murderer-rapist, who increases the prostitute's terror by putting the crown on her head and making her experience the playback of his own excitement. The convolutions of the act go beyond creepiness. Conceptually, this is the sickest sequence in modern movies, and I came away from it feeling unclean. Lenny is shocked himself—he won't traffic in snuff clips—and we're supposed to appreciate his dismay. But wait a second: The clips aren't a real-world outrage. The filmmakers made it up; it's *their* metaphor. How can Cameron, Cocks, and Bigelow preach against snuff films and jaded sicko thrills after they've excited the audience with exactly those things? Bigelow is trapped in the contradictions of making a "moral" exploitation movie. What we're now getting in pictures like *Showgirls* and *Strange Days* is a new level of perfervid sensationalism in which moral awareness serves not as a frame of meaning—or as a dash of common sense—but as still another sensational element. We're meant to be turned on by violence or sex and then turned on by our righteous disapproval of it.

Lenny suffers—for our sins, perhaps. He's a sleazebag Jesus. He loses his girl (Juliette Lewis) to a sinister rock promoter (Michael Wincott, of the gravel-pit voice), and as he rushes through the frenzied city trying to save people, he gets beaten up by his enemies again and again. A sweet loser, a romantic, he doesn't seem tough enough to have ever worked as a Los Angeles detective, and after a while a damp piteousness comes out in Ralph Fiennes that is most unpleasant. In what must be the mismatch of the decade, Angela Bassett—muscled, prim, and clean as a whistle—has been cast as Mace, a security expert who harbors a secret love for Lenny. Mace holds herself aloft from the carnival nihilism of the city. Lenny's guardian angel, protector of his better nature, she embodies all the virtues—and she kicks butt, another killer-woman karate expert. She's a black militant as well, and the movie, in a speechifying turn, suddenly takes a stand against police racism, which would seem a relatively minor issue in a city gone wildly out of control and burning to the ground. The filmmakers mix pop-apocalyptic cartooning and social outrage. The ending, in which one violent climax after another plays through nonstop street celebration of the new millennium, is a turbulent, overloaded mess. *Strange Days* has its provocative passages, but the picture is a degraded spectacle awash in sentiment.

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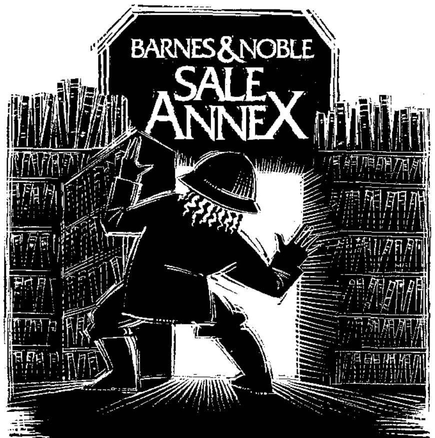

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Mixed Company

The Roundabout's latest is a so-so revival of Sondheim; 'Moon Over Buffalo' is a sorry revival of Carol Burnett.

Jane Krakowski, Charlotte d'Amboise, and La Chanze strutting in *Company*. Below: Philip Bosco and Carol Burnett mugging in *Moon Over Buffalo*.

HOW NICE TO HAVE **Company**, on its silver anniversary, keeping us company again. Stephen Sondheim's New York diptych (*Follies* is the other panel) is still the best work he has done, even if it pulls its punches in the end. This is the story of Bobby, a not-quite-so-young-anymore bachelor who serves to liven up the humdrum lives of five married couples, who, in turn, provide him with their clucking friendship. The musical, as Sondheim and Harold Prince conceived it from some playlets by George Furth, shows the bachelor both deploring and envying these labile couples, even as they both yearn for and feel superior to his footlooseness. A standoff: Neither singleness nor coupledness, despite certain advantages, is a total solution, and the grass will remain forever greener on the other side of the fence.

In this spirit, Sondheim originally ended the show with the sardonic song "Happily Ever After," which left the already puzzled Boston audiences of 1970 with a decidedly bitter aftertaste: Whether the song was for or against marriage, it surely wasn't cheerful. Prince, as director, recognized the need for a more upbeat ending, so he made Sondheim write "Being Alive," which incorporates some of the marital drawbacks from the earlier song, but with a rather more affirmative ambiguity. Yet as an unprepared-for semi-happy ending, it is in its way as fishy as the standard Hollywood climax. The honest conclusion was deferred to the next Prince-Sondheim show, *Follies*, which duly paid the price of honesty: failure.

Had Scott Ellis really wanted to be daring with his revival of *Company* for the Roundabout, he would have restored that "Happily Ever After"—perhaps, just perhaps, today's audience could have lived with a bit of unsugarcoated skepticism. Instead, Ellis reinstated at the end of Act One "Marry Me a Little," a charming song but rightly cut from the original version for making Bobby too receptive to marriage too early in the game.

But think: *Company* was the first concept musical, essentially plotless, with the cast of fourteen doing all the singing and dancing (there was to be sure, a backup quartet, the Vocal Minority, now dropped). The show introduced a new subtlety: no underlined points, simple explanations, neat resolutions. For the first time, the set, the steel-and-glass vertical labyrinths of Manhattan, played a central alienating role. Spoken dialogue and songs were innovatively interwoven, each commenting on the other, and even the time frame was left teasingly, non-naturalistically vague: Did it all take place during several surprise parties or just one? And was Bobby present at his party or did he fail to show up? What was reality, what fantasy?

Alas, Roundabout's limited space and budget cannot reproduce Boris Aronson's history-making original set: a giant Cubist-and-constructivist Manhattan with steel girders, glass façades, louvers, two elevators taking the characters up and down for climactic moments, 600 projections onto this set or behind it. That gave us a sense of suprahuman immensity, constantly changing and yet congealed in its iciness, a Tatlinesque city of glittering cages in which movement, though frantic, remains meaningless. With the help of Wendall K. Harrington's amusing projections, Peter Kaczorowski's bold lighting, and William Ivey Long's snappy costumes, Tony Walton does his considerable best to create something equally suggestive without slavish imitation. However, on a modest scale, it simply can't be done; awesome imaginativeness is reduced to winsome ingenuity. The show also needs a full-size orchestra right in front of it, not a small one seeping in discreetly from behind. And Jonathan Tunick's undernourished new orchestrations fall well short of his original, more muscular ones.

Ellis's direction becomes too strenuous at times, and Rob Marshall's decent choreography is not up to Michael Bennett's groundbreaking original work. The cast, too, is a letdown, starting with the able Boyd

Photographs: top, Carol Rosegg; bottom, Joan Marcus.

Gaines, who turns Bobby into an attractive innocent instead of a rudimentary roué; couldn't one have got someone like Michael Rupert for the role? Among the others, Jane Krakowski and La Chanze (despite somewhat sloppy elocution) manage nicely, and Charlotte d'Amboise dances compellingly; but only Veanne Cox, as the confused Amy, turns in a spellbinding performance rich in disturbing detail, sharply etched and enunciated. And though no one in the cast is bad, Debra Monk is cruelly miscast in a role where a Kelly Bishop is needed.

Is, with all these strictures, *Company* still worth catching? You bet! Compare it with any recently seen musical, and you will be struck by its unfaded originality, intelligence, and wit in word and music. It provides sophisticated pleasures and—so rare in a musical—food for thought.

Moon Over Buffalo IS ABOUT AS CHEESY AS buffalo mozzarella. A husband-and-wife acting team sparring offstage and making nice onstage is a farce theme older than the hills. I cut my teeth on it in 1937, when Bette Davis and Leslie Howard were having at each other in *It's Love I'm After*, leaving us Belgrade 12-year-olds in stitches. There have been many other versions since, having in common only that they are all funnier than this *Moon* that is situated over Buffalo and beneath contempt. A farce has to take off from some sort of reality, and then follow its own rules (but rules there must be) wherever they lead. A totally unearned laugh is like stolen money: If you have an ounce of brains or conscience, it burns a hole in your pockets and well-being.

George and Charlotte Hay have had an undistinguished career in the movies and a tarnished one in the theater; George has just knocked up the ingénue, and Charlotte is mad as a nest of hornets. He goes on a binge and drunkenly cannot tell whether *Cyrano* or *Private Lives* is on the repertory bill this evening. His stone-deaf mother-in-law spikes the coffee meant to sober him up, and various other characters cause or get caught in hand-me-down mischief. One running gag has a pathetic young weatherman, engaged to the Hayses' daughter, mistaken by all these showbiz characters for Frank Capra coming to see the show. Even in 1953, at the Erlanger Theatre in Buffalo, such things are not conceivable. Or a boffola.

To think that Carol Burnett chose this bummer for her return to Broadway after 30 years! Her part allows for little more than mugging, which, even when it is as good as hers, is only a mug's game. Philip Bosco, at least, gets a big drunken scene and lots of falling all over the floor and furniture, which, classical actor though he be, he performs with irresistible élan. Though getting blood from stones would have been easier, he manages to get jokes from Ken Ludwig's atrocious text. Jane Connell, as the mother-in-law, also succeeds in rising grandly above the play and garners her biggest laugh with a wordless crossing of the stage. The rest, including the worthy Randy Graff, sink with the play. "It's like being in an asylum on the guards' day off" is the line that sums it up, not so much an epigram as an epitaph. There is more humor in Heidi Landesman's scenery, and more style in Bob Mackie's costumes, than in any of this dismal writing.

YOU CAN JUDGE A COUNTRY'S CULTURE BY ITS political satire: how witty, how widespread, how devastating. On this scale, American culture ranks somewhere between Outer Mongolia and Burkina Faso. Which is why Russell Lees's **Nixon's Nixon** is welcome, even if it's longer and less focused than it might be, and Kissinger is portrayed without his German accent, surely his most endearing feature. ▬

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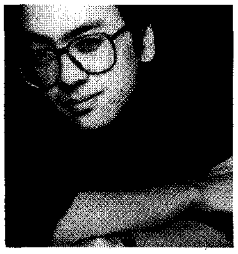
BOOKS **WILL BLYTHE**

Remains of the Night

Kazuo Ishiguro's new novel follows the fractured logic of a dream, built to resist interpretation. On that level, annoyingly, it works.



Kazuo's first novel, *The Remains of the Day,* became a Merchant Ivory movie. This one brings to mind Fellini, or Buñuel.

The Unconsoled

BY KAZUO ISHIGURO

Alfred A. Knopf; 535 pages; $25

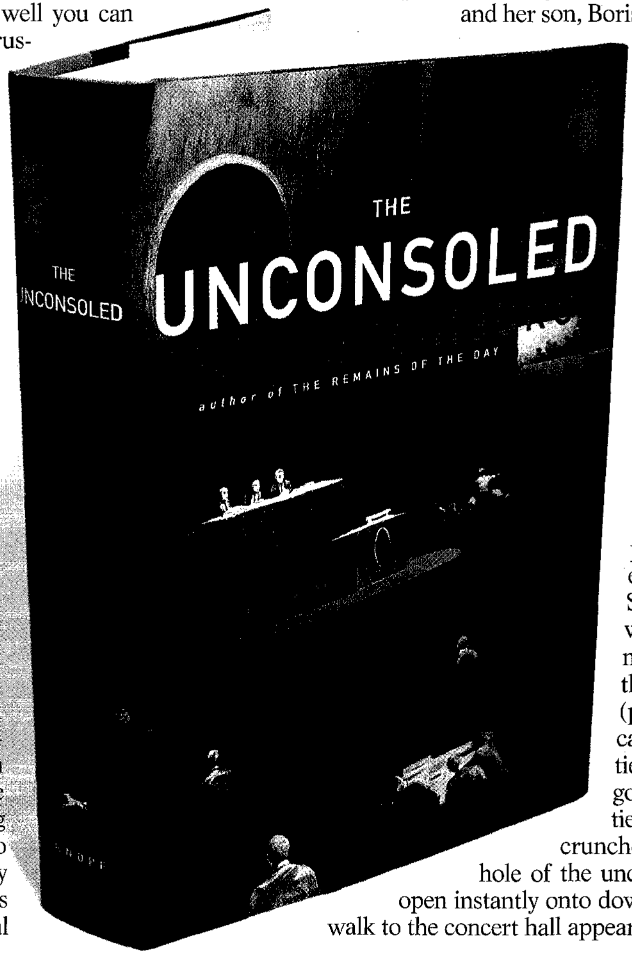
UNLESS YOU'RE A PSYCHIC OR A PSYCHIATRIST, WITH certain professional obligations, what could be more boring than having to listen to someone else's dreams, the only other exception coming, perhaps, in the early stages of a romance, when everything your beloved says reverberates with possibility? Consider, then, an entire novel that assumes the form of a dream. Imagine, to be precise, 534 pages of dream, as in the case of Kazuo Ishiguro's *The Unconsoled.* So interminable and yet so unnerving is his fourth novel that it might well be characterized the way airline pilots describe flying—as hours of tedium punctuated by minutes of terror. To read it is to reexperience the primal nightmare of strolling around your daily life, outfitted only in your underwear. This is reading not as pleasure but as anxiety, as irresolution.

Whether or not you enjoy *The Unconsoled* will probably depend on how well you can stomach the pleasures of frustration as literary tactic. If you appreciate experiments in narrative interruptus that replicate the trapped-in-your-tracks immobility of a bad dream, then this book will gratify your sense of duty to the stern Calvinist god of avant-garde literature. Yes, Virginia, he still exists. But if you prefer that your novels adhere more closely to the conventions of narrative, then *The Unconsoled* will strike you as an experiment that goes painfully, meanderingly awry, better titled *The Uncontrolled.*

It tracks several days in the life of Mr. Ryder, a world-famous pianist who has been summoned on an emergency mission to an unnamed Central European city. He must perform a concert and help save the city from a crisis involving musical stewardship, two missions he has no memory of having accepted. He's landed in a town of musical Moonies where moviegoers interrupt a screening of *2001: A Space Odyssey* to gossip about the local symphony, where men woo their wives by pretending to be composers, and where parents undergo agonies when their children botch recitals. The citizens here debate the performances of such weighty fare as "Glass Passions," "Asbestos and Fibre," and "Globestructures: Option II" the way New Yorkers critique the Knicks. Despite its aspirations, however, the city suffers from a profound sense of cultural inferiority. Ryder is enlisted to help save them from aesthetic meltdown.

But as soon as he arrives, he is beset by more supplicants than Elvis ever entertained. They seem to believe that his gifts as a pianist have conferred on him expertise in all areas of human endeavor. Gustav, the hotel porter, hopes that Ryder will help him talk with his daughter Sophie, with whom the porter hasn't spoken in years. The hotel manager wishes Ryder to examine his wife's scrapbooks. The manager's son seeks musical advice. Sophie herself pleads with Ryder to spend more time with her and her son, Boris. The old conductor Brodsky requests that Ryder perform while Brodsky buries his dead dog, Bruno. On a stroll through the cemetery, Ryder is invited to join a funeral in progress and chat with a widow weeping by her husband's open grave, who serves him a slice of cake and peppermints scavenged from the mourners. "Yes," Ryder tells the funeral party in his formal way, "the weather has been marvelous here ever since my arrival."

And yet Ryder accomplishes nothing. He is forever running late, leaving Sophie (who may be his wife or mistress, he can't remember) behind in a movie theater, abandoning Boris (presumably his son) in a café. He arrives at a black-tie dinner wearing a dressing gown that keeps coming untied. Time and geography are crunched together in the black hole of the unconscious. Country houses open instantly onto downtown hotels, and a short walk to the concert hall appears to take days.



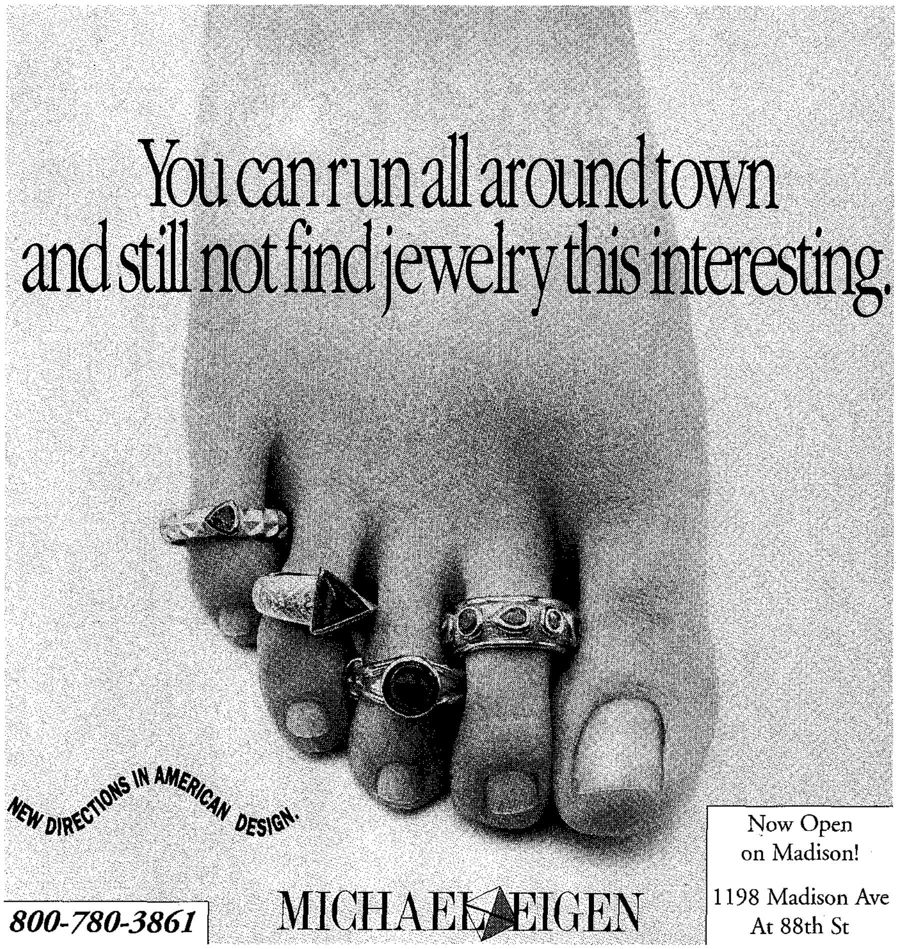
Photographs: top left, Nigel Parry; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

In contrast to Ryder—whose stultifying formality and self-absorption remind you of Stevens, the butler with the terminal case of stiff upper lip in Ishiguro's popular *The Remains of the Day*—Brodsky, the conductor, provides the emotional heart of the story. A musical genius, though unrecognized as such by the town's philistines, Brodsky has for years teetered around as the town drunk, accompanied only by his faithful dog. He shouts obscenities at the very proper Miss Collins, his former wife, with whom he remains in love. An attempt is made to sober up Brodsky in time for a comeback at the big concert, and this patronizing rehabilitation results in one of the book's funniest set pieces. A formal gala to welcome the temperamental conductor back into society evolves into a series of obsequious eulogies for his late mutt. "He was the greatest dog of his generation," said one eulogist. Brodsky responds: "You think that dog was so important to me? He's dead and that's it. I want a woman."

Ryder, however, continues to traverse the novel as the perfect empty suit, as cool and disembodied as a neoclassical ghost. His celebrityhood has conferred upon him an illegitimate authority. Its demands also prevent him from practicing the art that made him famous in the first place. If it were simply a comic fable of artistic celebrity, *The Unconsoled* would work just fine.

But it's unclear exactly what sort of story we're reading. Is it a parable of the misunderstood artist or the exhaustions of celebrity? Is it an allegory of the rise of Fascism, as one critic has alleged? Is it a portrait of the unconscious, a chaotic image of its deepest rages and regrets? The terms of equivalence are so cloudy that it seems all of these things and none of them.

And it's certainly not the fantastic nature of *The Unconsoled* that hampers the novel. (No one, for instance, suggests that Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* would be improved had he just taken that nasty bug out.) Rather, fatigue sets in because *The Unconsoled* is curiously one-dimensional in its special effects. The novel successfully embodies the dream logic of the unconscious, but that seems to be all it does, despite the multitude of interpretive signals it sends out. And it takes a true solipsist (or Freudian) to believe that the most inaccessible region of our soul is the principle venue for our dramas. There does, after all, seem to be a world outside our minds, steady and obdurate and infinitely interesting. The irony of *The Unconsoled* is that we have yet another Ishiguro novel anatomizing the perils of self-absorption and isolation while suffering from the very sins it disdains. *The Unconsoled* is as self-contained and torpid as a heavy sleeper, unable to rouse itself from its own infernal dream. For most (though not all) readers, that can only be called a nightmare. ■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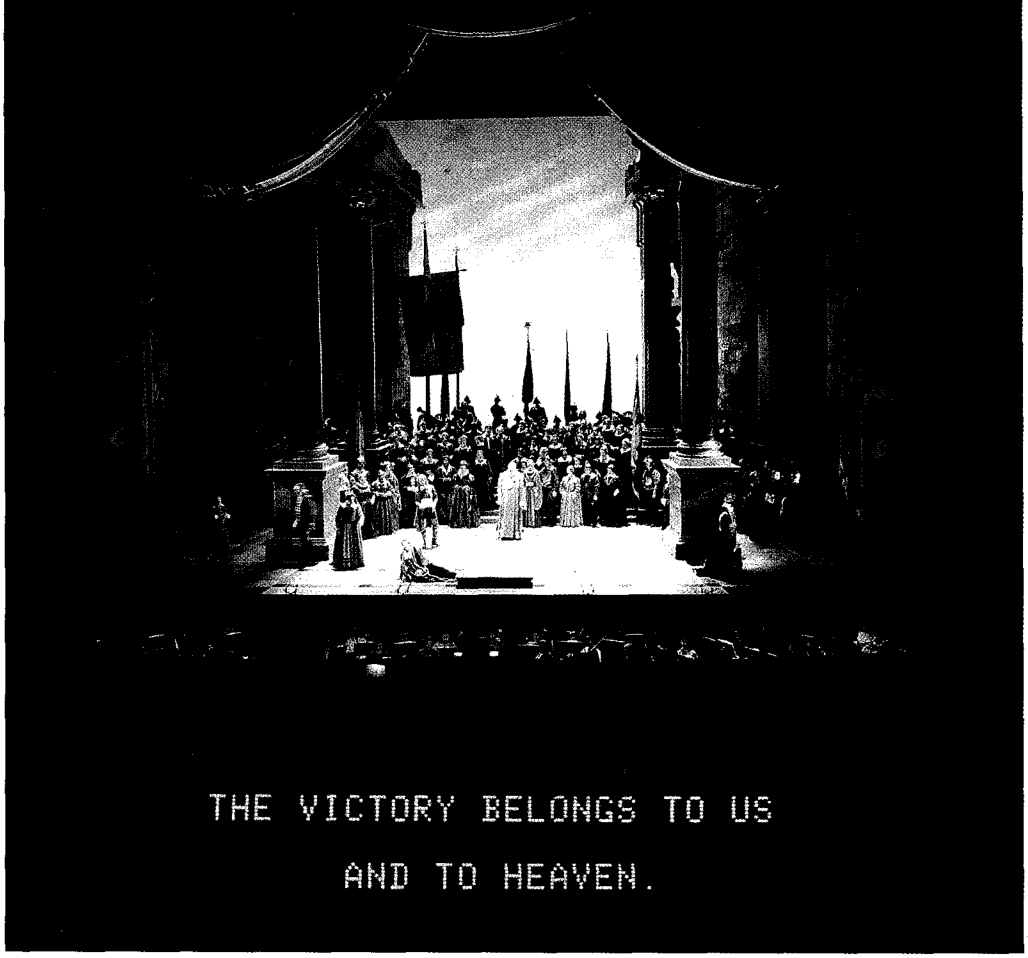
NY MAGAZINE, 4/17/95

Read It and Weep?

A libretto and the obligatory pocket flashlight are obsolete with the Met's new computerized crib sheets.



Captions courageous: The Met finally gives us *Otello*, with a handy translation. Opposite, Fleming and Domingo.

THE NEW MUSIC SEASON IS WELL UNDER WAY, ALthough just about the last thing on anyone's mind right now, it seems, is music. At the Metropolitan Opera on opening night, everyone's attention was glued on the Met's latest $2 million–plus star performer: a computer-generated, personalized titling system that runs a synchronized English translation of the opera along rectangular screens positioned on each seat back. Verdi's *Otello* was being performed onstage, but most people seemed more intrigued by the new electronic gadgets in front of them. Over at Carnegie Hall, the house was packed—not to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra play Brahms and Beethoven, but to discover how the auditorium's famed acoustics may or may not have been affected by the hasty removal of a substratum of concrete under the stage, a sound absorber that embarrassed Carnegie Hall executives had long denied ever existed. Meanwhile, the threat of an impending musicians' strike was the subject of discussion at the New York Philharmonic's opening concert, rather than Jessye Norman's singular rendition of Brünnhilde's "Immolation Scene" or how Kurt Masur conducted Strauss and Wagner.

Of all these extramusical news events, **Met Titles,** the company's copyright name for its new simultaneous-translation system, is likely to have the most significant long-term impact. Imagine: After more than a century of hearing the great operas sung in incomprehensible languages, Met audiences, if they pay attention to the words flashing in front of them, will at last know what these works are actually all about. It may take a decade or two for the niceties to sink in, but critical attitudes toward how operas are sung and staged at the Met can't help changing. It puts me in mind of a story, possibly apocryphal, told on Giulietta Simionato, a noted Amneris in *Aïda* at the Met and elsewhere during the fifties and sixties. Shortly after she retired, the mezzo supposedly attended a performance of the Verdi opera and puzzled her companion by constantly muttering, "Aha! I see now! So that's it—*adesso capisco!*" Apparently after singing in hundreds of *Aïda*s over the years, Simionato was seeing the opera whole for the first time and was finally able to figure out the plot.

Simionato may never have grasped all the dramatic subtleties of the operas she sang so gloriously, but most Met audiences didn't either—they simply adored the plush sounds that she and other great Met singers made over the years without bothering much about what it all meant. Ever since the company opened in 1883, it has traditionally relied on sumptuous voices and stage spectacle to sell opera, beautiful sounds and sights rather than interesting singing actors or innovative productions that required a word-by-word understanding of the text. It's no accident that the Met was the home of Tebaldi but not Callas, who never had much success during her brief career there—indeed, the singers most identified with the company's past have always been primarily vocal prodigies. Enrico Caruso, Rosa Ponselle, Kirsten Flagstad, Jussi Bjoerling, and Zinka Milanov were the popular favorites, not, say, Fernando de Lucia, Aureliano Pertile, Magda Olivero, and dozens of other important singers

Photograph by Barry Munger.

whose voices and interpretive styles were so unconventional that they either failed to impress New Yorkers or never even bothered to try. With any luck, titled opera will help bridge the communication gap between such valuable singers and an audience that at first finds their art a bit strange. Continuing that hopeful thought, the new technology might also encourage the Met to explore more experimental production styles, not to mention an adventurous repertory once thought too difficult for average operagoers to digest.

Of course, surtitles have some powerful adversaries—James Levine, for one, although even his "over my dead body" threat couldn't keep them out of the Met. The British opera director David Pountney, in the periodical *Opera,* scornfully terms English titles "theatrical condoms," "superimposed on top of an extremely delicately poised balance of interaction and participation between audience and performer." Pountney also has a point when he says that "the journey through an experience led by the performers cannot achieve its true emotional impact if it is to be punctuated by frequent reference to a flashing Baedeker." He's right, of course—the onstage integration of music, text, and action in opera is complex enough without the distraction of constantly having to read a crib sheet.

The Met's system, for those still in the dark about how it works, is unique, using individual screens about eight inches long and one and three quarter inches high, most of them mounted on a bar about two inches above the back of each seat. The screen can accommodate two 40-character lines of text, a vacuum-fluorescent display equipped with an on-off switch, and filters that limit visibility from the left and right, although screens several rows to the front of a viewer can be read and a faintly flickering sea of titles is visible from the balconies. Despite that potential distraction, the total amount of illumination added to the house with all the screens working is said to be below a measurable level. From where I sat, on the left-aisle center, that seemed the case, and even with my screen turned on, it was easy to forget about the things and concentrate on the performance.

Not that the Met's **Otello** production is exactly a riveting musical-dramatic experience. Michael Yeargan's squeaky-clean sets are sufficiently colorful and monumental to evoke ancient Cyprus and lots of applause, but they create a cold, antiseptic environment for such a passionate drama, and Elijah Moshinsky's direction is little more than an efficient shuffling of onstage personnel. One day, when Plácido Domingo has to relinquish the title role, we will all miss him—I wonder if any Otello has sung the part so often or maintained such consistent vocal quality over the years. He has also continually added detail and nuance to his characterization, and Franco Zeffirelli's hateful 1986 filmed version of the opera is a yardstick to show us just how much he has grown. Even at that, his performance is still flawed by a fatal competency, a reluctance to go that extra distance into the emotional heart of Otello to reveal all the terror and pity of the man's tragedy. On some level, Domingo always seems to be protecting himself from the role—which perhaps partly explains why he has been able to keep it in his active repertory for so many years.

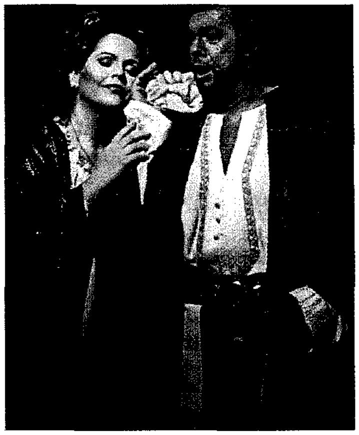
For me, the evening belongs to Renée Fleming as Desdemona. Her luscious, creamy voice is now at its mature peak, and every phrase is exquisitely shaped and charged with expressive meaning. She is also just as ravishing to see, a beautiful Desdemona who is fired with a spirit and determination that make *her* tragedy all the more poignant and awful. James Morris's Iago, on the other hand, is a dull dog and, vocally at least, an unmitigated disaster. No doubt weary of playing gods and priests, basses have begun to poach this juicy high-baritone role, and it's time for opera houses to just say no. Morris's voice is centered about a third too low to function comfortably in this music, the top notes are shamelessly faked, and the vocal color is constantly gray and toneless. The Met orchestra predictably plays superbly for James Levine, and I only wish he could recapture some of the freshness and heady spontaneity that characterized his interpretation of Verdi's great score when he first conducted it some twenty years ago.

FOR ALL THE FRONT-PAGE FUSS MADE OVER the layer of concrete discovered lurking under the stage at **Carnegie Hall**—apparently it was placed there unnoticed during the 1986 renovation—nothing dramatic was revealed when Wolfgang Sawallisch led the Philadelphia Orchestra in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and, with Ignat Solzhenitsyn as soloist, Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 1. When the phantom intruder was removed last month, critics who claimed that the hall's glorious acoustics had been ruined by the renovators now thought they knew why. I wonder. Disputing acoustical issues with fanatical believers is like arguing religion—few facts can be measured and definitively evaluated, nothing is ever proved, and only a fool would make dogmatic pronouncements about the latest "new" Carnegie sound after just one concert.

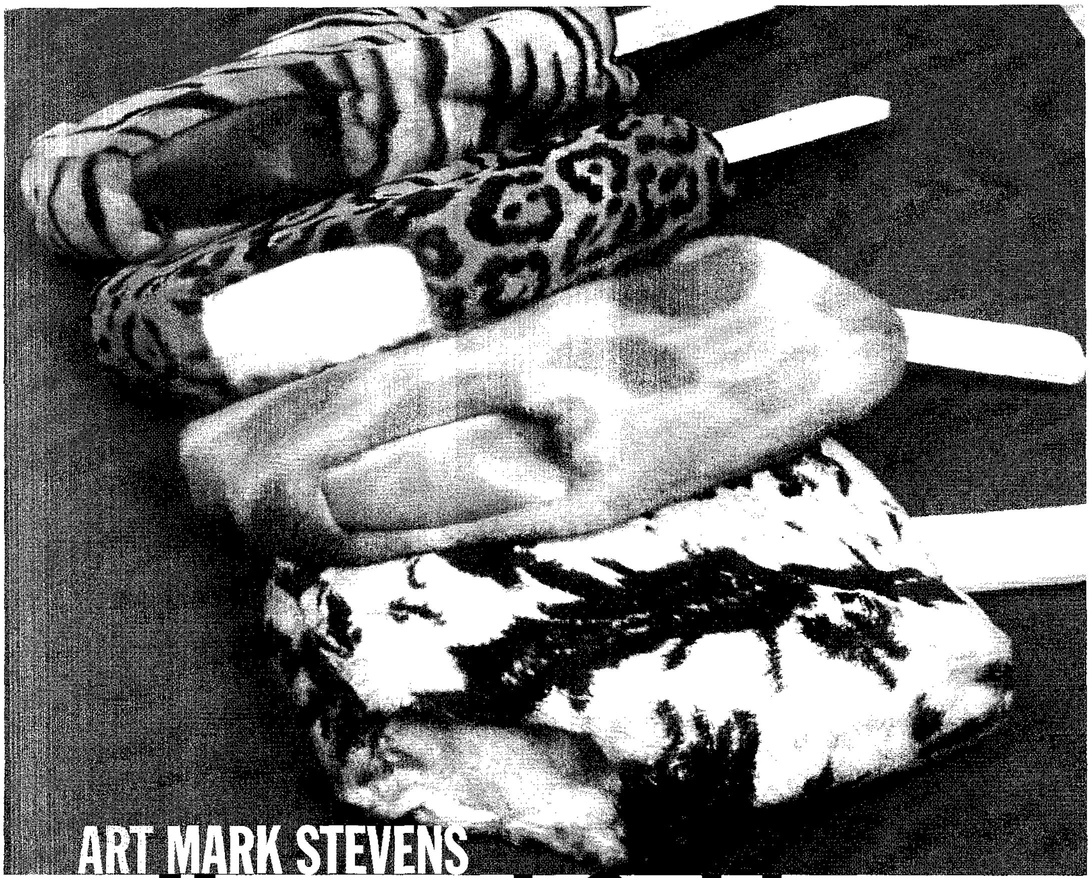
Well, yes, the performance of the Brahms Concerto seemed supported by an unusually solid bass-line underpinning, and perhaps the new floor, vibrating in sympathy, was indeed emphasizing the effect. But then, Brahms wrote that mellow tonal character into the piece, a musical reality Sawallisch understands and knows how to communicate, and young Solzhenitsyn (Alexander Solzhenitsyn's 23-year-old son, by the way) commands precisely the sort of rounded, warm keyboard tone that fits right in with such a plush orchestral texture. But bring on different musicians playing different music, and you will hear different sounds—the Beethoven Seventh radiated an even more glowing and deep-rooted sonority than the Brahms. All this only proved to me that, for sheer beauty of instrumental blend, the Philadelphia Orchestra remains unparalleled.

THE **New York Philharmonic** ISN'T A BAD GROUP either, even when playing on the brink of a strike deadline. Negotiations continue as of this writing, but the band plays on, at least confident that when the other pesky side issues are resolved—pensions, health care, seniority pay—management's firm offer of an $81,200 minimum salary will make the Philharmonic players the highest-paid orchestral musicians in the country. No doubt musical honor was also at stake at this opening-night concert, since the country at large was watching and listening over public television.

That must explain why a lot of critical outrage from beyond the Hudson flooded my fax line the following day, most of it from viewers who were distressed by Jessye Norman's struggle to get through the finale of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung.* They also wanted to know why she received an ovation for her efforts and why some critics praised her singing as perfection itself. I can't explain any of that, but I think some attentive musical ears in the hall did hear how Norman sang off pitch much of the time, too often clumsily scooped phrases out of the air, and grabbed desperately at top notes. It's odd. A comparable performance from a pianist or violinist would probably not be tolerated, but singers, it seems, are judged by a different set of criteria. Besides, as the program told us, Norman has now become "an international icon in the field of classical music," which takes her beyond criticism. I suppose that, as an icon, she will continue to be a high-profile entertainment personality, one who will add tone and glamour to the ritual of opening-night galas, which are seldom about music anyway. ■



Photograph by Winnie Klotz/Metropolitan Opera.



Left: Oldenburg's *Soft Fur Good Humors* (1963). Below: One of Flavin's "acts of light."

ART MARK STEVENS

Hot and Cold

Oldenburg and Flavin work different sides of the modern street; a protest at the Whitney prompts a state-of-the-art debate.

IN THE LATE FIFTIES AND THE SIXTIES, THE STRUGGLE to refresh painting—and avoid becoming a minor footnote to Abstract Expressionism—led many young artists to put extraordinary pressure on the means and ends of art. The Guggenheim Museum is now showing two artists who represent the far poles of the period. On the extravagant end is **Claes Oldenburg,** whose retrospective opened last week at the Guggenheim. On the sharply frugal end is **Dan Flavin,** now the subject of shows at the SoHo branch of the Guggenheim and at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea.

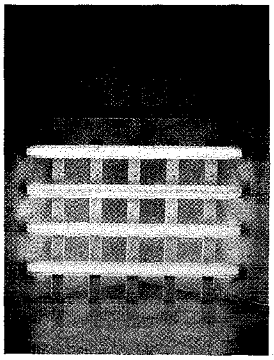
Oldenburg, who is now 66, is famous for making great big sculptures of ordinary pop objects, such as a clothespin, a shuttlecock, or a lipstick. He is also well known for making soft sculptures of hard objects, such as a pillowy drum set or an automobile engine. He himself often emphasizes the formal interest of his sculptures, lest one enjoy only their nuttiness and suppose the artist simply a minor member of Duchamp's team.

His art looks best outdoors, especially when one comes—unawares—upon a solitary piece in a city or a field. Then an Oldenburg will seem a sudden mad bloom of pop—bizarrely benign, strangely austere—that takes the true measure of our peculiar environment. Two hundred Oldenburgs crowded in a museum, however, can seem too fun-house zany. Still, only the irredeemably spiritual will fail to enjoy how his work teases apart the walls, boundaries, and sacred circles of the Guggenheim. (A giant knife slices through one wall.) Oldenburg's *Bedroom Ensemble* (1964)—a rendering of a motel room upholstered in fake fur—is a masterpiece of kitsch.

If Oldenburg seems to fling open the door, breaking down walls and inviting everything in—if he aggressively relaxes—Dan Flavin, who is 62, rejects the tawdry allure of the street. He is a strict artist who found his way by severely excluding from art whatever seemed corny or historically compromised. While moving art into a new, commercially available means—fluorescent light fixtures and tubes—he refused to employ the traditional associations of light, notably the meditative, the descriptive, or the transcendental. He once said of his art, "It is what it is, and it ain't nothing else. . . ."

A distinguished space is essential to the success of Flavin's "acts of light," as he calls his works. The spaces at the Guggenheim's SoHo branch are not intrinsically interesting; Flavin's work, which acts well at the uptown Guggenheim, looks routine downtown. But the Dia installation is brilliant. In one loft room, for example, three corner pieces are constructed of different shades of white light. The fourth corner piece is a reddish light. The room looks just right. It has, moreover, a mysterious elegance (sorry to use such historically compromised words). In Dia's open, whitewashed spaces, Flavin's work may be no more than what it is; but what it is is enough.

IT HAS COME TO THIS: REPRESENTATIONAL ARTISTS ARE TAKing to the streets. They recently staged a demonstration at the Whitney Museum of American Art to protest the way the museum, while making big bucks by showing the work of Edward Hopper, ignores the living artists who, like him, paint more traditional pictures. They wondered why the museum instead chooses to exhibit, among other things, puddles of *faux* vomit; they denounce today's intellectual fashion for irony and the genuflecting before what Tom Wolfe calls "the artist as the holy beast." The director of the muse-



Photograph: top, courtesy of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; bottom, courtesy of Leo Castelli Gallery.

um, David Ross, defended the museum by observing that life is bound to be tough if all you do is copy, even "breathtakingly," a painter like Ingres.

It struck me as remarkable that the combatants on both sides could once more arise from this ancient art-muck to whack away at each other, so antediluvian is this confrontation, so rich in senile passions and befogged anger. What explains their endurance? Oddly enough, like most long-lasting disputes, this one continues to survive only because each side is right about the other—then exaggerates how right. Each can therefore feel both righteous and wronged, which is one of the most delightful (and addictive) of feelings and not to be surrendered lightly. There is certainly no better way to awaken tired blood.

Today's conservatives are correct in this sense: The Whitney is now dominated by an old and—in some circles—fashionable tradition that goes back at least as far as Manet, who was a creator of outrageous gestures as well as exquisite brush strokes. This tradition found its main twentieth-century expression in Marcel Duchamp's urinal. Yet the museum often behaves as if this hoary tradition is now truly radical. Much of the contemporary work in this line, moreover, is peculiarly awful, exhibiting in equal measure visual squalor and philosophical pretension.

But today's conservatives also exaggerate. The tradition exemplified by Duchamp has produced some works that challenge social pieties with wit, passion, and the poetic gesture; some also explore, in a deft if abstruse manner, aesthetic philosophy and the way we now live. Just because such works are not landscapes or still lifes does not mean they should lack interest for an open mind. As when judging the work of any tradition, the real challenge is to discriminate—to find the moments of value—within the broad morass of mediocre art.

Today's Whitney is correct in this way: We don't live in a great period for representational painting. I would add that we don't live in a great period for painting, period. Compared with the achievements of past painting, today's representational art is minor—just as today's work in the Duchampian mode is minor. But "minor" need not mean negligible. How much art is truly "major"? Today's representational painting, partly because it takes pride in its traditions and is less pompous than much SoHo art, has a fine metaphysical scale. No important museum in New York pays sustained attention to this work, which is foolish.

But after all, these are *museums*. On what realistic basis can artists expect museums, of all institutions, to be successful judges of their own period? The historical record of museums on this score—to say nothing of the record of critics and the general public—is not good; why should it be any different today? Do representational artists wish to be the beneficiaries of an affirmative-action program at the Whitney? Far more important for serious painting than any Biennial or retrospective of a SoHo star is the plan the Whitney recently announced to build new galleries for its permanent collection.

Whatever its architectural virtues, Marcel Breuer's stony dungeon is a cruel, grim, miserable place to show paintings—far worse than the often criticized Guggenheim, which may be eccentric but is also airy and light-filled. The Whitney plans a modest, intelligent expansion in which it will build galleries on its top floor, now office space, for its permanent collection; the rooms will have wooden floors below and natural light above. No other museum in the city consistently exhibits American modernist painting from before the war. Now visitors will be able to see the Hoppers, Doves, and Hartleys in a place that does them justice.

Portuguese Blues.
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The blues that adorn the white houses of Obidos, 50 miles from Lisbon, are typical examples of local color. It's a feature beautiful enough to have been the inspiration behind a few songs and not all of them sad. But this is only one example of the area's inspirational beauty. Flower-laden windows, narrow cobbled streets, sun-drenched squares and a medieval castle, now a magnificent "Pousada," add color too. In other regions, such as Alentejo, white-and-blue houses prevail, where they contrast with the wheat-covered plains, the peaceful shade of the holm oak trees and the coolness of olive groves. Of course, it would be easy for us to go on singing the praises of Portugal. After a visit you'll be tempted to write a few verses of your own.

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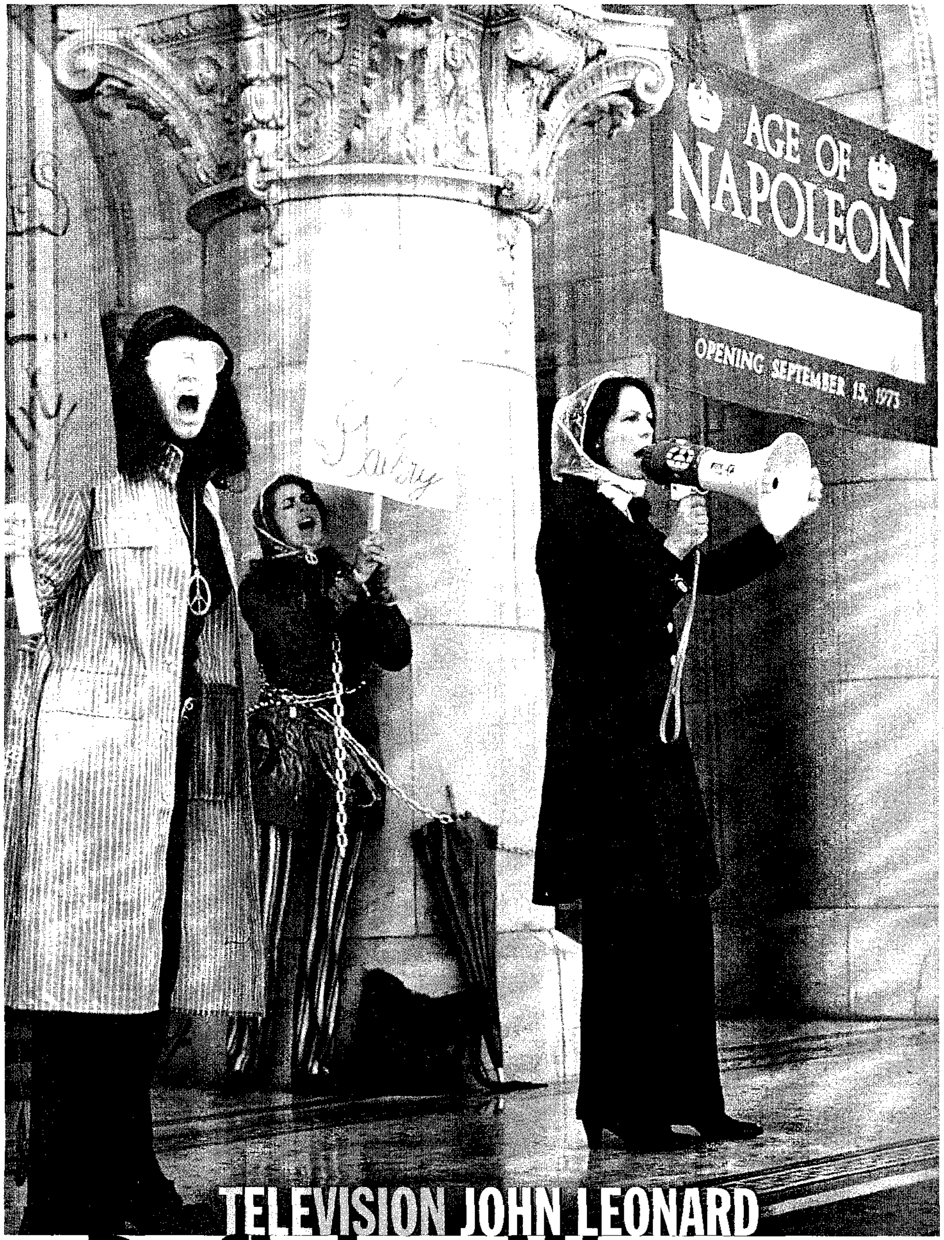

Left to right: Lisa Beth Allen, Roma Maffia and Jamie Lee Curtis in *The Heidi Chronicles.*

Photograph by Erik Heinila/TNT.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Defining Women

Are sexual politics more advanced on TV than on stage? Or are Heidi's 'Chronicles' ho-hum?

THERE ARE TWO SURPRISING PROBLEMS WITH THE cable-TV movie version of **The Heidi Chronicles** (Sunday, October 15, and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT). One is Jamie Lee Curtis, who should have been marvelous as Heidi, the art-historian crybaby-boomer. Surely almost any combination of the Jamie Lee who tolerated Kevin Kline in *A Fish Called Wanda*, the Jamie Lee who slept with Richard Lewis in *Anything but Love*, and the Jamie Lee who wasted Ron Silver in *Blue Steel* ought to add up to a Heidi who knows how to bounce as well as whine, who doesn't need a Scoop, the tiresome longtime boyfriend, to validate her parking. The other problem is Wendy Wasserstein herself, whose wisecracking ambivalence about feminism and contempt for Yup seemed on the Broadway stage in 1989 as invigorating as it was sardonic, but shows up somehow sour on the small screen. Can it be that Wasserstein feels as bad as Heidi, as betrayed by chimerical sisterhood? "I'm envying women I don't even like," complains Heidi, this grown-up Columbia professor, to her prep-school alumnae; "I'm just not happy. . . . I'm afraid I haven't been happy for some time." And: "I thought the whole point was that I wouldn't feel stranded. I thought the whole point was that we were in this together."

Well, here's another Scoop: We will each of us die alone, in spite of the sixties. Heidi looks for herself in the art of Sofonisba and Mary Cassatt. And in the pop-culture soundtracks of Sam Cooke and Otis Redding and John Lennon. And in the symbolic politics of antiwar demonstrations, consciousness-raising, Geraldine Ferraro, and the plague years of AIDS. She goes to London and the movies. But what she sees, in the faces of her female friends, is a settling-for or a selling-out. And all she finds, in her mirror after exercise class, is a grinning Scoop, who used to edit *The Liberated Earth News*, who now edits *Boomer*, who let her down by marrying someone else. On Christmas Eve in a pediatric-AIDS clinic, Peter (Tom Hulce), the gay doctor who's been her partner in bantering for 30 years, explains: "Our friends are our family." Since his family is dying, "a sadness like yours seems a luxury." And so, as a cure for the mopes, Heidi adopts a child.

What a subversion of patriarchy. It could, I suppose, have been worse. It could have been *Marjorie Morningstar*. Wasserstein's wisecracks are better than what we usually get in a TV movie, though less than we deserve in these wrathful days of backlash against the women's movement. Hulce has been fun to watch since he camped it up in *Amadeus* as a bratty Wolfgang. Kim Cattrall, Eve Gordon, Julie White, Roma Maffia, and Shari Belafonte are fine in supporting roles. And it isn't Peter Friedman's fault that Scoop is yuppie scum; half the feminists I know married a Scoop the first time around. But Curtis is so hangdog listless, either director Paul Bogart (*Torch Song Trilogy*) dragged her down or she fell on him like a medicine ball.

In the six years since *The Heidi Chronicles* opened on Broadway, on television we've seen Meredith Baxter, Piper Laurie, and Donna Mills recover from alcoholism—and Susan Dey from cocaine addiction. Anne Archer, Bernadette Peters, Lindsay Wagner, Jacqueline Bisset, Kathleen Turner, and Maureen Stapleton have come to terms with TV tumors, and Raquel Welch with Lou Gehrig's disease, and Mel Harris with leukemia. Kirstie Alley, Anjelica Huston, Melissa Gilbert, and Patty Duke have coped with autistic children, and Tyne Daly, JoBeth Williams, Patti LuPone, and, again, Patty Duke with Down's syndrome. Farrah Fawcett, Jennie Garth, Kellie Martin, Annette O'Toole, Pamela Reed, Michele Lee, and, again, Susan Dey and JoBeth Williams have all been battered by spouses. Children have been stolen from Kate Jackson, Meg Tilly, Bonnie Bedelia, Tess Harper, Valerie Bertinelli, Sarah Jessica Parker, Mariel Hemingway, and Mare Winningham, and others. Jaclyn Smith, Cynthia Gibb, Madeline Stowe, Judith Light, Cheryl Ladd, Annabeth Gish, Carrie Hamilton, and Patricia Wettig have all been raped in TV films. And this omits continuing female characters we care about in such network series programs as *St. Elsewhere, Hunter,* and *Law & Order.* Nor have I even *mentioned* incest survivors.

Compared with such afflictions, Scoop's a zit. Maybe sexual politics are more advanced on TV than they are on Broadway. How patient would a Tyne Daly be with Heidi? A Kate Mulgrew? A Jessica Lange or a Jessica Fletcher? How long would Scoop last at home with Brett Butler or Roseanne? Even Lisa Hartman Black is spunkier in **Dazzle** (Sunday and Tuesday, October 15 and 17; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), the latest Judith Krantz mini-series. She may be a photographer instead of an art historian, but she opens her own ad agency and is determined to keep her greedy half-sisters, Lisa Eilbacher and Kim Johnston Ulrich, from selling off to the corrupt banking attorney James Farentino and the shady Hong Kong entrepreneur B. D. Wong those 60,000 acres of Orange County that their father, Cliff Robertson, likes to ride his horse on. Think of *Dazzle* as a sort of *King Lear* for Tinkerbells, with Dixie Carter as the Wicked Witch of Beverly Hills.

But the best sexual politics on television this week, and perhaps in the past several seasons, are to be found in **Alien Nation: Body and Soul** (Tuesday, October 10; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox). It's the second TV-movie reunion of the cast of the original series. Never mind what those "spongehead" scientists are up to at a secret research compound in the usual desert, nor that all of them were "supervisors" on the original Newcomer slave ship. Never mind, either, the lachrymose giant and the Dalai Lama moon-child, who turn out to be Siamese twins. What's important here, besides inside jokes about jelly "donut" weasel-rings and an orphanage called Gingrich House, and a witty subplot having to do with homophobia, is that our homo-sap L.A. cop, Gary Graham, already traumatized by the fact that the male parent does all the birthing of Newcomer babies, will finally get it on with his Tenctonese pathologist Cathy (Terri Treas), but not until she has made him go to a sex-education class to work on his humming and other intimate techniques . . . so that she won't hurt him during interspecies sex. ▬

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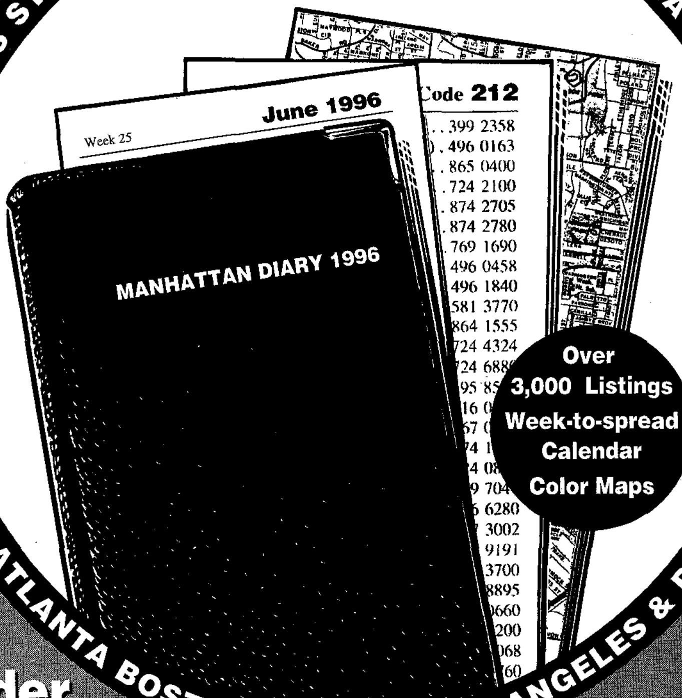

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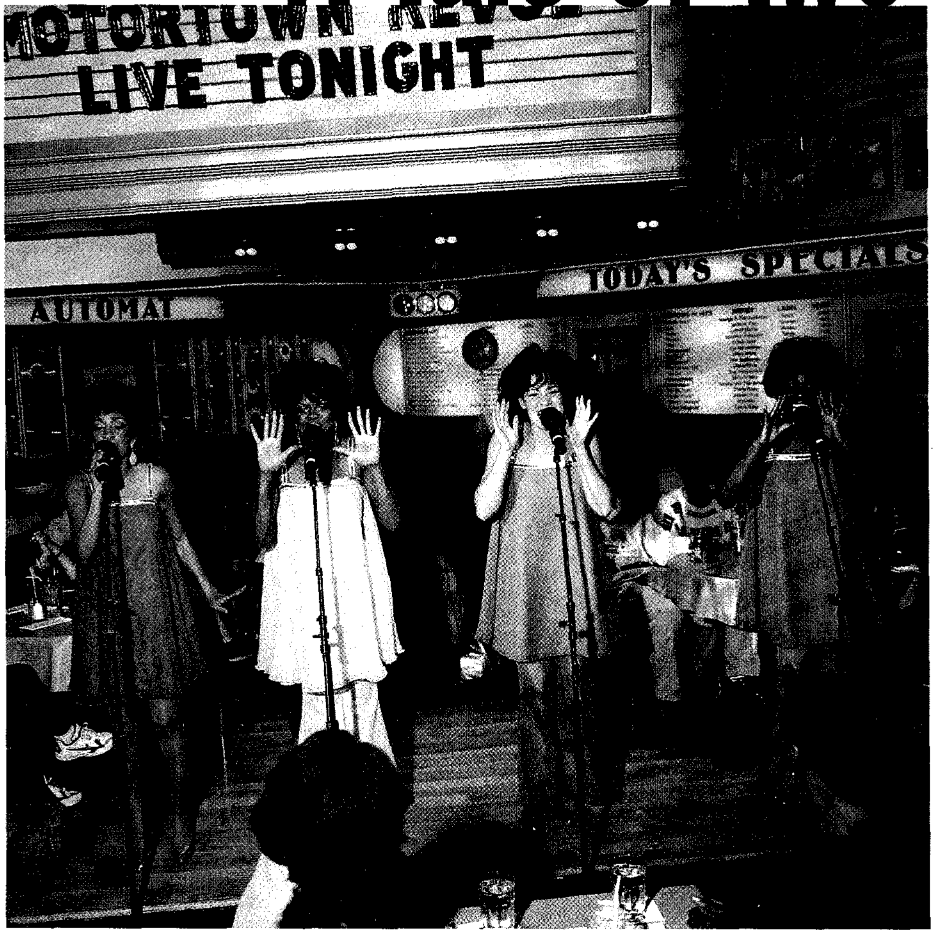
THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

A Tale of Two Cities

On the street of a thousand themes, Motown grub and a Bronx boy who cooks up a Brooklyn that never was.



Stop! In the name of pork chops: The Motown Moments perform live at the Cafe.

I'VE NEVER HEARD A LONG-GONE, SELF-EXILED DETROITer waxing lyrical over the Motor City. Say *Detroit* to me, and I remember skipping class to see the Tigers, shark fins, Buddy's deep-dish pizza, the inner city in flames, Mom flunking Fannie Farmer's cookbook. Detroit was such a lame burg, it was hard to believe it could nurture a Motown. Having grown up hungry, I anticipated no better than clunky home cooking from **Motown Cafe,** the homage-and-T-shirt emporium in the glorious Art Deco space that once housed the Automat. It's both better and worse. Mom never even heard of sweet-potato fries. These are sweetly delicious one time, sugary the next. She would have recognized the sloppy Joe. And the fabulous barbecued-brisket sandwich—juicier than hers, to be cruelly frank. But crab cakes in the Motor City? And provolone cheese and focaccia in the turkey club? Not in my town. We never dared dream of such glamorous Continental deviations.

Motown's creators teethed at Planet Hollywood, so they know the ropes. Velvet on stanchions out front is obligatory, in hopes the crowds come. We've stopped by for lunch, feeling kind of sixties in the period orchid, turquoise, and rose of the horseshoe room, with its monster blowup of "Stop! In the Name of Love" revolving overhead. I have to touch the "bronze" statue of Marvin Gaye, just to be sure it's plaster. Cynicism rewarded. We are attended by a crew as fresh and earnest as if they'd just stepped off the bus from Dearborn.

Though I think of myself as the typical New Yorker—a passionate immigrant unable to survive anywhere else—today, I'm feeling my roots. What are these old windows from the Automat doing in Motown? Never mind how cleverly they display 45's where once we found baked beans and egg salad. But my pals, homegrown New Yorkers, are thrilled to see their childhood relics preserved. So it's a standoff. And we're all instantly disarmed by discreetly modulated sound. We can actually talk. Behind us on the video screen flicker images of Motown's golden age, Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy.

And then, just as we are dismissing the chicken fingers (so dry they could be veal, alligator, or wool blanket), the anonymous crab cakes, and the third-string Caesar, five gold-lamé-jacketed lads (one of them white) leap up on the platform before us and break into the ritual harmony and choreography of the Temptations. Now I know why we're here. At night a few weeks later, the place is jammed to the balcony, where a "bronze" young Michael Jackson leans over the railing. The sound is full-blast. And the waiter wants no sass from dawdlers. Happily, we're not in this for gastronomic revelation.

It's smart, I suppose, that Motown mixes southern and soul with California and doesn't stick to humble, regional cooking. The tourists who own 57th Street now may not mind chowder disguised as mucilage, rubbery noodles in the lasagna muck, balsa-wood pork chops, and a salad sampler designed by someone who clearly doesn't like vegetables or pasta. Still, you may want to risk a night at Motown. Go for the brisket sandwich, the edible fried chicken, the sloppy Joe. Even the chicken wings—if you're into torrid. I'm nuts about the too-cheesy macaroni too. Cheer up with a little overkill for dessert, the brownie sundae or three-layered "chocolate decadence." Squelch the grouch in you and enjoy this chance to revisit your adolescence, to give your offspring a history lesson, to remember a bright moment in pop music.

Motown Cafe, 104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. daily; bar closes at 2 a.m. A.E., M.C., V.

FROM THE SIDEWALK, ITS RAUCOUS NEON LOGO SCREAMS *theme park.* But inside the **Brooklyn Diner USA,** the theme is food, silly food, great food. Amazing but true. I've been there six times just to be sure it wasn't a fluke. Maybe

Photographs by Greg Miller.

owner Shelly Fireman (Trattoria Dell'Arte, Fiorello's, the Redeye Grill due in December) thought he was creating a theme park. But aside from a few T-shirts and the infamous mural of Ebbets Field, already denounced for its grievous bloopers, there's nothing to gape at here but the fifteen-bite hot dog—a delicious monster that comes with an itsy roll, fried onion rings, sauerkraut, and a yellow badge confirming its trademark. If you think $10.50 is steep, share the dog with a pal; it's more than enough. True, these are upscale diner prices—entrées $11.25 to $18.95, sandwiches from $9.50—but it isn't just hash they're slinging here. We're talking fresh-squeezed orange and grapefruit juice, heavenly malts, possibly the best chicken soup you've had in a long time. Rich and irresistible baked ziti. A splendid Romanian tenderloin with fries, onion or potato. And the house's "strawberry blonde" cheesecake, worth a month on your treadmill. (But don't let them spill chocolate ganache on this beauty. Are they daft?)

Call anyplace "Brooklyn anything" and you're asking for grief. Since one out of seven Americans was born in Brooklyn or claims citizenship by descent, that makes 39 million potential critics. Eat your heart out, Zagat. I was only married to Brooklyn, and I'm ready to scold Fireman for his sacrilege to the egg cream, that eggless, creamless New York invention. "Will you have chocolate, vanilla, or strawberry?" the waiter asks. Strawberry egg cream? What is the world coming to? What does Shelly Fireman know from Brooklyn anyway? Only the dead know Brooklyn. He's alive and born in the Bronx. "No one wants to eat in the Bronx Diner," he protests, and rightly so. The waiters are amiable and chatty, as befits the gentle era before the Dodgers decamped. A few actually come from Brooklyn ("I've just lived there six weeks," one confesses. "I never heard of lox in Northern California.")

But Fireman couldn't leave well enough alone. Couldn't just give us real Brooklyn diner fare. It had to be better than memory. Okay. I accept that. And a real sociological sweep: Jewish, Italian, Chinese, Arabic, Hungarian, southern. Politically sage. And fun too—from matzo brei to egg foo yong to spaghetti with meatballs and hummus with toasted pita and bagel chips for a crunchy mixed marriage. But that wasn't enough. He had to be contemporary (seared tuna). Healthy (fat-free mayonnaise). And geographically impossible (Chinese chicken salad isn't even New York, it's California).

And cute. A great Reuben sandwich is a blessing. Who needs "the unbread Reuben" on Swiss-cheese-glazed potato pancakes, never mind how much we like the sauerkraut, Russian dressing, and primly lean, rather goyish corned beef. And the mu-shu-pork blintz is a confused metaphor that won't please either constituency. Indeed, I was worried about a blintz crisis here—even the cheese-filled classic had skin too thin and not nearly crispy enough. Fireman sent the chef to Shun Lee to learn how to make Chinese barbecued pork. He serves it on a roll with chopsticks and not-at-all-retro sesame noodles. At breakfast, toasters appear in every booth (where there ought to be fifties jukeboxes). Several days later, I see the boss has been fine-tuning. He's eighty-sixed the matzo balls because the kitchen couldn't sustain an unbearable lightness. The elegantized lo mein is gone, along with the sweet pork and the Chinese dumplings. For the sake of consistency, he'll serve Clareena's moist and crusty fried chicken only on Monday. Just as well. Me and my fatphobic friends loved it too much. He's already improved the egg cream, abandoning the too-big glass and lowering the price. But it's still not quite fizzy enough. It's in the wrist action, Shelly. The seltzer. The stir.

But just when you think Fireman is an incurable Jewish mother, he turns into Captain Queeg. When he wanders into the diner and spots me in a booth, he snatches away my spicy sausage-and-peppers appetizer with a roar. "Is the kitchen crazy? It's supposed to be one sausage, not two. How can I make any money?" Splendid little sausage, just right at $3.50. When I complain that the supernal chicken soup of my first few visits has grown vapid, he pounds the kitchen for an explanation and demands instant rehabilitation. Every fifteen minutes as I write this, a fresh fax arrives with promised revisions.

Not enough folks are coming for dinner, so he's going to begin selling the concept as "the finer diner." After dark, the maître d's wear black tie with their baggy pants and sneakers. Lemon-meringue and banana-cream pie are imminent. There will be a new baseball mural soon. Fourteen agents and artists are vying for the wall. A record-company swell wants to buy the ersatz Ebbets that offended. The bum must be from Staten Island.

Brooklyn Diner USA, 212 W. 57th St. (581-8900). Breakfast 8 a.m. to 11:30 a.m., lunch 11:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. daily. Dinner Monday through Wednesday 5 p.m. to 12 a.m., Thursday through Saturday till 1 a.m., Sunday till 11 p.m. A.E., M.C., V. ■

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LEONORE FLEISCHER OCTOBER 16, 1995

SALES & BARGAINS

Plans for a rainy day: from a mail-order coffee roaster to a house of wares to a showroom for imported tiles.

Coffee to Go

D’AMICO IS HAVING A SALE ON ITS fresh-roasted coffee beans and coffee prepacks through the end of the month. The Brooklyn-based coffee roaster will also ship mail orders anywhere in the continental U.S. Plan A: one lb. each of House Blend Light, Costa Rican, and Jamaica Blue Mountain Style, was $16.27 plus $3.30 shipping, now $13.80 shipped free. Plan B: 1 lb. each of Copenhagen, Kenya AA, and Kona Blend, was $19.17 plus $3.30 shipping, now $16.30 shipped free. Plan C: 1 lb. each of water-decaffeinated Colombian Light, Mocha Java, and Copenhagen, was $24.77 plus $3.30 shipping, now $21 shipped free. Plan D: 1 lb. each of House Blend Dark, Viennese Supreme, French Roast, and Colombian Supremo Dark, was $21.68 plus $3.40 shipping, now $18.43 shipped free. Plan E: coffee-brick vacuum-sealed packs, 2 oz. each, ten-pack sampler of assorted coffees, including Mocha Java, Colombian Supremo, Hazelnut, and water-decaffeinated Colombian, was $17.50 plus $3.20 shipping, now $14.87 shipped free. More plans available. Catalogue and price list free on request. Specify bean or desired grind. *D’Amico Foods, 309 Court St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231 (718-875-5403); A.E., M.C., V. (include account number, expiration date, and signature), checks accepted; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; through 10/31.*

Queens of Sole

NINA/DELMAN WOMEN’S SHOES AND BOOTS, in sizes 5–10M and 7–9N (plus one-of-a-kind samples in sizes 6 and 6½), are now on sale at the designers’ showroom for $40–$99. From Nina: black patent-finish thigh-high boot, retail $175, here $90; evening styles in velvet or peau de soie, retail $68–$75, here $35–$50. From Delman: suede gum-bottom loafers in several colors, retail $145, here $75; nappa, dress-buck, or patent-leather career or daytime pumps, T-straps, ankle-straps, and toe-caps, retail $140–$150, here $75–$85. *Nina/Delman Showroom, the Crown Building, 730 Fifth Ave., near 57th St., eighth floor (399-2323); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon. and Tues., 10/9 and 10/10, 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; Wed.–Fri., 10/11–13, noon–6 p.m.; Tues.–Thurs., 10/17–19, 10 a.m.–7 p.m.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to “Sales & Bargains” and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

Texas Two-step

THE FAMOUS TEXAS BOOTMAKER LUCCHESE is bringing its trunk show to the two McCreedy & Schreiber stores this week, taking orders for custom boots for men and women (a free matching belt is included with all custom orders). All in-stock Lucchese boots (most for men, in sizes 7–13D and wide; some for women, sizes 5–10B) are 20 percent off: Short Roper leather or lizard boot, was $250, now $200; full-alligator boot, was $3,600, now $2,880; ostrich boot, was $1,200, now $960. *McCreedy & Schreiber, 213 E. 59th St. (759-9241) and 37 W. 46th St. (719-1552); A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Thurs.–Sat. 9 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. (at 59th St. store only) noon–6 p.m.; 10/12–15.*

You Gotta Have *Heart*

THIS PRIVATE ART DEALER HAS A LARGE INventory of works by famous artists at 30 to more than 50 percent off gallery prices (prices are for unframed pieces): Jim Dine’s woodcut *Heart,* was $1,500, now $850; Alexander Calder’s *Spiral,* was $1,200, now $550; Robert Motherwell’s “Summer Light” series of lithographs, were $4,500 each, now $2,500; Allan D’Arcangelo’s *Untitled (Highway),* was $1,000, now $500; Roy Lichtenstein’s *Poetry Project,* was $2,500, now $1,600; Willem de Kooning’s *Two Friends,* was $4,500, now $2,500. *V. & R. Fine Art, 300 E. 34th St. (532-4978); no credit cards; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m. or by appointment; through 10/27.*

House of Blue

FAMOUS-MAKER COOKWARE AND OTHER housewares are on sale here. Blue Willow porcelain dinnerware from Japan (open stock), now 20 percent off: 10¼-in. dinner plates, were $10.99 each, now $8.80. Emile Henry oven-to-table ware: a 2-qt. soufflé dish, was $29.99, now $24. Bodum press coffeemakers and automatic-shutoff electric teakettles, now 20 percent off: twelve-demitasse Chambord and eight-demicup Bistro press coffeemakers, were $99.99 and $29.99, respectively, now $80 and $24. *House of Wares, Inc., 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St. (249-4300); A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; refunds and exchanges possible; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 10/31.*

Coat Tales

THIS DESIGNER’S SHOWROOM IS SELLING women’s raincoats, sizes 2–14, at way below retail. Vinyl slickers lined in colorful wool include a jacket, retail $300, here $275; long zippered coat with wool hood and scarf, retail $400, here $235; zippered, hooded metallic raincoats with button-out wool liners (also available in a trenchcoat style), retail was $400, here $235; black velvet evening coats in several styles include a tuxedo with satin trim, retail $350, here $225; matte-urethane hooded raincoat with mica flecks, lined in gray flannel, retail $425, here $250. *Galle at Harvey Wolf, 499 Seventh Ave., near 37th St., twelfth floor south (516-887-4048); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Tues.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m.; 10/10–13.*

The World at Your Feet

THIS SHOWROOM FOR FLOOR AND WALL tiles of marble, granite, and limestone, imported from Europe and Turkey, is usually open only to the design trade. For the next couple of weeks, its tiles are available to the general public at wholesale prices; the first price is for a 12-in. tile, the second for an 18-in. (when available): Absolute Black, here $8.50 and $10.50; Alligator, here $8.50; Blue Pearl, here $11.50 and $13.50 ; Bordeaux, here $5.50; Hassan Green, here $8; Salome, here $5.95 and $8.50; Tea Rose, here $7.75 and $9.50. Delivery arranged at additional cost. An appointment is necessary. *Tiburon Industries, Inc., 172 Madison Ave., near 33rd St. (679-8070); checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. noon–6:30 p.m.; through 10/20.* ■

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

art 83

bars 93

concerts 102

dance 102

kids 106

the mix 103

movies 76

nightlife 91

online 105

radio 103

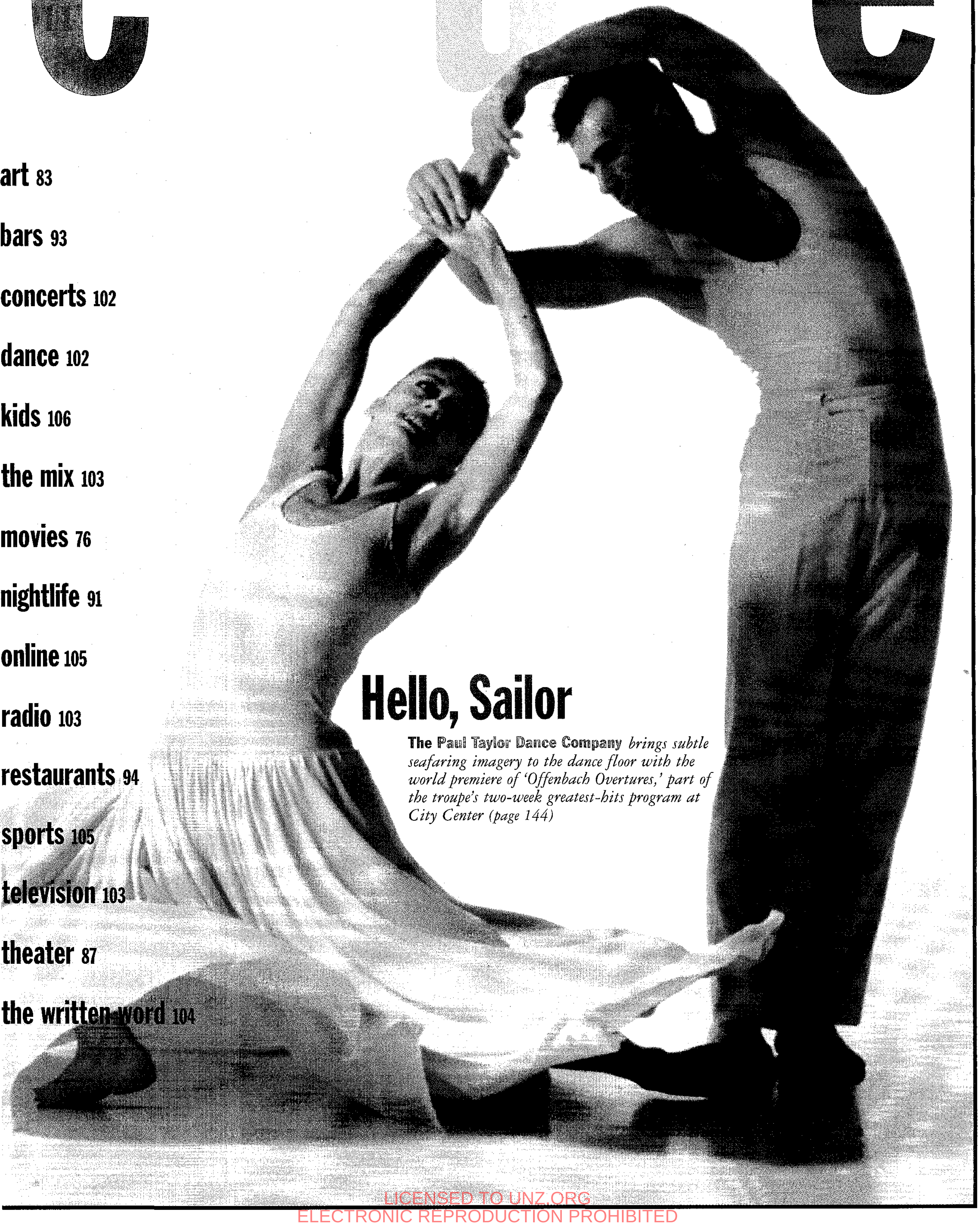
restaurants 94

sports 105

television 103

theater 87

the written word 104



Hello, Sailor

The Paul Taylor Dance Company *brings subtle seafaring imagery to the dance floor with the world premiere of 'Offenbach Overtures,' part of the troupe's two-week greatest-hits program at City Center (page 144)*

Brit *Noir* . . . Demi Does Hawthorne

New Films

The Addiction—Lili Taylor is a sensitive NYU philosophy-student-vampire who cannot reconcile her strong sense of morality with her equally strong lust for human blood. Directed by Abel Ferrara. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

Assassins—Sylvester Stallone hit his stride when America waged the Cold War, then faltered when that era came to an end. So it's fitting that he should be playing a professional assassin who feels that *glasnost* and the crumbling of the Berlin Wall have eradicated that sense of right and wrong that a hit man really needs to do his job well. He wants to get out; an ambitious upstart (Antonio Banderas), is looking to replace him, and an early retirement just won't cut it. Directed by Richard Donner. (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Babe—A wonderful, well-done fable about a pig (Babe) who doesn't fit in with all the other animals on his farm. So he defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Based on Dick King-Smith's children's book *The Sheep-Pig*. Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *Waverly; 59th Street East.*

★**Belle de Jour**—Director Luis Buñuel never wastes a shot; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel and his co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrière tell the story of this Parisian haute bourgeoise who loves her husband (Jean Sorel) but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Séverine lies in bed dreaming of violation at the hands of coachmen, and finally takes a job at a high-class bordello. The content of Séverine's daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous; the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Big Green—The title is slang for the neglected playing field that symbolizes the boredom and despair of the kids in Elma, Texas. But wait! Here comes a spunky teacher who figures the way to rouse the kids back into life is to water the field and play a little soccer. Written and directed by Holly Goldberg Sloan. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

Black Is . . . Black Ain't—Marlon Riggs, who made this documentary while dying of AIDS, used both performances and interviews with prominent African-Americans (among them Cornel West and Angela Davis) to examine what it means to be black in America. Winner of the 1995 Sundance Film Festival Filmmaker's Trophy. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Blue in the Face—An amusing, affable follow-up of sorts to Wayne Wang and Paul Auster's *Smoke.* Harvey Keitel reprises his role as Auggie, the soft-spoken, not-so-tough guy who runs the corner cigar shop that serves as a hangout for the neighborhood's more colorful denizens. Among them: Jim Jarmusch, who comes to share his last cigarette with Auggie—and who riffs hilariously on the Hollywood-Nazi style of smoking; Lou Reed, who seems to be offering an account of his history in Brooklyn; Roseanne, as the frustrated wife of the cigar-shop owner; and Mel Gorham as Auggie's hot-tamale girlfriend. *Blue in the Face* was almost completely improvised, and at times it is impossible not to be acutely aware of it. Still, it is—like all the kooks who frequent the shop—ultimately charming. (1 hr. 25 mins; R) *Area theaters.*

Broken Harvest—Upon hearing of his mother's death, Jimmy O'Leary recalls his childhood in fifties Ireland, and the effects of war—both national and personal—on his family. Written and directed by Maurice O'Callaghan. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

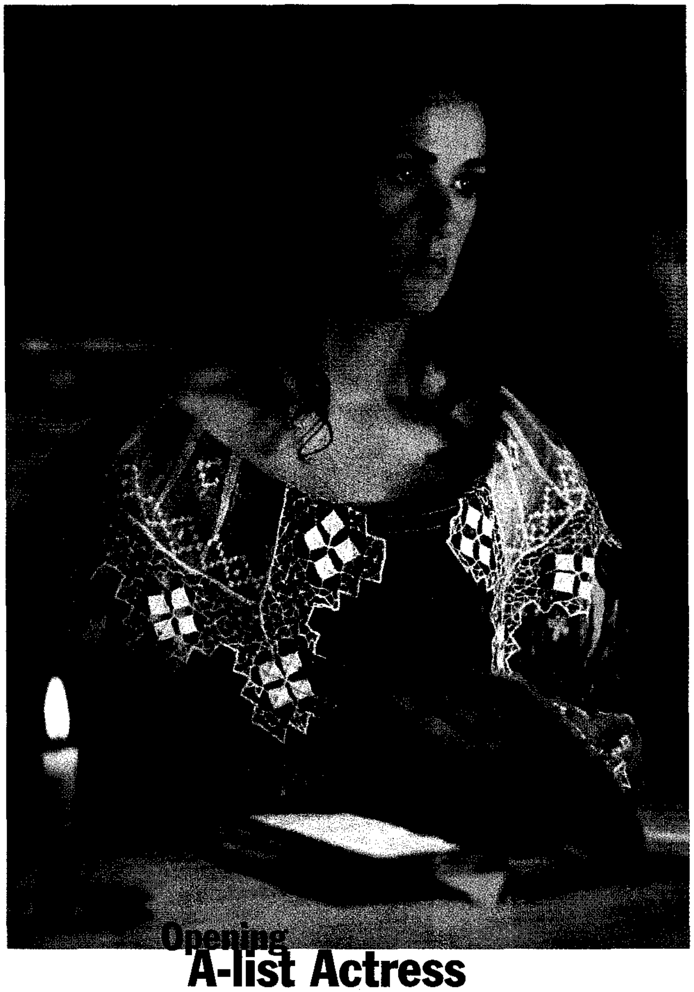
The Brothers McMullen—Three Irish Catholic brothers from the suburbs of New York struggle with their mangled Irish-Catholic legacy and their tortured love lives: one married brother contemplates an affair, one cradles a theoretical, idealized version of love, and one is so frightened of it that he constantly runs. Writer-director Edward Burns's feature-film debut. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 23rd Street West Triplex; Carnegie Hall Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Plaza Twin*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror. Somewhere outside Moscow, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

★**Clockers**—Strike, perhaps 20 years old, commands the top slat of a bench in front of the projects in Brooklyn somewhere, running his crew of clockers (bottom-rung street dealers, who work around the clock). He works for the neighborhood crime boss, Rodney Little (Delroy Lindo), an exceptionally complex and frightening man who tries to seduce Strike into murdering someone by saying, "You're my son." When Rodney's enemy winds up dead, we don't know who did it—Strike or his exceptionally virtuous brother Victor, who may be going crazy. *Clockers* is didactic, but it's perhaps the most loose-limbed didactic movie ever made. And the scenes of harrassment and interrogation, the

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

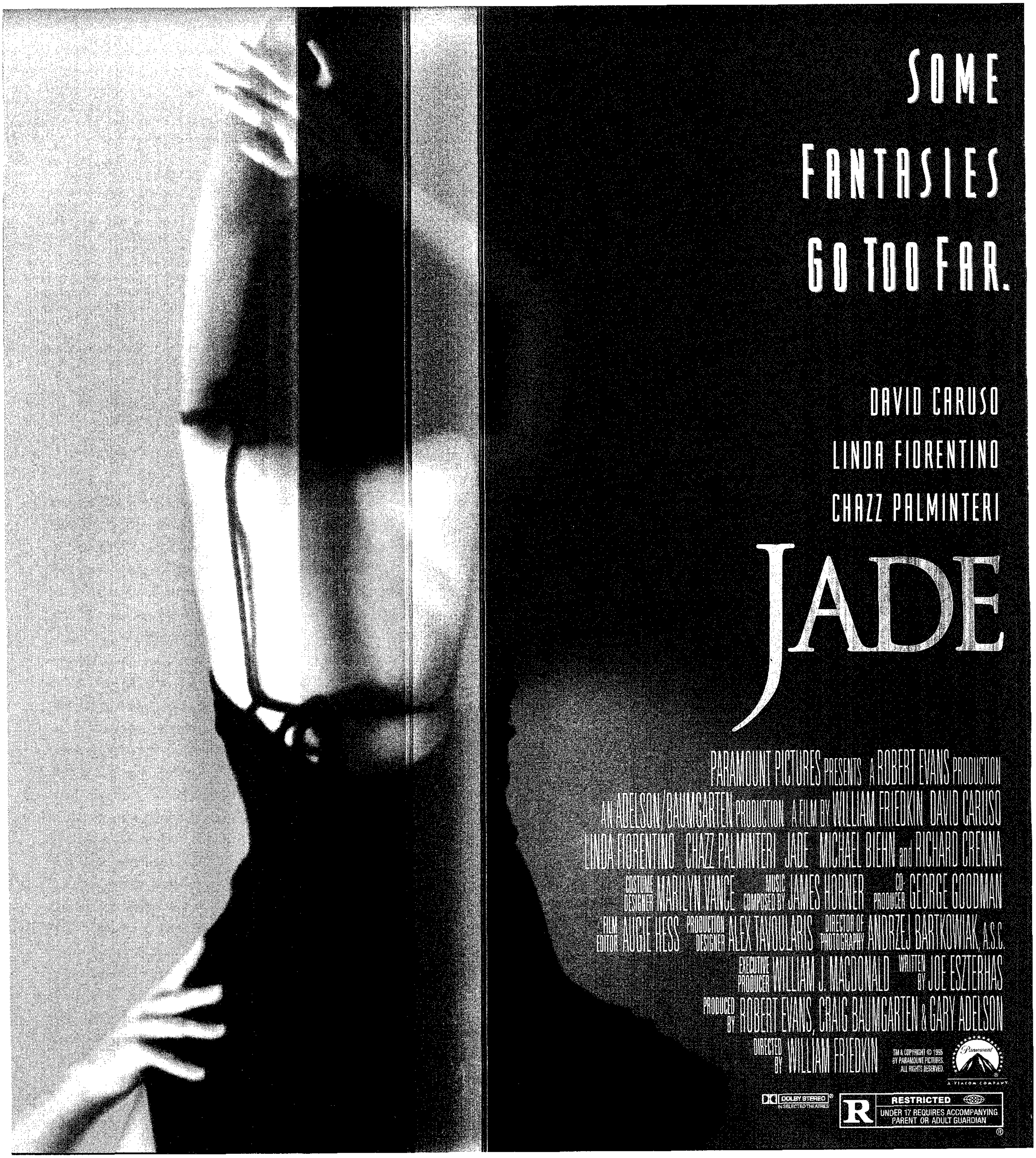


Opening
A-list Actress

As persecuted adulteress Hester Prynne in the adaptation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's literary classic *The Scarlet Letter* (opening October 13), Demi Moore plays a woman who suffers for her sexual liberation and ultimately transcends Puritan hypocrisy, all the while keeping her clothes on.

Photograph by Takashi Seida/Hollywood Pictures

"Cue" cover photograph by Lois Greenfield.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AN ADELSON/BAUMGARTEN PRODUCTION A FILM BY WILLIAM FRIEDKIN DAVID CARUSO
LINDA FIORENTINO CHAZZ PALMINTERI JADE MICHAEL BIEHN and RICHARD CRENNA
COSTUME DESIGNER MARILYN VANCE MUSIC COMPOSED BY JAMES HORNER CO-PRODUCER GEORGE GOODMAN
FILM EDITOR AUGIE HESS PRODUCTION DESIGNER ALEX TAVOULARIS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ANDRZEJ BARTKOWIAK, A.S.C.
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PRODUCED BY ROBERT EVANS, CRAIG BAUMGARTEN & GARY ADELSON
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM FRIEDKIN
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streams of vituperation and tirade, are all played out with a poetic vitality seen before only in Martin Scorsese's movies. With Harvey Keitel and John Turturro. (Denby; 8/18/95) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway; Metro Cinema; Plaza Twin.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weirdo* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were destroyed. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Dead Presidents—We follow Anthony Curtis (the wonderful Larenz Tate) from his high-school graduation to his tour of duty in Vietnam to his return home to the Bronx, where he is somewhat sourly reunited with his high-school sweetheart and the child he fathered before leaving. Unable to find steady work, he orchestrates the heist of the out-of-circulation money that the government ships down to D.C. to be burned (hence the title). This is the second film from twin directors Allen and Albert Hughes (who did the highly respected *Menace II Society*) and while the acting is uniformly strong and the direction technically accomplished, the three acts of Curtis's life feel shockingly disparate. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★**Devil in a Blue Dress**—Director Carl Frankiln (*One False Move)* has acheived a ripely tactile visual style for this retro *noir* drama, set in black Los Angeles in 1948. Walter Mosely adapted his own novel, the first in the popular "Easy Rawlins" series, and Denzel Washington stars as the up-from-Texas machinist who gets laid off after the war and is then drawn into a complex maze of desire and corruption. People try to use Easy—cops, gangsters, other blacks—and he struggles to hold on not to just the truth, but to his dignity. Washington conveys just the right measure of deference and implacable male pride; the only disappointment is Jennifer Beals, who, as the femme fatale, lacks the glittering insolence of the luscious bad girls of the forties. But see this beautifully made movie, an important step in what looks like a major directorial career. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin.*

Feast of July—Bella Ford (Embeth Davidtz) journeys through Arch, the town where her duplicitous lover told her he lived, and miscarries their child along the way. Then she's taken in by the Wainwright family, whose three brothers all fall in love with her. Directed by Christopher Menaui. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

Halloween 6—It's the return of Michael Myers, the homicidal maniac who loves to slash and thrash on Halloween. Directed by Joe Chappelle. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza .*

How To Make An American Quilt—Finn Dodd (Winona Ryder), a college student working on her third thesis, retreats to her grandmother's house for the summer after her boyfriend proposes. As her grandmother's quilting bee weaves her wedding gift, each member recounts her own most important love affair. Finn's looking for a concrete answer: should she get married, yes or no? And if yes, how can she ensure that her own marriage won't unravel? At first frightened by these tales of sacrifice and loss, Finn eventually sees these women as they see themselves: irrevocably altered, a bit battered, but still, ecah uniquely able to control her own destiny. The script, by Jane Andersen, is remarkably cohesive. With Ellen Burstyn, Anne Bancroft, and Alfre Woodard. Directed by Jocelyn Moorhouse. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Jade—Linda Fiorentino is a psychologist by day, hooker by night suspected by her ex-lover, an assistant D.A. (David Caruso), of being a homicidal maniac. With Chazz Palminteri. Written by Joe (*Showgirls*) Eszterhas. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

The Jar—Iranian writer/director Ebrahim Foruzesh sets this tale in a small village so poor that the children attend a one-room schoolhouse and drink, communally, from a terra-cotta jar. When the jar cracks, everything from familial relations to the town's power structure is questioned. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Kicking & Screaming—A bunch of neurotic college graduates struggle to find themselves. Written and directed by Noah Baumbach. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

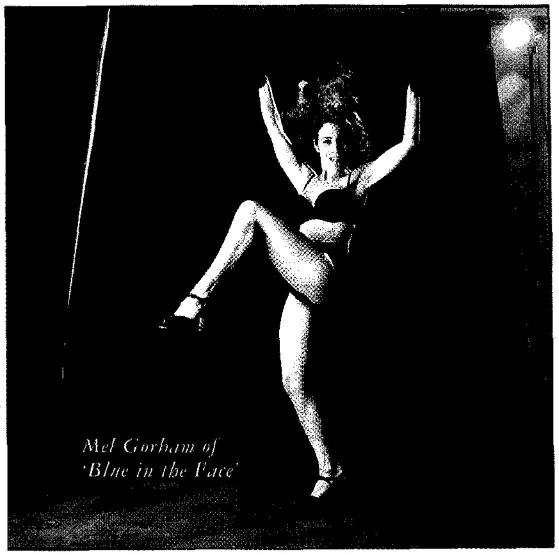
Kids—Telly, the skanky 17-year-old "hero" of *Kids*, is coarse and mean, and he lives only to get laid. Yet he's at the center of this, the first film to be directed by Larry Clark, whose book of photographs, *Teenage Lust*, feasts on teenagers thick-headed and dreamy with sex. As Telly discourses nonstop on the pleasures of deflowering 14-year-olds, he and Casper skateboard around the East Side, steal, smoke dope, and finish the day at an all-night party, at which Telly bags another virgin and Casper gives up his humanity altogether. While all this is going on, one of Telly's past victims, now HIV-positive, forlornly tries to find her lover. By taking us low, Clark gives the appearance of presenting New York adolescence without hypocrisy or cant. Yet it seems like he is offering not a faithful portrait of teenagers but an exposure of his own erotomania. (Denby; 6/31/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Kilian's Chronicle—Five hundred years before Columbus reached the New World, a young Irishman named Kilian is captured by the Vikings and sold into slavery. When the ship carrying him is blown onto the New England coast, he's rescued by Native Amercans and falls in love. Directed by Pamela Berger and based on an encounter described in ancient Viking texts and Native American mythology. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR). *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Living in Oblivion**—Watching this independent film about the making of an independent film, we become so impressed by the dis-illusioning of the medium that we forget that director Tom DiCillo is creating a new illusion right before our eyes. Among the movie's satirical pleasures is the appearance of James LeGros doing a sensational

Talent
Hell on Wheels

She was onscreen for a grand seven minutes as the high-strung Violet in Wayne Wang and Paul Auster's *Smoke*, but both writer and director—as well as Miramax co-chairman Harvey Weinstein—were so enamored with actress Mel Gorham that they expanded her role for the almost completely improvised, shot-in-six-days quasi sequel, *Blue in the Face* (opening October 13). When not arguing with boyfriend Auggie (Harvey Keitel) in his smoke shop, the cartoonishly intense Gorham is perched in front of her bedroom mirror, carrying on imaginary conversations in her thick Cuban accent with Auggie, seducing him, threatening him, rejecting him, and eventually breaking into an unrestrained version of Peggy Lee's "Fever," which is arguably the film's most hilarious moment. "At the wrap party for *Smoke,* they had this guy come in and play stupid music on this Casio—he was one of those Indians with the dot on his head, you know?" she says, recalling the unlikely genesis of that scene. "I asked him to play "Fever" and I picked up the mike, and the place came *down*." Gorham, who has a BFA from the University of Miami and has done more than 35 plays, got her first break within weeks of moving to New York at 21, when she was cast in *Oh, Calcutta!* by veteran producer Norman Kean. "About seven years ago, he stabbed his wife 30 times and then jumped out the window from the fifteenth floor and died," she says. "He was a nice man. Hard to believe he could do that." Happily, she's found a much more stable mentor in Weinstein. "I've done four films for Miramax in the past year," she says, "and I'm very happy. I owe my entire friggin' career to Harvey." **MAUREEN CALLAHAN**



Mel Gorham of 'Blue in the Face'

Photograph by Mia Klein.

send-up of Brad Pitt, and the performance of Peter Dinklage as a huffy dwarf ("Do *you* dream of dwarves? Even *I* don't dream of dwarves!"). (Denby; 6/31/91) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Month by the Lake—Vanessa Redgrave is a middle-aged woman who finds herself spending her annual vacation alone on Lake Como, Italy. Far from a lonely, isolated creature, she's nonetheless surprised when she becomes enmeshed in a love triangle. Directed by John Irvin. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

Moonlight and Valentino—A young woman, suddenly widowed, is pulled through her anguish and guilt by the three people closest to her. Starring Elizabeth Perkins, Whoopi Goldberg, Gwyneth Paltrow, Kathleen Turner as the stepmom, and—most notably!—Jersey lite-metal rocker Jon Bon Jovi as a hunky housepainter. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

Nadja—The title character (Elina Lowensohn) roams the Lower East Side in search of nightly blood, her long-lost twin brother, and sexual companionship. But in spite of all this action, there's no real plot; it's as though the filmmakers (director Michael Almereyda and producer David Lynch) assumed their audience would be familiar enough with the genre not to desire a stronger story. The film shows glimpses of what it could have been, as when a beleaguered husband details the moment he realized his wife (Galaxy Craze, the weak link here) might be turning into a bloodsucker: "She started to get that Sunday afternoon depression . . . every day." The black-and-white imagery alternates between stunningly lit and photographed 35mm, and hand-held "Pixelvision" (which was created with a discontinued toy camera)—and that's the kind of forced quirkiness that ultimately does the film in. Almereyda is so concerned with the visual that the characters become afterthoughts. With Peter Fonda, Suzy Amis, Karl Geary, and Martin Donovan. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Persuasion—The year is 1814 and a young Englishwoman has broken off her engagement to a naval officer at the urging of her family. He unexpectedly returns seven years later, more wealthy (and therfore suitable). But is he still in love with her? Adapted from the Jane Austen novel. With Amanda Root and Ciaran Hinds. Directed by Roger Michell. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Paris Theater.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Crown Gotham; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

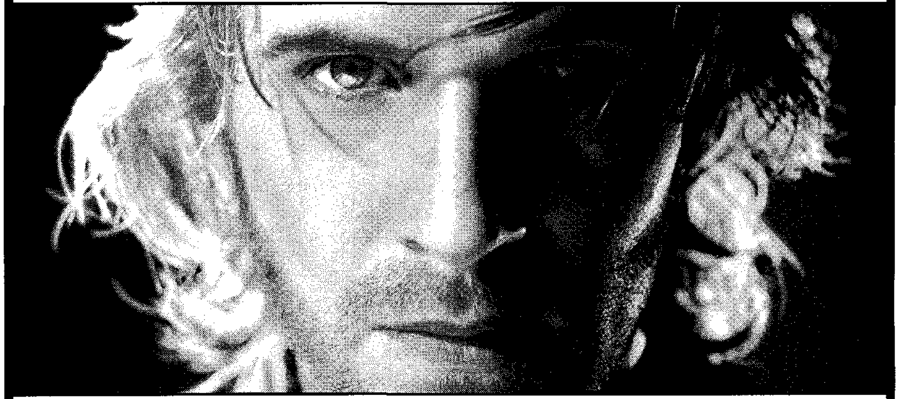
The Prophecy—A perfect Christopher Walken vehicle, though everything he appears in seems tailor made to his droll eccentricity and cotton-mouth delivery. A heavenly war is waged on Earth by a band of renegade angels. With Eric Stoltz. Written and directed by Gregory Widen. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; Astor Plaza; Plaza Twin.*

Run of the Country—Danny lives in a quiet village, on the border dividing Northern Ireland from the rest of the country, where his father (Albert Finney), the local police officer, can be found in church praying for a nice murder to break up the boredom. Danny loves and even admires his father, but the old man offers is a churlish attitude. The boy's mother has just died, and he finds solace in a headstrong girl who at once binds him and sets him free. Written by Shane Connaughton (*My Left Foot*). Directed by Peter Yates. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Baronet/Coronet.*

The Scarlet Letter—Nathaniel Hawthorne's classic about a single mother branded with a symbol of shame for her adulterous affair becomes a star vehicle for the ubiquitous Demi Moore. Directed by Roland Joffe. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East.*

Seven—Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman are two city cops—one young, gung-ho and naive, the other fatigued and grizzled—who team up to track down a serial killer with a theme: the seven dead-

"A SEXY, KINETIC THRILLER."
-Graham Fuller, INTERVIEW



"VISIONARY TRIUMPH."
-Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

STRANGE DAYS

[illegible]

music by graeme revell music supervisor randy gerston additional score by deep forest costume designer ellen mirojnick edited by howard smith, a.c.e. production designer lilly kilvert director of photography matthew f. leonetti, a.s.c.

special visual effects by digital domain executive producers rae sanchini lawrence kasanoff story by james cameron screenplay by james cameron and jay cocks produced by james cameron and steven-charles jaffe directed by kathryn bigelow

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ly sins. Directed by David Fincher. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Showgirls—Nomi Malone (Elizabeth Berkley) wants to get onto the stage of the Stardust, a hotel that puts on elaborate topless shows, and she's awed by the star, Cristal (Gina Gershon). Nomi works in the more relaxed atmosphere of the Cheetah Club, where Cristal shows up with her lover, Zack (Kyle MacLachlan). In what is supposed to be a devastatingly perverse moment, Cristal, who has a decided interest in Nomi, pays for the young dancer to perform a lap dance upon Zack, and there's an immense amount of teasing until at last we get a lovemaking scene between Nomi and Zack in his swimming pool. As Nomi thrashes about, making waves, we get the funniest of big Hollywood orgasms. Writer Joe Eszterhas and director Paul Verhoven seem to have lost touch with any kind of reality. Everything in *Showgirls*—down to Berkley flinging herself wildly in and out of rooms and "dancing" by whirling, thrusting, and kicking—is overwrought and empty. And the dialogue—"I'm erect, why aren't you?"—sounds like Jacqueline Susann rewritten by an idiot. (Denby; 10/9/95) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; NC-17) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

★**Smoke**— Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 A.M. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. The garrulous fluency of Paul Auster's writing, combined with the simplicity of Wayne Wang's direction, makes for an enchanting urban-picaresque movie. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Steal Big, Steal Little—Andy Garcia plays twin brothers—yep, one good, one bad—who squabble over the ranch left to them by their wealthy, dead adoptive mother. Directed by Andrew Davis, who last did 1993's *The Fugitive*. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 84th Street Six.*

Strange Days—See David Denby, p. 68. (2 hrs. 27 mins.; R) *Ziegfeld.*

★**The Usual Suspects**—Like many of the other new thrillers made by young directors, *The Usual Suspects* is handsomely shot, but Bryan Singer also has a flair for brazenness and theatricality that is very entertaining. The movie is a labyrinth in which truth is nearly impossible to determine: five professional thieves have all but destroyed a ship allegedly filled with cocaine. Verbal (Kevin Spacey) alone emerges out of the carnage. As he's interrogated relentlessly by a U.S. customs agent, he goes back in time, taking us all the way through the end again. We see the various crimes, and the men butting heads, and we become increasingly baffled. Is he lying? A bunch of great actors (including Pete Postlethwaite and Chazz Palminteri) celebrate the ominousness and add their own bits of perversity. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Theremin—A shockingly dry documentary about the great Russian professor who invented the theremin (an instrument played without direct body contact) and who, after moving to New York, was kidnapped by Soviet agents and smuggled back to his native Russia. Assumed dead by friends and relatives, he spent seven years in a Siberian labor camp, was put to work by Stalin on top-secret projects, and eventually died in near-obscurity. Directed by Steven M. Martin. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) *Cinema Village 12th St..*

To Die For—Suzanne Stone (Nicole Kidman), a New England weather girl who idolizes Jane Pauley, talks in a perky yet soft-breathing voice, the best for "maximizing" her abundant "career opportunities." Suzanne longs to be a "media professional," and flirts her way through the weather report, then parades around the bedraggled town in an aura of spectacular grooming. She's the American good girl with ambition in her brain and murder in her heart. Writer Buck Henry (*The Graduate*) and director Gus Van Sant are onto something real in venting their disgust at square America, but they've hollowed Suzanne out, and this leaves a huge dramatic hole. We can't tell why she marries Matt Dillon's ordinary-Joe restaurateur who, apart from his good looks, is patently too slow for her. Recoiling from her husband, who wants kids, Suzanne falls in with a trio of alienated white trash teens, whom she seduces and uses. But because we never feel any complicity with Suzanne's overwhelming desire for success, we don't suffer when she steps over the line into criminality. *To Die For* is clever but thin; for all its hipster malice, the satire works intermittently. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything—Noxeema Jackson (Wesley Snipes), Vida Boheme (Patrick Swayze) and Chi Chi Rodriguez (John Leguizamo) are three cross-dressing semi-celebrities on the New York club scene who embark on a cross-country road trip. Directed by Beeban Kidron. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

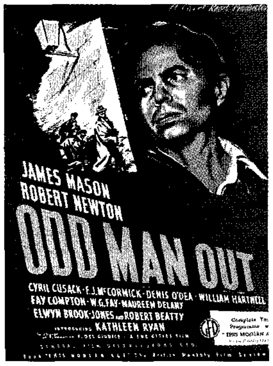
Unstrung Heroes—His mother is dying of cancer and his father is emotionally remote, so 12-year-old Steven Lidz (Nathan Watt) runs away—to his (very eccentric) uncles' house, where he finds, oddly, some security. Sweet and charming and incredibly moving. Starring John Turturro, Andie MacDowell, Michael Richards, and Maury Chaykin. Directed by Diane Keaton. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Unzipped—A portrait of the unique sensibility of the fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi. Directed by fashion photographer Douglas Keeve, the movie sketches in the stages of design, construction, and fitting, leading up to the show, but *Unzipped* is not very satisfying as a movie about a process. It's probably not the best movie one can imagine about fashion, but it's the best movie we are likely to get about a single creative temperament in fashion. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Revival

Shady Characters

In keeping with the great British tradition of understatement and self-deprecation, Film Forum is running a genre of film that the nation won't even admit to having produced: Brit *Noir* (October 13–November 7), which, unlike our German Expressionist–influenced version, was heavily shaped by thirties French cinema. These movies, rarely seen in America, were selected by noted British film scholar William K. Everson. Film Forum is screening a voluminous 40; these are our recommendations.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Night and the City **(1950)** *Richard Widmark is an American con artist chased through the streets of London's Soho by an irate club impresario. (October 13–16)*

Odd Man Out **(1947)** *James Mason is an IRA soldier—mortally wounded, no less—on the run in Belfast. (October 13–16)*

I Met a Murderer **(1939)** *Mason is a killer who hooks up with a woman touring the English countryside. (October 17)*

They Made Me a Fugitive **(1947)** *Falsely imprisoned, an ex–RAF pilot (Trevor Howard) busts out of jail and hunts for the man who framed him. (October 23)*

It Always Rains on Sunday **(1947)** *A dissatisfied housewife finds some excitement upon the unexpected return of an ex-lover (who is also a deserter and a criminal). (October 24)*

The Third Man **(1949)** *Orson Welles is a resurrected dead man wandering the streets of post-war Vienna. Also starring Joseph Cotton. (November 4–5)*

The October Man **(1947)** *Haunted by a small child's death, John Mills becomes convinced that he could be a murderer. (November 6)*

The Rough and the Smooth **(1963)** *One of the few* noirs *to revolve around a woman. Very obscure; when released, it was considered too shocking for the genteel American sensibility. (November 7)*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Kicking & Screaming; Kids; Nadja; Smoke; The Addiction; The Brothers McMullen.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *How To Make An American Quilt; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Killian's Chronicle; Theremin.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Opening 10/11: *Black Is . . . Black Ain't; The Jar.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Clueless; Halloween 6; The Prophecy.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Broken Harvest; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Unstrung Heroes.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *A Month by the Lake; Assassins; Canadian Bacon; Dead Presidents; Moonlight and Valentino; The Big Green; Unstrung Heroes.* Opening 10/13: *Feast of July; The Scarlet Letter.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Devil in a Blue Dress; Run of the Country; Seven; Showgirls; The Usual Suspects; To Die For.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Babe; Clockers; Hackers; Steal Big, Steal Little.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Seven; Steal Big, Steal Little; The Usual Suspects.* Opening 10/13: *Jade; The Scarlet Letter.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Halloween 6; The Big Green; The Brothers McMullen.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Halloween 6.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Assassins; Clockers; Showgirls.* Opening 10/13: *Jade.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Clockers; Dead Presidents; How To Make An American Quilt; Showgirls; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Every-*

Photograph courtesy of the Michael Barson Collection.

Opening Homicidal

Linda Fiorentino (pictured here with Chazz Palminteri) was stunning as the unapologetically brilliant thief and killer in last year's noir*ish 'The Last Seduction,' so let's hope she can rise above the sure-to-be-lame dialogue and highly unlikely scenarios of Joe Eszterhas's 'Jade' (opening October 13), in which she's a respected professional who may also be a—surprise!—murderous nymphomaniac.*

thing; Unstrung Heroes.

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Dead Presidents; Halloween 6; Seven.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Babe; Clueless.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Mute Witness.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Prophecy.* Opening 10/13: *Jade.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *How To Make An American Quilt; Run of the Country; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Burnt by the Sun; The Brothers McMullen.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Jeffrey.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Seven; Unstrung Heroes.* Opening 10/13: *The Scarlet Letter.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Assassins; Mortal Kombat; Seven; Showgirls; Steal Big, Steal Little.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Postman.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Addiction.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Dead Presidents.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Dead Presidents; Desperado; Halloween 6.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Big Green.* Opening 10/13: *The Scarlet Letter.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Clockers.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Assassins; Clockers; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Seven; Showgirls.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Clockers; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.* Opening 9/29: *Devil in a Blue Dress.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Persuasion.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *A Reason to Believe.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Dead Presidents.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Bandit Queen; Congo; Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home; Nine Months; The Innocent; The Net.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Strange Days.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *A Month by the Lake.* Opening 10/13: *Feast of July.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Clockers; To Die For.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Halloween 6; The Big Green.* Opening 10/13: *The Scarlet Letter.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *A Walk in the Clouds.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Showgirls; The Brothers McMullen; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Braveheart; The Usual Suspects.* Opening 10/13: *Jade.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; How To Make An American Quilt; Showgirls.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Moonlight and Valentino.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Usual Suspects.* Opening 10/13: *Jade.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Clockers.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Steal Big, Steal Little.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Belle de Jour; Kids; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Smoke; Unzipped.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Month by the Lake; Dead Presidents; How To Make An American Quilt; Moonlight and Valentino; Seven; Showgirls; The Big Green; The Usual Suspects; To Die For; Unstrung Heroes.* Opening 10/13: *Feast of July; Jade.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Clockers; How To Make An American Quilt.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Halloween 6; The Big Green.* Opening 10/13: *Jade.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Assassins; Dead Presidents.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Seven; Showgirls.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Assassins; Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Dead Presidents; Desperado; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Seven; Steal Big, Steal Little; The Big Green; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Assassins; Clockers; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Mortal Kombat; Seven; The Big Green; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Seven.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Assassins; Unstrung Heroes.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Assassins; Babe; Clockers; Dead Presidents; Desperado; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; How To Make An American Quilt; Mortal Kombat; Seven; Showgirls; Steal Big, Steal Little; The Big Green; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *How To Make An American Quilt; Moonlight and Valentino; Showgirls; Steal Big, Steal Little; The Big Green; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Showgirls; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Assassins; How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; The Big Green; To Die For.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Seven.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Halloween 6; Seven.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; The Big Green.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Assassins; Clockers; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Seven.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Halloween 6; How To Make An American Quilt; Showgirls; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Seven; Steal Big, Steal Little.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Halloween 6; Seven.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Hackers; The Brothers McMullen; The Prophecy.* Opening 9/29: *Clockers; Devil in a Blue Dress.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a*

Photograph by Stephen Vaughan/Paramount Pictures.

Blue Dress; Halloween 6; The Big Green.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; Showgirls; Steal Big, Steal Little; The Big Green; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Assassins; Clockers; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Seven; Showgirls; Steal Big, Steal Little.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Showgirls; The Big Green; The Usual Suspects; Unstrung Heroes.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Mortal Kombat.*

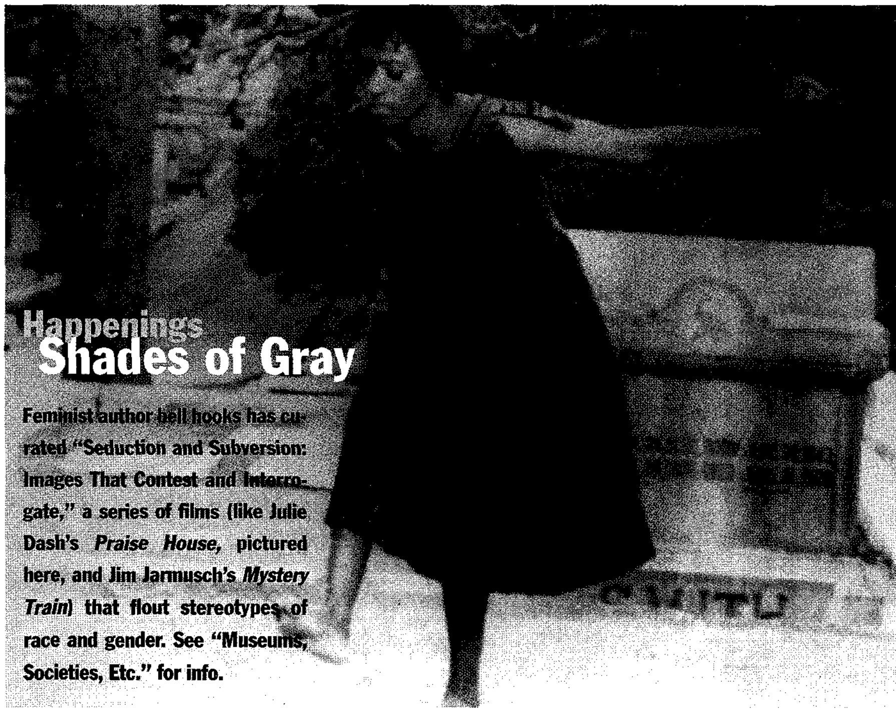
Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Seven.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Hackers.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Clockers; Showgirls; Steal Big, Steal Little; To Die For.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Clockers; Dead Presidents; Halloween 6; Showgirls.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; Seven; Steal Big, Steal Little; The Big Green; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*



Happenings

Shades of Gray

Feminist author bell hooks has curated "Seduction and Subversion: Images That Contest and Interrogate," a series of films (like Julie Dash's *Praise House,* pictured here, and Jim Jarmusch's *Mystery Train*) that flout stereotypes of race and gender. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Seven; The Big Green.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *How To Make An American Quilt; Unstrung Heroes.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Assassins; How To Make An American Quilt; Moonlight and Valentino; Steal Big, Steal Little; The Usual Suspects; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Halloween 6.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Apollo 13; Babe; Braveheart; Showgirls; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Assassins; Halloween 6; Moonlight and Valentino; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Assassins; Devil in a Blue Dress; How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; The Big Green; To Die For; Unstrung Heroes.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Showgirls; The Postman.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Assassins; Halloween 6.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; Showgirls; The Usual Suspects.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Assassins; Seven.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; Steal Big, Steal Little; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *The Usual Suspects.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Angus; Assassins; Halloween 6; How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; Showgirls; The Big Green; The Usual Suspects.* Opening 10/13: *Strange Days; The Scarlet Letter.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Assassins; Halloween 6; Moonlight and Valentino; Seven; The Big Green.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Assassins; Dead Presidents; Devil in a Blue Dress; Halloween 6; How To Make An American Quilt; Seven; Showgirls; Steal Big, Steal Little; The Big Green; The Usual Suspects; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two IMAX films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica.* Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature (Fri. and Sat. nights).

American Museum of the Moving Image—*Visions of Light* (1992), which traces the art of cinematography from silent films to the present. 10/14: *Clean, Shaven* (1995). 10/14 and 10/15: *The Hours and the Times* (1992), which imagines what took place during John Lennon and Brian Epstein's four-day stay in Barcelona in 1963. 10/15: *Through the Olive Trees* (1994) and *Careful* (1992). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Columbia University—"Fifty Years of Documentary." 10/12: *The True Glory* (1945), which retells the events leading up to the fall of Hitler's Germany, and *Seeds of Destiny* (1946), which documents the aftermath. Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-9579); $8; students, $5.

Film Forum—Through 10/12: Warren Beatty as a two-bit comic on the run from the mob in Arthur Penn's excellent *Mickey One* (1965). 10/13–11/7: "Brit *Noir.*" 10/13–10/16: *Night and the City* (1950) and *Odd Man Out* (1947). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 10/14: "Fourth Annual New York Video Festival." 9/10: *Romanek Fiction with Mark Romanek,* an analysis of the music-video director (Madonna, Nine Inch Nails). 9/10 and 9/11: *Journeys to the Interior.* 9/10 and 9/12: *Signal to Noise: TV Inside Out.* 9/11: *Hidden Histories* and *Culture Shear.* 9/12 and 9/13: *Fractured Selves.* 9/12 and 9/14: *Live on Tape: Performance Video.* 9/13 and 9/14: *Pranks, Subversions, and Interventions* and *Reality: It's What's For Dinner!* 10/15–10/26: "Roberto Rossellini's War Trilogy." 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." 10/9: *The Patsy* (1928) and *The Middle of the Night* (1959). 10/9 and 10/12: *Fred Allen's Prize Playlets* (1929) and *Charley's Aunt* (1941). 10/10: *The Girl of the Golden West* (1930). 10/10 and 10/16: *Brief Moment* (1933). 10/12: *The Last Flight* (1931) and *We're No Angels* (1954). 10/13: *The Hasty Heart* (1949). 10/13 and 10/15: *Tight Spot* (1955). 10/13 and 10/16: *He Who Gets Slapped* (1924). 10/15: *A Shot in the Dark* (1964). "The Films of Holly Fisher." 10/9: *Glass Shadows* (1976), *From the Ladies* (1978), *This Is Montage* (1978), and *Soft Shoe* (1987). 10/10: *Chickenstew* (1978), *Ghost Dance* (1980), and *Rushlight* (1984). "New Documentaries." 10/12: *A Dreamscape: Gambling in America* (1995). 10/13–11/7: "Stan Brakhage: A Retrospective," featuring more than 100 works, including the premiere of *Trilogy* (1995), introduced by Brakhage, on 10/13. 10/14: "Happy Birthday, Lillian Gish." *Orphans of the Storm* (1921). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"The World of Hanna-Barbera." 10/10–10/15: *Smurfs, The Ruff and Reddy Show,* and *Quick Draw McGraw.* 10/17–10/29: *Huckelberry Hound and Jonny Quest.* 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

New York Film Festival—10/9: *Le Franc* (Senegal/Switzerland, 1994) and *Augustin* (France, 1995). 10/9 and 10/10: *The Son of Gascogne* (France, 1995). 9/10: *A Cinema of Unease* (New Zealand/UK, 1995), directed by actor Sam Neill, and *Citizen Langlois* (France, 1995). 10/11: Three shorts: *Alpsee* (Germany, 1994), *Zone* (Japan, 1995), and *River Colors* (Germany, 1994), and *From the Journals of Jean Seberg* (USA, 1995) and *Joy Street* (USA, 1995). 10/12 and 10/14: *La Haine* (France, 1995) and *Cyclo* (France/Vietnam, 1995). 10/13 and 10/14: *The Celluloid Closet* (USA, 1995) and *The Flower of My Secret* (Spain, 1995), directed by Pedro Almodovar. 10/14: *The Gate of Heavenly Peace* (USA, 1995). 10/15: "The Rossellini War Trilogy:" *Open City* (1945), *Paisan* (1946), and *Germany, Year Zero* (1947), and the closing-night selection, *Carrington* (UK, 1995). Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (875-5050); $7.50; $5 for members.

Symphony Space—10/10: *Passenger* (1963) and *The Promised Land* (1974). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7, members $4.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Seduction and Subversion: Images That Contest and Interrogate." 10/11 and 10/12: *King James Version* (1988). 10/13 and 10/14: *Relatives* (1989) and *Praise House* (1991). 10/15 and 10/18: *Seven Songs for Malcolm X* (1993). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $8.

Photograph courtesy of Third World Newsreel.

Jessica Stockholder...Neil Folberg

Openings

The fifth annual **Fifth Avenue Art and Antiques Show** takes place not in the hangarlike spaces of the Armory or the Pier but in a historical landmark building on Fifth Avenue, which means that viewers and potential buyers can see works of art and antiques as they were intended for display—in actual rooms. Twenty-five dealers from Europe and the United States are participating. At 2 E. 79th St. (717-0285); October 12–16, 11-7 daily (Monday, October 16 until 5); $8 admission.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Lennart Anderson/Michael Steiner—Large-scale paintings of figures in Arcadian landscapes executed between 1976 and 1995/New abstract steel sculptures. Through 10/28. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Nick Blosser—Landscape paintings in egg tempera on wood by an artist who lives and works in Tennessee; through 10/28. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Judith Cotton/Peter Hayes—Vividly colored paintings of swimmers/Totemic ceramic sculptures that bring to mind ancient Cycladic art. Through 10/28. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Willem de Kooning—Works on paper from the Abstract Expressionist's *Women* series made between 1947 and 1954; through 11/18. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Stephen DeStaebler—Recent bronze sculptures based on the human figure; through 11/14. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Geraldine Erman—Sphere-shaped sculptures that suggest everything from science fiction to cell and species propagation to cartoon characters; through 11/4. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Helen Frankenthaler—New large-scale abstract paintings on paper; 10/11–11/4. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Gunther Gerzso—Abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the forties to the present by this Mexican artist who worked as a set designer with Luis Buñuel, John Ford, Yves Allegret, and other directors before devoting himself to painting full time in the early sixties; through 10/28. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

Bruno Romeda/Georganne Mennin—New bronze sculptures based on the circle/Abstract photomontages. Through 10/28. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

57th Street Area

Walter Anderson—Watercolors of Gulf Coast flora and fauna by this Mississippi artist (1934–1965), many of them painted on Horn Island, off the coast of the artist's hometown, Ocean Springs; through 11/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

Marcel Broodthaers—A work titled *Section Publicité* that was part of the Belgian artist's larger project *Musée D'Art Moderne: Département des Aigles,* made in Brussels between 1968 and 1972 and depicting images of the eagle in photocollages, slide projections, and vitrines; through 11/25. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Michael Chapman—Hopperesque paintings of Los Angeles and its neighboring beach communities; through 10/25. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

George Condo—The artist's new oil paintings and drawings depict various characters—a poet, an actor, a gardener, a juggler—in fantastic, De Chirico–like landscapes; through 10/21. Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Gordon Cook—A survey of paintings, etchings, and sculpture that depict such everyday objects as a milk bottle, a wedge of cheese, or a stick figure; 10/11–11/11. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Janet Fish—New still-life paintings; through 10/28. Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

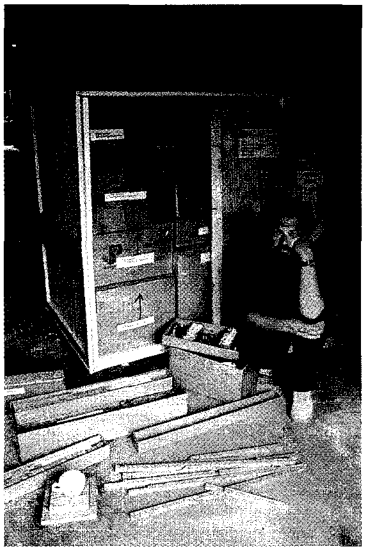
Sam Francis—A survey of prints; through 12/2. Long, 24 W. 57th St. (397-2001).

Julio Gonzalez—Sculptures from the twenties through the forties; through 12/2. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Neysa Grassi/Avi Adler—Abstract paintings whose patterns suggest textiles, maps, and geological events/Colorful, small-scale abstract paintings made by dripping and splattering oil and enamel onto wood or canvas; through 10/28. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Raymond Han—New still-life paintings; through 11/4. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Duncan Hannah—Recent paintings in which the artist's mysterious narratives take place on the streets of London, Paris, and the American Midwest; 10/12–11/11. De Nagy, 451 W. 57th St. (421-3780).



Happening **Arakawa, Christo and Jeanne-Claude, Peter Halley, Komar & Melamid, Lucio Pozzi, and Allan Wexler (above) are among the artists who'll be revealing their workspaces on Saturday, October 14, for *Artwalk*, a day-long, mostly SoHo-based event that benefits the Coalition for the Homeless and includes tours of artists' studios. For information, call 964-5900, ext. 113.**

William H. Johnson/Beauford Delaney—Still-life and landscape paintings of the twenties and thirties from the collection of Mary Beattie Brady/Abstract paintings made during the sixties, when the artist was living in Paris. Through 11/11. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Tobi Kahn—Recent paintings and works on paper whose organic forms bring to mind abstracted aerial views of landscapes or even cropped views of the human body; through 10/21. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Annette Lemieux—New works, including a floor installation of bricks on wheels and a brick wall on wheels; through 11/16. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Alexander Liberman—New watercolors of rainbow-hued concentric rings painted over vivid monochromatic grounds; through 10/28. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

James Linehan—Paintings of views on Mt. Desert Island, Maine, and of its surrounding islands; through 10/28. French, 24 W. 57th St. (247-2457).

Ida Lorentzen—Pastel drawings of interiors in which a limited number of elements—doors, chairs, tables, mirrors, screens, and windows—appear in continually new combinations; through 11/11. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Christopher Lucas—Stenciled paintings on three-dimensional supports made of bent and bowed wood; 10/12–11/11. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

John Marin—Landscapes and seascapes painted in Maine, New Hampshire, and Mexico, many of which are being exhibited for the first time; 10/14–11/4. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

Marisol/Altoon Sultan—Native Americans are the subjects of most of the artist's recent freestanding, found wood portrait-sculptures; she has also carved a likeness of a general on his horse and a friend sitting and smoking on a downtown stoop/Recent gouaches, oil paintings, egg-tempera works, and drypoint prints depicting images of Vermont hill farms. Through 10/21. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Piet Mondrian—Paintings, drawings, and watercolors from the 1890s through the 1920s depicting farm scenes, windmills, flowers, and other subject matter; through 11/11. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Bruce Nauman—Selected prints and drawings; through 10/28. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Jackson Pollock—Not all of the Abstract Expressionist's works re-emerged in time to be included in his 1977 catalogue raisonné, but these recently discovered paintings and works on paper—most of which are on loan from private collections—are noted in its newly published supplement; through 10/28. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Faith Ringgold—A survey of paintings, drawings, relief sculptures, and story quilts from the sixties to the present; through 11/4. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Jane Wilson—New paintings that depict the sky at various times of day above a narrow horizontal band of land or sea; 10/12–11/11. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Chuck Agro—An installation titled *Stories* that takes a humorous look at the artist's life through a combination of paintings—of family groups, portraits, cartoons, and landscapes—with related sculpture/objects; through 11/11. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Michael Abrams/Rebecca Purcell—Surreal landscape paintings/An installation of collages that depict faces from Old Master paintings as divested of their original meaning; 10/12–11/4. K & E, 462 Broome St. (431-7783).

Michel Auder/Hilla Lulu Lin—A new video work that alludes to the tradition of travel writing in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries/Hung in a grid pattern, this installation of small objects—a tree branch, an egg, synthetic hair, electric bulbs—suggests a scientific experiment gone askew. Through 10/28. Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (925-5157).

Radcliffe Bailey—In his first solo show in New York, the artist relates his African-American heritage and experience through these collage assemblages and paintings that incorporate vintage family photographs and symbols of African traditions and culture; 10/12–11/11. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Power Boothe—New abstract paintings whose surfaces suggest the play of light on the surface of water; through 10/28. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Ann Craven—An installation of 101 paintings of the moon as it waxes and wanes; 10/13–11/11. Wittels, 580 Broadway (219-2211).

Lloyd Gunther Dallett—Mixed-media paintings of plants and flowers and an installation; through 10/28. Fotouhi, 315 Church St. (431-1304).

Nassos Daphnis—Two shows of geometric abstract paintings celebrating the artist's long relationships with the Leo Castelli and Andre Zarre galleries. At Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160), 10/14–11/4, and at Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

Michael David—Black-and-white monoprints of close-up views of city buildings; through 10/28. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

Drew Dominick—An installation of machines called "body grinders" that are constructed from disc grinders, gear motors, aircraft cable, pulleys, and other industrial parts and are triggered into action by a viewer's body movements; 10/12–11/11. Freire, 580 Broadway (941-8611).

Breon Dunigan/Janet McKiernan—New sculpture/ New paintings. Through 10/28. Black + Herron, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

Michael Flanagan—Paintings that explore the small-town landscape through trompe l'oeil images that resemble old photographs; 10/12–11/11. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Robert Fosdick—Intimate, almost architectural drawings that might be seen as visual metaphors for his glass sculptures; 10/13–11/16. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200), Thur.–Sat. 2–6.

David Geiser/Julie Dermansky—New abstract paintings/Mixed-media paintings of fictitious convicts; 10/14–11/11. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Fabio Herrera—Recent abstract paintings that suggest the landscape of the artist's native Costa Rica; through 11/4. Prats, 568 Broadway (219-0587).

Bill Jensen—Though the artist's references to landscape are nearly absent in his recent paintings, several of the works feature a horizonlike line that divides each canvas into blocks of richly layered bright color; through 10/21. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Woong Kim—Enigmatic abstract paintings whose splashed and scraped surfaces evoke natural transformation processes; through 10/28. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Wolfgang Laib—An installation of large beeswax ships raised on aged wooden beams; through 10/21. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Joe Letitia—Landscape paintings that suggest topographic maps; 10/12–11/11. Kaplan, 580 Broadway (226-6131).

Glenn Ligon—Works that use furniture, household objects, family snapshots, pornographic images, and text to create a kind of family photo album, and a series of photographs taken at a Sears portrait studio; through 11/4. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Catherine Murphy—Paintings of everyday images—such as hamburgers in a skillet or tendrils of hair floating in a bathroom sink—that suggest fragments of a narrative; through 11/11. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

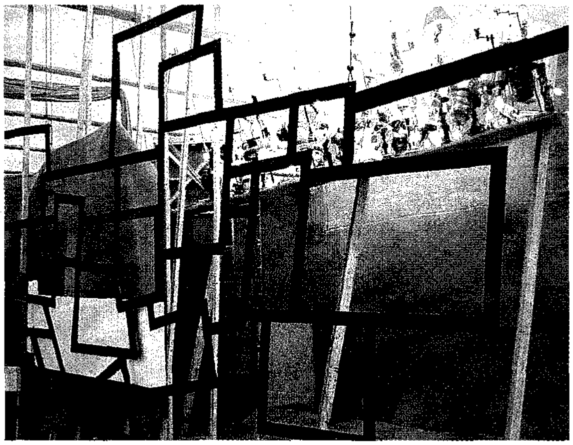
Shirin Neshat—Photographic works that address women's personal and public boundaries in Middle-Eastern culture; through 11/1. Nosei, 100 Prince St. (431-9253).

Victor Pesce—Paintings inspired by media photographs that portray an image of a face isolated on a field of color; 10/12–11/11. Hariis, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Installation
Insider Art

First, there's the work itself: a sprawling yet surprisingly formalist hybrid of painting, sculpture, and architecture that occupies a good third of the Dia Foundation's 4,000-square-foot ground-floor gallery. Then there's the artist: 36-year-old Jessica Stockholder, born in Seattle, raised in Vancouver, trained at Yale School of Art, and living in Brooklyn. And finally, there's the work's romantic, enigmatic title: *Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume,* whose precise meaning eludes even Stockholder: "I think there is some evocative quality about the title that is descriptive of the work, only I can't tell you exactly how," she (sort of) explains. Is *bourne,* which can mean "border" and "goal," a key to the meaning? Stockholder pleads poetic license. "That spelling was just in my head," she concedes. "I had to look it up in the dictionary to make sure it existed."

Like many installations, Stockholder's unites a seemingly incongruous selection of materials and objects—lamps; acid-green linoleum; stuffed shirts and pillows; heavy-duty electrical cords; a plastic, grown-up-size swimming pool; purple and blue stacking crates—as well as painted walls and floors. But there's nothing "environmental" about her work—it stands on its own rather than transforming an existing space. Instead, the shifts she's created between colors, textures, planes, and three-dimensional fragments read in much the same way as the passages in a painting, leading a viewer from one point to another. Indeed, her allusions to art are more painterly than not, from Schwitters to Still to Stella. As Stockholder herself puts it (concisely): "I've always felt more comfortable with the pictorial view of things." EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph by Cathy Carver.

Joseph Piccillo—New large-scale drawings of horses on paper and canvas; 10/12–11/4. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Rebecca Purdum—New abstract paintings; 10/12–11/18. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Harvey Quaytman—Recent geometric drawings and paintings on paper; 10/12–11/11. Room, 25 Thompson St. (226-1831).

Robert Rauschenberg—Painted and silk-screened vertical aluminum panels from the artist's "Vydock Series," through 10/21 at Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828); freestanding works titled *Reefs* that are painted, silk-screened, and mounted in mirrored hallogen-lit housing; through 10/21, at 65 Thompson Street Gallery, 65 Thompson St. (228-2828).

Alison Saar—Hand-carved female figures that incorporate found objects and draw on African and Haitian folklore, contemporary African-American culture, Catholicism, voodoo, and mythology; through 11/4. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Lorna Simpson—Seven wall installations of photographic images of interior and exterior public space silk-screened on felt panels that are accompanied by texts printed on felt describing the ways in which individuals use such spaces as sites for sexual activity; through 11/25. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Phil Sims—Five monochromatic paintings that were commissioned by the contemporary art collector Dr. Giuseppe Panza di Biumo for the former stables of his villa in Varese, Italy; through 11/4. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484), Thur.–Sat. 1–6.

Kiki Smith—Recent sculptures based on the female body; through 10/21. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Robert Smithson—Works made between 1959 and 1963 that employ painting, drawing, and collage and are among the earliest manifestations of the artist's lifelong obsession with spirituality and myth and with scientific and psychological exploration and fantasy; through 11/4. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Rémy Zaugg—A series of virtually identical paintings, each of which bears the words "Not Here" in shades of color so close in tone to the painting's ground that text and ground appear to disappear into one another; through 11/18. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Other

Brice Marden—A series of nine paintings that the artist began in 1991 and completed in July 1995, which are characterized by a wider stroke that is often pushed right to the edge of the canvas, and mark a return to a brighter palette; large-scale drawings on the theme of Aphrodite; and a set of 32 small drawings in ink and gouache; 10/13–1/14/96. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455); Thur.–Sun. 12–6.

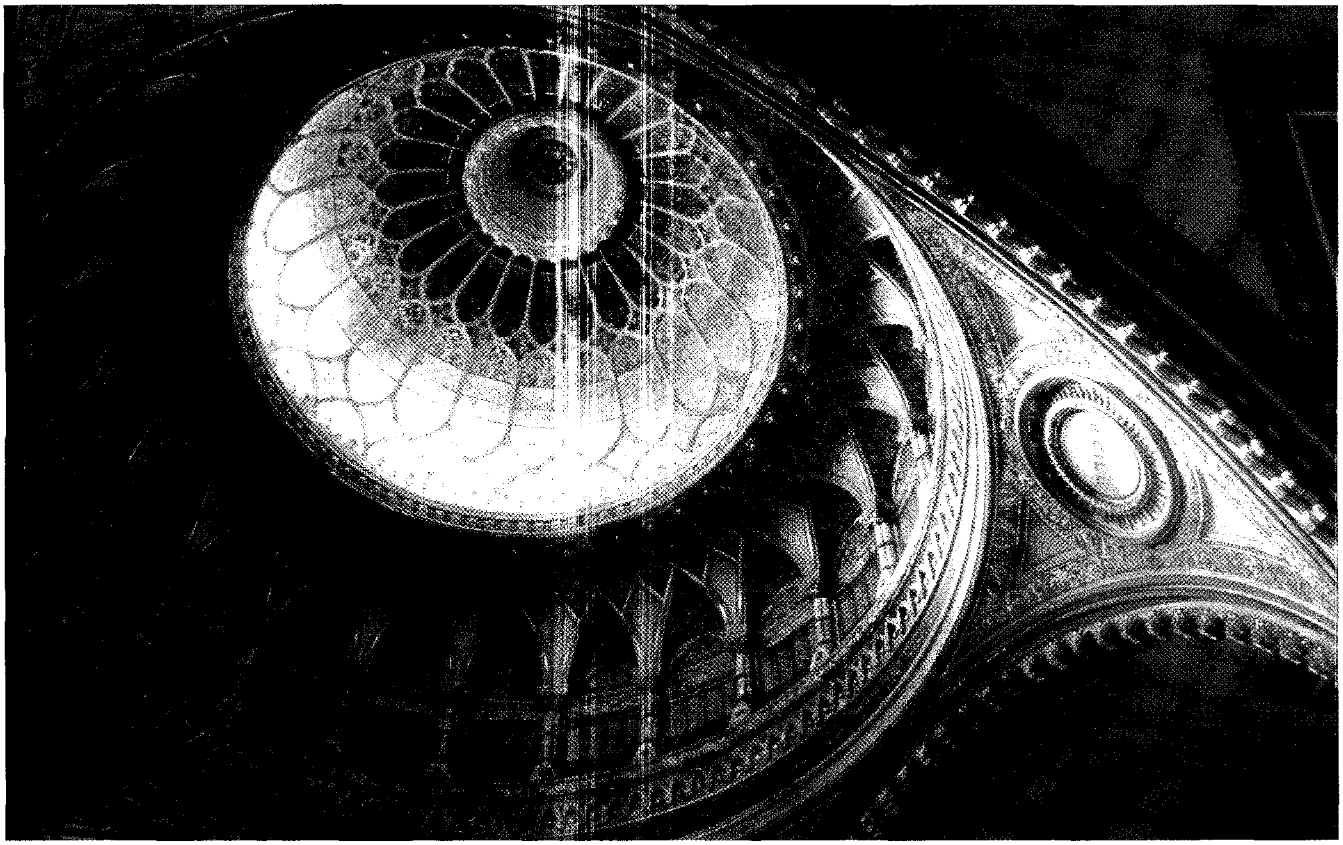
Barry Ratoff—Drawings and sculptures made of white plastic and aluminum that transform everyday symbols of optimistic innocence into statements on sadness and loss; 10/12–11/8. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753); Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Visions of Light and Air: Canadian Impressionism, 1885–1920," with paintings by Bannerman, Bruce, Carr, Cullen, Read, others; through 12/17.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-7088). An exhibition curated by H. Christopher Luce that examines the relationship between Chinese calligraphy



Photography

Houses of the Holy

Among the phenomena Neil Folberg detected in his search for historic synagogues was that wherever Jews settled—whether in Morocco, Hungary, or the American South—the designs of their temples reflected the prevailing style of the environment. But it is the buildings' power to evoke spirituality that comes across most forcefully in his photographs, which constitute his new book, *And I Shall Dwell Among Them: Historic Synagogues of the World* (Aperture; $50), and an exhibit at the Aperture Foundation's Burden Gallery. (See listing.)

and abstraction, featuring hanging scrolls, albums, and hand scrolls from Luce's own collection that date from the Ming Dynasty (1368–1644); 10/14–12/21.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "The View Inside—Interiors in American and European Art" features paintings and works on paper from the late nineteenth century through the mid-twentieth century, by Avery, Frieseke, Hassam, Hopper, Matisse, Porter, Sargent, and others; through 11/18.

Jordan-Volpe—958 Madison Ave. (570-9500). "Ash-Can to Abstraction: American Selections, 1900–1950," with works by Ault, Dickinson, Hartley, Henri, Marin, Marsh, Prendergast, Shahn, Stella, and others; through 11/11.

Shepherd—21 E. 84th St. (861-4050). Nineteenth-century paintings and watercolors of architectural interiors and views of architecture by Allom, Bloch, Carr, Grimshaw, Trautschold, others; 10/10–11/25.

Spanish Institute—684 Park Ave. (628-0420). Works by more than 70 twentieth-century American printmakers who were influenced by Picasso; on loan from from the collection of Reba and Dave Williams; through 11/18.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Selected projects from 1981 to 1995 by Anderson, Baechler, Byron, Hafftka, MacDonald, Vital; through 11/18.

Borgenicht—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). A collaborative gift from the gallery's artists to its owner Grace Borgenicht in honor of her retirement; through 10/28.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). "Color + Structure," with works by De Maria, Mangold, Scully, Tuttle, and others; through 10/28.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). An exhibition surveying the career of the controversial city planner and builder, Robert Moses (1888–1981), featuring artifacts, photographs, manuscript materials, project models, architectural renderings, and engineering drawings and proposals; through 12/8.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Social Realist works made in Russia and Germany between 1920 and 1940, by Arntz, Grosz, Heartfield, Kollwitz, Overbeck-Schenk, Wegner, and others; through 11/4.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "1937: American Abstract Art" features paintings that were executed in 1937—the year that the American Abstract Artists banded together in New York—by the "second wave" of American modernists, among them Charles Biederman, Ilya Bolotowksy, Balcomb Greene, Harry Holtzman, and Charles Shaw; through 10/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art Projects International—470 Broome St. (343-2599). "Not a Metaphor," with works by Anker, Carey, Choi, Dunham, Lyons, Olsen, Pryor, Thomas; through 10/28.

Condeso/Lawler—524 Broadway (219-1283). Recent abstract paintings by Badur, Hyde, Waltemath; through 10/28.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Pierced Hearts and True Love: A Century of Drawings for Tattoos"; through 11/11.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Transfers," with paintings by Andersen, Arvan, Beattie & Davidson, Glantzman, Seward; through 11/11.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Works by Florine Stettheimer and by 24 contemporary artists who have been influenced by that artist's unique mix of fancy, theatricality, and autobiography, among them Barney, Gorey, Greene, Howland, Kaplowitz, Levinthal, Pittman, Sigler, Warhol; through 11/4.

Sperone Westwater—121 Greene St. (431-3685). Sculpture by Anselmo, Boetti, Bourgeois, Carroll, Cemin, Colson, Long, Merz, Nauman, Paolini, Pistoletto, Tuttle, Vital, Zorio; through 10/28.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). A photographic installation by Stefan Roloff titled *Pence Springs Resort;* an installation titled *Objects From the Dying Salon* by James Elaine, and an interactive video installation by Darrin Martin; through 11/9.

Other

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770), Wed.–Sat. 10-6. "Tell Everyone," the gallery's inaugural exhibition, features works by Brown & Murphy, Frankland, Gunning, Owens, Rayne, Rough; 10/12–11/11.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Plane/Structures" looks at the legacy of the Light and Space movement through the works of two generations of Los Angeles–based artists, among them Chang, Corse, Gilbert-Rolfe, Hayward, Larber, Thurston, Toon, White; 10/13–11/19.

Photography

Eugene Atget/Walker Evans—Anonymous views of Paris and its environs by this photographer (1857–1927) whose works were admired for their unmediated clarity/Images of American life from the thirties. Through 11/25. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Blum Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Photographs by Joel Meyerowitz, Richard Leslie Schulman, Eve Sonneman; 10/11–11/4.

Imogen Cunningham—A survey of still lifes, abstractions, landscapes, and portraits; through 11/4. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Mitch Epstein—Photographs that depict daily life and holy sites in Tenri City, a traditional Japanese town; through 11/4. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Neil Folberg—Photographs of historic synagogues throughout the world; through 10/20. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors.

Photograph © Neil Folberg from *I Shall Dwell Among Them;* Aperture, New York, 1995.

"Feeling the Spirit: Searching the World for the People of Africa by Chester Higgins Jr."; "Bogota Fragments: Photographs by Bastienne Schmidt"; through 1/8/96.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "The Garden of Earthly Delights: Photographs by Edward Weston and Robert Mapplethorpe"; "Pleasures and Possibilities: A Selection From the Permanent Collection"; "His Bedroom: An Installation by Dale Kistemaker"; through 11/26.

Sally Mann—Recent photographs of the artist's children posed nude; through 11/4. Houk Friedman, 861 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Tina Modotti—Photographs taken between 1923 and 1929, when she was living in Mexico, including portraits, street scenes, documentation of Mexican murals, and a photo essay on the puppeteer Luis Bunin; through 11/4. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Margaret Morton—The photographer's latest subjects—members of a community that resides in an underground railroad tunnel—continue her ongoing project of documenting dwellings that New York City's homeless have created for themselves; through 10/31. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).

J. K. Potter—Fantasy photographs from his new book, *Horripilations* (Overlook Press); through 10/28. Cutler, 379 W. Broadway (219-1577).

Boyd Webb—Recent photographs from the series "Essential Rudiments"; through 10/21. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Fragmented Images." Recent works by the photographers S. A. Bachman, Hope Sandrow, and John Schlesinger; through 11/18. . . . "James Balog: *Anima*"; through 11/18. . . . "Hiromitsu Morimoto: Recent Works"; through 11/18. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.–Fri. 10–5); through 12/30. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 1/15. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Zhang Hongtu: Material Mao"; 10/13–1/14/95. . . . "Prisoners"; 10/13–1/14/96. . . . "Under the Hunter's Moon by Alyson Pou"; 10/13–1/14/96. . . . "Dear Robert , I'll See You at the Crossroads: A Project by Renée Stout"; 10/13–1/14/96. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thur. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3; $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Leon Polk Smith: American Painter"; through 1/7/96. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; 10/13–9/8/96. . . . "Steel: Photographs by Patricia Layman Bazelon"; 10/13–2/4/96. . . . "More Room for a View: Large-scale Works on Paper"; through 11/5. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30/96. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23/96. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23/96 . . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23/96. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"English Reproductive Prints in the Frick Collection." A selection of English mezzotints that were collected by Henry Clay Frick in the early 1900s; through 10/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Claes Oldenburg: An Anthology." Approximately 200 of the artist's most important drawings, collages, and sculptures from 1958 to the present; through 1/14/96. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Dan Flavin." Works from the sixties through the late eighties from the museum's collection; through 11/30. . . . "Dieter Appelt." The first retrospective of works by this German photographer; through 11/5. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Symbol and Substance in Japanese Lacquer: Lacquer Boxes From the Collection of Elaine Ehrenkranz." 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tue.–Sun. 11–5; $3.

Jewish Museum—"Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890–1990"; through 1/28/96. . . . "A New England Wooden Synagogue: Building Temple Israel, Greenfield, Mass." Photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the conceptualization and design of Temple Israel by architect M. Louis Goodman; through 1/14/96. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tue. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Rembrandt/Not Rembrandt in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by Rembrandt and by his seventeenth-century followers and imitators; through 1/7/96. . . . "John Singleton Copley in America." Before the artist left America to live in England in 1774, he was already widely admired for his paintings, 60 of which constitute this exhibition; through 1/7. . . . "Goya at the Metropolitan." The museum's entire collection of the Spanish artist's drawings, prints, and paintings; through 12/31. . . . "River of Gold: Precolumbian Treasures From Sitio Conte, Panama"; through 2/4/96. . . . "French Drawings of the Sixteenth Century From the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris"; through 11/12. . . . "Pages of Perfection: A Trove of Islamic Painting and Calligraphy From St. Petersburg, Russia"; through 12/31. . . . "Swords Into Ploughshares: Military Dress and the Civilian Wardrobe"; through 11/26. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art"; through 10/15. . . . "Annenberg Collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings"; through 11/30. . . . "Modern Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/29. . . . "American Relief Sculpture"; through 10/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"From Jackson to Lincoln: Democracy and Dissent"; through 1/7. . . . "Fantasy and Reality: Drawings From the Sunny Crawford von Bülow Collection"; through 1/7. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Paris Modern: The Swedish Ballet 1920–1925." The avant-garde dance company is recalled in drawings, costume and set designs, posters, and photographs; through 1/13/96. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (760-7642); Tue.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous"; through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Norwegian Folk Art: The Migration of a Tradition"; through 1/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"AMANAPLANACANALPANAMA: An Installation by Luis Camnitzer"; through 1/7. . . . "Four Corners/Cuatro Esquinas: Recent Paintings and Drawings by José Morales"; through 1/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Piet Mondrian." This exhibit of 160 paintings and drawings from museums and private collections emphasizes Mondrian's identity as a modern, abstract artist and surveys the time he spent in Paris (1919–38), London (1938–40), and New York (1940–44); through 1/23/96. . . . "Alfred Stieglitz at Lake George." Photographs taken by Stieglitz at his family's summer home at Lake George, New York; through 1/2/96. . . . "Light Construction." More than 30 recent projects by architects and artists from eleven countries that reveal a new interest in transparency and translucency; through 1/2/96. . . . "Annette Messager." The first museum retrospective devoted to this French artist who uses the fragmentation of images and language to explore issues of identity; 10/12–1/16/96. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings"; through 12/31. . . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem"; through 11/5. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"; through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Edvard Munch and Harald Sohlberg: Landscapes of the Mind." The first exhibition pairing the works of Norway's turn-of-the-century masters, including some 140 paintings, drawings, and prints from the 1890s through 1910; 10/12–1/14/96. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Tue.–Sat. 11:30–5:30 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 senior citizens, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Temporarily Possessed: The Semi-Permanent Collection." An exhibition of artworks acquired by the museum since its founding in 1977; through 12/30. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (free 6–8), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Perspectives on New York: Selections From the Map Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 11/7. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely; through 1/6/96. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25/96. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Altered and Irrational." An exhibit of works from the museum's permanent collection that examines artists' use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; 10/12–3/3/96. . . . "Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life; through 11/5. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination"; through 10/15. . . . "Picassoid: Collection in Context"; through 12/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Terry Adkins," 10/18–1/5/96. . . . "Altered and Irrational." A segment of the museum's larger exhibition at its main branch (see above); 10/12–1/5/96. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (570-3676), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thur. until 7:30); free.

Auctions

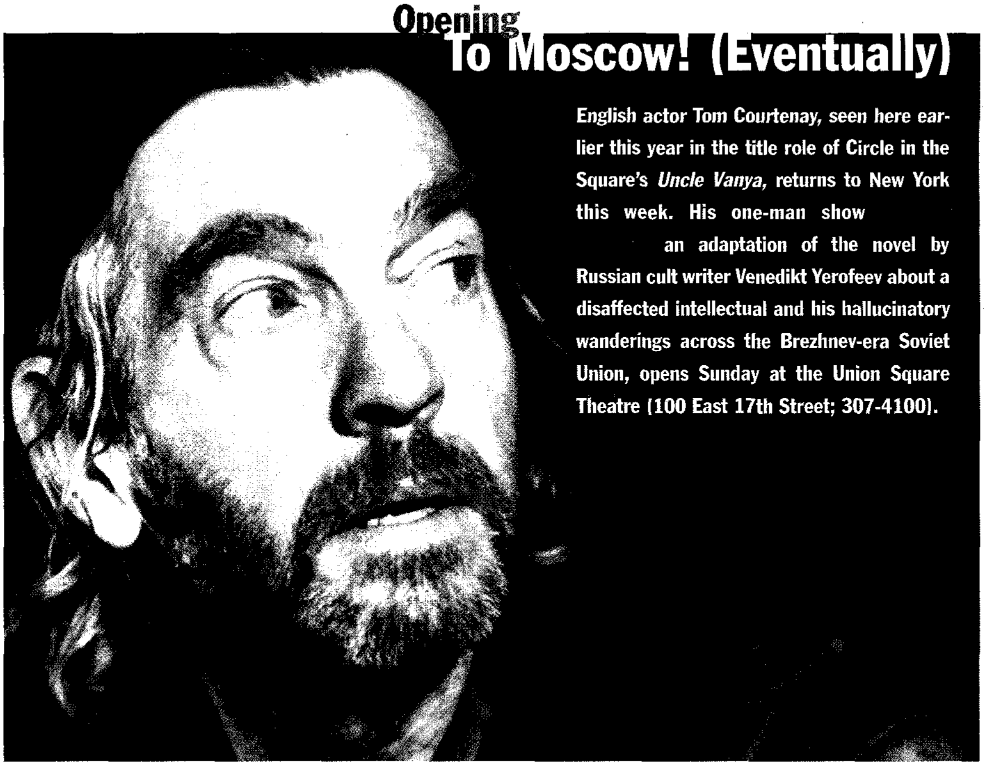
Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1119). 10/12 at 2: "English Ceramics." On view from 10/7. 10/13 at 10 and 2: "Important English Furniture, Objects of Art, and Ceramics." On view from 10/7. 10/14 at 10 and 2: "Property from the Estate of Mildred S. Hilson, Including Fine English Furniture and China." On view from 10/7.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1119). 10/11 at 2: "The Collection of Countess Gozzi, Former Head of Fortuny." On view from 10/7. 10/12 at 10 and 2: "Period Couture Clothing and Costume Jewelry." On view from 10/7.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/11 at at 10:15 and 2: "Porcelain." On view from 10/6. 10/12 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 10/7. 10/17 at 2: "Silver." On view from 10/12.

theater

Tom Courtenay... Patti LuPone



Opening

To Moscow! (Eventually)

English actor Tom Courtenay, seen here earlier this year in the title role of Circle in the Square's *Uncle Vanya*, returns to New York this week. His one-man show an adaptation of the novel by Russian cult writer Venedikt Yerofeev about a disaffected intellectual and his hallucinatory wanderings across the Brezhnev-era Soviet Union, opens Sunday at the Union Square Theatre (100 East 17th Street; 307-4100).

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Hello, Dolly!— $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 10/11 for a 10/19 opening. Through 1/7. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (575-9200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Patti LuPone on Broadway—$15–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Opening 10/12; through 11/18. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Swinging on a Star—A revue featuring the songs ("Misty," "Pennies From Heaven") of Johnny Burke, perhaps best known as Paramount's in-house lyricist for Bing Crosby. $45–$60. To 10/22: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Thereafter, Mon–Wed., Fri.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/22 opening. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

The Tempest—Patrick Stewart (*Star,* as if you needed to be told, *Trek*) stars as Prospero, the banished Duke of Milan who bends wind, wave, and benighted humanity to his will in the Shakespeare-directing debut of New York Shakespeare Festival head George C. Wolfe. The production is transferring to Broadway after a successful run this summer at the Delacorte in Central Park. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 10/10 for an 11/1 opening. Through 12/31. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—If you're *determined* to be a woman pretending to be a man pretending to be a woman, where better to do it than between-the-wars Paris? (The thing is, the East Village doesn't have that Eiffel Tower deal.) Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini's and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners, in which gender is bent, dress is crossed, and Love Conquers All. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/25 opening. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Company—In 1970, it was recognized within days of its opening as an instant classic, one of the three or four quintessential New York musicals. This fall, the Roundabout Theatre presents Stephen Sondheim's breakthrough work, in which he first mastered his signature trick of rendering the jangled rhythms of modern urban neurosis into word and music, in its twenty-fifth-anniversary (and first-ever Broadway) revival. $67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 12/3. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With teen heartthrob Jon Secada as bad boy Danny Zuko. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of sisters Sarah and Elizabeth Delaney. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Photograph by Jillian Edelstein/Geraint Lewis.

Preview

Hello, Carol!

Over four decades, everybody's played it, from Pearl Bailey and Ethel Merman to Ginger Rogers and Barbra Streisand. But so what? Even now, the role of matchmaker and busybody Dolly Gallagher Levi in Jerry Herman's 1964 'Hello, Dolly!' remains somehow inseparable from the nasal purr and mile-wide grin of Carol Channing. Previews for the star's thirty-first-anniversary revival of her signature show begin Wednesday at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre.

Domville—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Remak Ramsay, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Dana Ivey, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Moon Over Buffalo—With three major female stars (including Julie Andrews and Carol Channing) who owe their careers to early triumphs on Broadway returning to the New York stage this fall after various prolonged absences, it seems like Old Home Season in the theater district these days; the first to arrive is Carol Burnett, who hasn't been seen there since George Abbott's 1964 *Fade Out—Fade In,* by Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green. In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Marilyn McCoo. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. Unlike previous Normas, she abounds in childlikeness, girlishness, womanliness, and age-old humanity—the whole spectrum. Whereas other Normas made me laugh and shudder, this one also made me smile and cry. Moreover, she brings attractiveness and sexiness to the role. Most important of all, she can sing. And it is not only musical singing, it is also musical acting. She knows how to characterize with her singing voice, how to make an emotion *cantabile.* It moves you as much as her acting in a seamlessly compelling musical-comedy performance. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dangerous Corner—After the Broadway success of *An Inspector Calls,* the late dramatist and man of letters J. B. Priestley (1894–1984) is on a New York roll. In this 1932 play about a dinner party that degenerates from starched propriety into a murk of embarrassing secrets—the script in which Priestley first began to develop his mature themes—what interests is less the stabs at philosophical posing than the author's dead-perfect ear for the characteristic rhythms and vocabulary of English evasion. The Atlantic Theater Company's production is directed by David Mamet (working out of his New York base of operations), who also knows a thing or two about using language to conceal. $10–$32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opening 10/11. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Full Gallop—In the thirties, both E. B. White and S. J. Perelman poked literate fun in famous *New Yorker* casuals at her *Harper's Bazaar* "Why Don't You?" column; Kay Thompson's wicked high-energy takeoff of her in Stanley Donen's 1957 *Funny Face* ("Think Pink!") is still one of the delicious high points of film parody. Now comes Mary Louise Wilson's one-woman show (written with Mark Hampton) portraying Diana Vreeland, the woman who invented contemporary fashion. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/18 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Garden District—An evening of two one-acts by Tennessee Williams—*Something Unspoken* and *Suddenly Last Summer*—presented under the umbrella title they shared in a paired 1958 production. With Elizabeth Ashley, Jordan Baker, and Myra Carter; directed by Theodore Mann and

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Harold Scott. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/10. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

The Model Apartment—An elderly couple's Florida retirement is disrupted first by their schizophrenic daughter and her homeless boyfriend, then by their own memories of the Holocaust, in Donald Margulies's new drama. $33–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 10/11 for a 10/24 opening. Through 11/12. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Moonlight—It seems impossible, but New York hasn't seen a new full-length play by Harold Pinter, the master of spare enigma, since *Betrayal* was done here in 1980. His most recent script stars Jason Robards as a foul-mouthed civil servant reviewing his life as its end approaches. With, in addition, Blythe Danner, Paul Hecht, and Kathleen Widdoes; directed by Karel Reisz (*The French Lieutenant's Woman*). $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 1. In previews for a 10/17 opening. Through 11/28. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Moscow Stations—Tom Courtenay, seen here earlier this year in Circle in the Square's *Uncle Vanya,* returns to New York with this one-man show based on a novel by the Russian author Venedikt Yerofeev, in which he plays a disaffected Gogolian intellectual hallucinating his way through the Brezhnev era. $27.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/15. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen—still going strong after nearly 60 years in The Business and a career that includes Paul Robeson's *Othello,* the Lunts' *The Seagull,* and the original (1962) production of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*—is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $32.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/24 opening. Through 1/14. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Nathan the Wise—The drama by G. E. Lessing, one of the founding documents of the European Enlightenment. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/13; through 12/3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

New England—Over the past decade, the playwright Richard Nelson (*Some Americans Abroad, Principia Scriptoriae*) has taken as his more-or-less abiding theme the part-funny, part-darkish things that happen when American culture meets up with its British counterpart. This, his latest script, looks in on a family of English expatriates gathering in Connecticut upon the death of their father. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *City Center Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Night Just Before the Forest—A one-man play by Bernard-Marie Koltès, performed by Gregory Simmons. $15–$20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 10/10; through 10/22. *Ubu Repertory Theater, 15 W. 28th St. (679-7562).*

Northeast Local—A drama by Tom Donaghy about a blue-collar family struggling to keep itself together as American culture, in the sixties and beyond, collapses about it. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Anthony La Paglia, Eileen Heckart, and Terry Alexander; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/29 opening. *Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,* sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/22 opening. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Salome—Oscar Wilde's *fin de siecle* redaction of the biblical story (heavy on the lust and obsession) in which the title character, inflamed by anger at John the Baptist's denunciation of her mother's divorce and remarriage, dances the Dance of the Seven Veils to win his head on a platter. Emphasizing the stylized, chantlike character of Wilde's bejewelled lines, Steven Berkoff's bare-stage production presents the story being enacted for an equally dissolute crowd of thirties cocktail-party types. $25–$50. 10/17 at 7, 10/18–21 at 8, 10/21 at 2. *Majestic Theater at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (307-4100).*

Sin—Wendy MacLeod's farce about an aerial traffic reporter whose disorientation far above the hills of San Francisco is caused by more than height. With Kelly Coffield (of Fox's *In Living Color*). $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opening 10/11. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Songs for a New World—A musical revue by Jason Robert Brown. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opening 10/11. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Zombies from the Beyond—A musical spoof of fifties science-fiction B-movie classics. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. Beginning previews 10/11 for a 10/23 opening. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDoughal St. (254-5076).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3; beginning 10/14, Sat. at 2:30. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

A Doll's House—It's 116 years since she first walked out on Torvald, but Nora is still slamming that door. The Pearl Theatre Company's production of the Ibsen classic is directed by Grey Johnson. $16–$22. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 10/21. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. Through 10/17. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Performance Odditorium

Garish carnival grotesquerie is alive and well on the Lower East Side in *Tilt,* a surreal hybrid of theater, circus, and fun house. It runs through October 15 at the Club at La MaMa E.T.C. (74A East 4th Street), with a range of acts that include Bird Lady, Stretched Man, Balloon Lady (above), and Belly Shop Woman.

Edith Wharton's Manhattan—A play based on *The House of Mirth,* the author's early (1905) success. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 10/14. *Pulse Ensemble Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (695-1596).*

The Emperor Jones—The Wooster Group's production of the play by Eugene O'Neill. $20. Thur.–Sun. at 8. Through 10/15. *The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St,. bet. Broome and Grand Sts. (966- 3651).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $40. Through 9/25: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Thereafter, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Funnyhouse of a Negro/A Movie Star Has to Star in Black and White—The first production of the Signature Theatre Company's Adrienne Kennedy season is a double bill of two short plays written by the series's subject in, respectively, 1964 and 1976. *Funnyhouse* is a surrealist take on being young, black, and female in sixties America; *Movie Star* is about what happens when an aspiring young writer is seduced by the siren call of Hollywood. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 10/22. *Shiva Theatre at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam),*

Photograph by Angelika Grundler.

Opening

Don't Cry For Her

"I'm in dangerous territory here," says Patti LuPone, grabbing a quick bite at Orso's during the hour break between first tech rehearsals for her new show. "But I think there's great denial on the New York theater scene. The actual fact is that Broadway is sick and dying." The petite, auburn-haired performer clutches (twists, massages) her head in thought as if trying to pull an answer of precise rightness to the problem out of it by the fingertips. But, then, that kind of demonstrativeness is part of her job. The first thing you notice about *Patti LuPone on Broadway,* opening for six weeks this Thursday at the Walter Kerr Theatre, is that, for this Juilliard Drama Division–trained artiste, singing is a subcategory of acting. In the course of a two-hour program of songs interspersed with occasional snappy patter, LuPone creates twenty-plus small playlets, with the character for each song in place before the first note leaves her throat.

It's a performance of near-dizzying virtuosity, and inevitably raises the question one often hears at theater district bars after curtains have gone down: If she's this good, why isn't she on Broadway fifty weeks out of the year? Last May's *Pal Joey* at City Center, presented as part of its Encores! series, was LuPone's first appearance in a New York musical since the 1987 *Anything Goes* at Lincoln Center. She cites the usual suspects to explain the absence: the complacency of Broadway's powerful old-guard producers, a loss of respect for well-written book musicals, the rise of the elaborately produced techno-spectacular. (The last is perhaps a subject of special ambivalence for the star whose career was made by *Evita,* progenitor of every mega-musical since.) LuPone's response to the problem is simple: Put together your own musical. She has, gloriously. **RANDALL SHORT**

15 Vandam St. (691-1555).

Mathew in the School of Life—The title character in Obie-winning composer-performer John Moran's latest piece of "electronic musical theater" is, variously, an angel, an android, and a Christ figure. (He's also played by three actors, which helps.) The dystopian science-fiction fantasy (is there any other kind of sci-fi fantasy these days?) runs through 10/29. $12–$20. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Same Old Moon—The Irish Repertory Theater's first production in its new Chelsea home is this coming-of-age story about an Irish Catholic girl by Geraldine Aron (*The Donahue Sisters*). $25. Tues–Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-12 set. $10–$15 kids, $20–$25 adults. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Standing By—A romantic comedy by Norman Barasch about what happens when two young people Meet Cute on a flight from L.A. to New York. $30–$35. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church at Citicorp Center, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. Fans of theatrical self-reflexivity, take note; currently taking part in this spoof/tribute to the Andrews Sisters is (the actual) Maxene Andrews herself, still belting 'em out 50 years after the war's end. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mary Beth Peil, John Cunningham, and Derek Smith; comedienne Jan Hooks (*Saturday Night Live*) has recently replaced Sarah Jessica Parker in the title, or canine, role. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Texans Do Tap Dance / God's Policemen—Two comedies by Richard Lay about, respectively, a theater critic for the New York *Times* and serial killers. *Texans* plays Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 through 10/15; $15. *Policemen:* 10/10 at 8, 10/14 at 2; $10. *Intar Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (586-1918).*

Tilt—$12. Mon. at 8, Thur.–Sat. at 10. Through 10/15. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, recreates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. $18–36. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Waiting for Godot—As both the starting point of the contemporary theater and, arguably, modern literature's preeminent metaphor for life in the twentieth century, Samuel Beckett's 1953 masterpiece has suffered more than its share of trivial and gimmicky interpretations. Eve Adamson's more straightforward approach emphasizes the structural and musical aspects of the language of the playwright—who was, as he liked to remind people, an heir to Mallarme. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 through 10/15, when it goes into rotating repertory with the Jean Cocteau Repertory's second play of the season. Through 11/10. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

The Window/In an Infinite Universe—Two one-act plays by Sheldon Woodbury about, respectively, the public realm (corporate America at its shadiest) and private sensibilities (a mother's relationship to her child). $22. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 10/22. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (308-0012).*

Off-Off Broadway

Acts of Contrition—$12. Wed–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/15. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. bet. Broome and Grand Sts. (343-1181).*

Admissions—$12. Beginning 9/29, Mon.–Tues., Fri.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; through 10/17. *New Perspectives Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave. (730-2030).*

The Albatross of Romance; or, He Does a Good Dog—$6. 10/15. *The Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (219-3055).*

All's Well That Ends Well—$12/TDF + $5. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/15. *Studio Theatre 4-A, 29 E. 19th St. (924-0077).*

Bad Language—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 10/22. *Bos Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (726-8833).*

Banjy Pussy Raging—$7/TDF. 10/4, 11, 18, 25 at 7:30; 10/13, 14, 20, 21 at 10:30. *Dixon Place, 258 Bowery bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (219-3088).*

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Burn This—$10/TDF. Thur.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/28. *Amuse America, 599 Broadway, Fifth Floor (636-9211).*

Exiles—The play by James Joyce, rarely performed—his only stage work. $10–$12. Thur.–Sun. at 8. Through 10/15. *Ontological Theater, St. Mark's Church at the corner of Second Ave. and 10th St. (533-4650).*

Heartbreak House—10/12, $7; 10/13, $30; $12 thereafter. 10/12–14, 17–21 at 8; 10/15, 21 at 2. *Fool's Company Space, 311 W. 43rd St., Floor 8 (330-6852).*

The Heather Woodbury Report: What Ever—$12. Through 10/28; call for detailed schedule. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

Hunting Humans—$12. Beginning 10/11, Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/28. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (473-4473).*

Love, the Greatest Enchantment / The Golden Bird / La Dispute—$15–$20. Tues.–Sat. at 7, 10/15 at 7, 10/22 at 3. Through 10/22. *Annex Theater at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Nixon's Nixon—$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/21. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

no@nada—$12 / TDF + $5. Thur.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/15. *Nada, 167 Ludlow St. bet. First Ave. and Ave. A. (420-1466).*

Waiter, Waiter—$12. Thur.–Sun. at 8; added performances 10/16, 25 at 8, 10/22, 29 at 3. *66 Wooster Street (966-9290).*

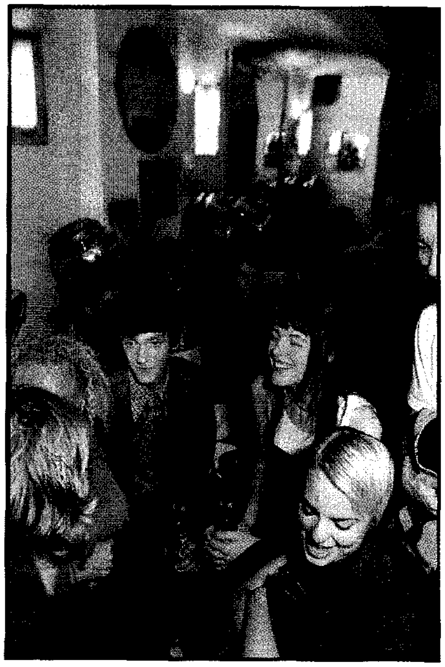
Photograph by Leslie Burke.

Cabaret Giants...Cosmetic Cocktails

Preview

Hair of the Dog

Ludlow Street, home to one of the coolest downtown nightlife scenes going, has in recent months become something of a *Kids* theme park, with bars catering to malt-liquor-swilling skateboarders and jaded scenesters sprouting up constantly. So when Deb Parker—the mastermind behind East Village joints Babyland and No Tell Motel, and owner of the just opened Beauty Bar (231 East 14th Street; 539-1389)—was looking to open a new place, she wanted to avoid what she calls "that Bourbon Street situation, with people going from bar to bar so that when they wind up at yours, they're out of their minds." The 36-year-old red-headed, tattooed tough chick had also thought it would be fun to open a beauty-parlor-theme bar and was drawn to the one Manhattan street that appears to most stubbornly refuse gentrification. "Whenever I'm really depressed, I just walk all the way up and down 14th Street and shop in all the little stores," she says. On one such walk, she discovered Thomas' Beauty Salon, an old-fashioned working beauty parlor, complete with big, bulky hair dryers and fixtures that appeared not to have changed for decades. The owners, who were ready to retire, sold Parker and her partner, Paul Devitt, the lease. After cleaning about an inch of hair from the beautiful crystal chandeliers, they put in a bar and came up with drink names keyed to beautician-speak (don't ask for a red wine, it's a henna). The Beauty Bar crowd, Parker says, is composed of "people like me, in their thirties, own their own businesses, interesting people like tattoo artists and musicians." And the place looks so much like its former incarnation that former customers are a bit confused. "Every once in a while," says Parker, "an old lady wanders in wanting to know if she can get a haircut."



Christina Kelly

Concerts

The Manhattan Transfer—Contemporary pop's premier vocal group has spent two decades honing its four-part-harmony versions of the most melodically subtle, rhythmically complex charts modern jazz has to offer. Now they've turned their attention to what seems, but isn't necessarily, a simpler style: the doo-wop classics of the fifties and sixties, reconsidered with more smooth, dead-on rightness than you're likely to find on your average street corner. The concert's keyed to their new album of that music, *Tonin'*. With Mose Allison. 10/13–10/14 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $35.*

KMFDM—Veterans of that dark, clanging, technologically minded rock offshoot known as "industrial," Germany's KMFDM brings that rare thing to their genre—humor—and still manages to rock like a regular band. You have to love an industrial group that titles its records "Angst" and "Nihil" and has a name that's widely (if incorrectly) understood to stand for Kill Mother Fucking Depeche Mode. (Rather, it's Keine Mehrheit Fur Die Mittleid, or "No Pity For the Majority.") Maybe it only comes with eleven years in the biz, but their wit is something Herr Reznor could benefit from. With Life of Agony and God Lives Underwater. 10/18 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200). $15.50.*

Oasis—This mighty Manchester rock quintet has it all: two bickering brothers just like the Kinks, dark mop-tops just like the Beatles, a sneering, glowering frontman just like the Sex Pistols. Add arena-size pop hooks and a conviction that they're worthy of the acclaim and you've got U.K. rock stars, circa the last ten minutes. 10/11 at 8 P.M. *Roseland. $15.*

Master Musicians of Jajouka—By far the trendiest band out of Morocco, these musicians have been guests of both Ornette Coleman and Rolling Stone Brian Jones, who recording them a month before drowning in his swimming pool. Now, as *Brian Jones Presents the Pipes of Pan at Jajouka* is just reissued, these truly transporting drum-, oboe-, flute-, and lute-playing musicians are bringing their trance music out on their own. The Stones may have had to go to Morocco to get their fix, but we only have to hit midtown. 10/14 at 8 P.M. *The Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (997-1003). $20–$35.*

PJ Harvey—Last time through New York, she wore shocking mascara and a sheathlike cocktail skirt, singing the incendiary songs off her *To Bring You My Love* like an avenging diva. While it might have read as do-me feminism from lesser figures, Harvey managed to make the theatrics truly otherworldly, while her voice—deep, throaty, unbelievably powerful—threatened to break glass. 10/11 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

Mary Chapin Carpenter—10/10 at 8 P.M. *The Paramount, Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Ave. (307-7171).*

Sixth Annual Cabaret Convention—Tickets for the seven variously themed programs, featuring more than 140 performers, are the best bargain going: ten bucks a pop. The event runs 10/9–10/14 at 6 P.M. and 10/15 at 3 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824).*

Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra—The orchestra concludes its national tour with a program of jazz masterworks. 10/16 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $35.*

Cecil Taylor and Christine Berl—The preeminent jazz pianist performs with a dancer and composer Berl. 10/12 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719). $10.*

Diana Ross—10/13–10/14 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (247-4777). $30–$40.*

Julio Iglesias—Share the magic, one more time. 10/12–10/13 at 8 P.M. *The Paramount, Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Ave. (307-7171). $45–$75.*

Elton John—10/12–10/17 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Ave. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Clubland

Academy—Enjoy the last few weeks of this wonderful rock venue, a grand old theater whose bruising sound system vies against the 100,000th rendition of "Memory" being sung two blocks away. Soon the Academy will come under new ownership and revert to a musical theater. 10/10: Peter Frampton. 10/12: Belly; Catherine Wheel; Jewel. 10/18: Big Head Todd and the Monsters. *243 W. 43rd St. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 10/13: James Kelly and Zan McLeod. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that re-

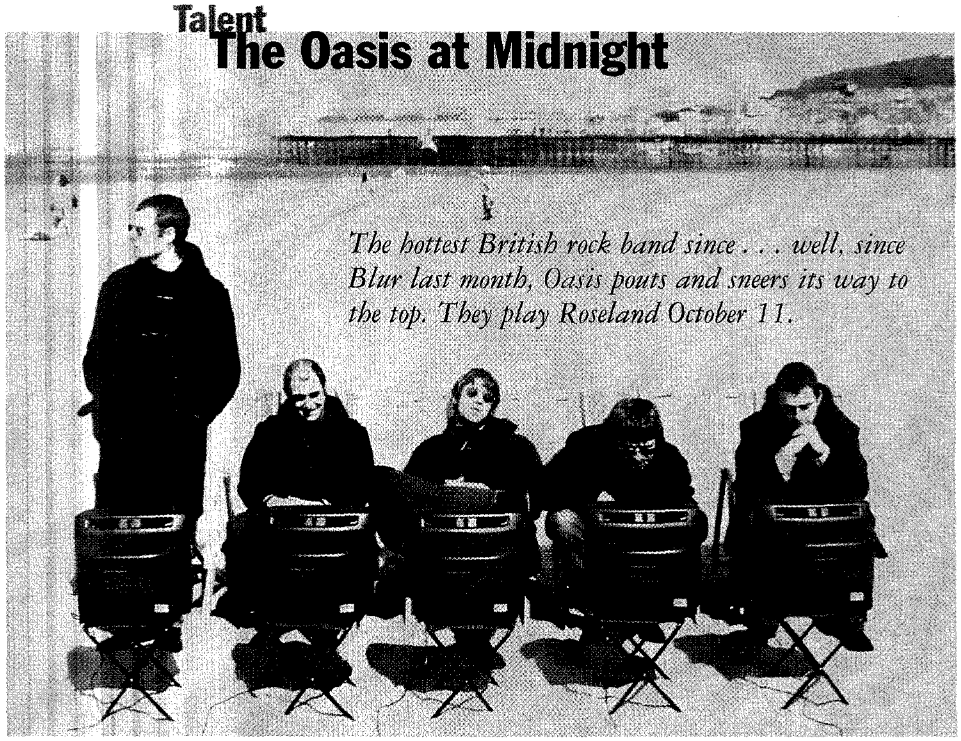
Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Barry Munger.

Talent

The Oasis at Midnight



The hottest British rock band since . . . well, since Blur last month, Oasis pouts and sneers its way to the top. They play Roseland October 11.

cently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 10/11: Joe Louis Walker; Tab Benoit. 10/12: "Rounder Records 25th Anniversary Bluegrass Tour" presents Laurie Lewis and the Grant Street Band, the Dell McCoury Band, and J. D. Crowe and the New South. 10/14: The Roches—yes, Terre, Suzzy, and Maggie—sing the lovely, strange, and often tortured songs on their new *Can We Go Home Now. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 10/11: The current kings of lo-fi indie-rock tunesmanship, Space Needle, plays. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 10/18: San Francisco's eminently charming avant-pop combo, the Mommyheads. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. 10/13: Look closer. No, that's not Green Day's older brothers, it's the Dickies. L.A.'s classic punk-rock band has now reemerged in time to bask in the nation's love of punk. *15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The Japanese noise band Ruins is a bass-drums duo whose canny use of electronic percussion gives it has much color as it has sound and fury. The furiously inventive, challenging, and surprisingly entertaining group—noted favorites of John Zorn among others—plays 10/11–10/12. 10/13: Ism; Greg Tate and Mac Diva. 10/14: Amiri Baraka comes to declaim. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. 10/11: Acetone. 10/13–10/14: Susan McKeown and Chanting House. 10/16: "Rock She Wrote," an evening of rock-and-roll writing with Ann Powers and Evelyn McDonnell. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 10/13: Ex–James Brown and –George Clinton saxophonist Maceo Parker plays with the Groove Collective. 10/14: Maceo Parker; Brooklyn Funk Essentials. 10/17–10/18: The reggae firebrand Burning Spear celebrates his fiftieth birthday. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Mercury Lounge—The fab country singer Jim Lauderdale continues his month-long residency in New York, playing Tuesdays here and at Brownies (10/24). Lauderdale is an overlooked treasure whose soulful voice recalls Al Green, John Lennon, and Hank Williams—the kind of mix that, beautiful as it is, tends to let its owner fall between the cracks of marketing Lauderdale's new *Every Second Counts.* Here on 10/10 and 10/17. 10/13: Cakelike. 10/14: Chrome Cranks; Bush Tetras. 10/15–10/16: The Mekons. 10/18: Ian Tyson. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 10/14: "Antifolkadelic Night." 10/16: The Anti-hootenany with scene linchpin Lach. Shows at 8 P.M. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 10/11–10/12: Ismael Lo. 10/16: Bobby Sanabria y Ascensión. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 10/10: October Project. *240 West 47th St. (496-6583).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for roots music and indie rock, Tramps eschews high-concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 10/10: Little Feat; Bonepony. 10/11: Joe Ely Band. 10/12: Ferocious prog-punk from three nations hits the stage as Canada's No Means No plays with Japan's Ultra Bidé and post-punk stalwarts Alice Donut. 10/13: Wilson Pickett. 10/14: Trance-inducing ambient-rock comes from Spiritualized, a local outfit that's been compared to Stereolab, Kraftwerk, and British film composer Michael Nyman, whose fave string quartet, the Balanescu, makes an appearance on their new record, *Pure Phase.* 10/17: Shawn Colvin. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night 10/11: King Missile; Babe the Blue Ox; John S. Hall; Dogbowl. 10/15: The wonderfully bizarre fathers of quirkily poetic post-punk, Pere Ubu, play with local avant-rock giants Skeleton Key and Space Needle. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 10/10–10/11: The elder statesman of jazz violin, Stephane Grappelli, keeps going strong at 87. 10/12–10/16: Chick Corea Quartet, featuring Bob Berg, John Patitucci, and Gary Novak. 10/17–10/22: New Agey harpist Andreas Vollenweider. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. 10/10–10/15: Terence Blanchard Quintet. 10/17–10/18: Jimmy Heath Big Band. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 10/11: Andrew Cyrille Trio. 10/13: The quirky, warmly humorous avant-guitarist Arto Lindsay. 10/16: Sax dynamo David Murray Big Band continues its Monday night residency, a raucous, mesmerizing event, especially if Butch Morris is in the conductor's chair. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 10/10–10/15: Mal Waldron Quintet. 10/17–10/22: Benny Golson. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, the

Photograph by Michael Spenser Jones.

Spirit of Life Ensemble takes over. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 10/10–10/22: Margaret Whiting celebrates 50 years of torch singing since her breakthrough recording of Moonlight in Vermont. She holds forth with aged pop classics like "Come Rain or Come Shine," "That Old Black Magic," and the like. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 10/10–10/15: One of the best two or three best pianists of her generation, Geri Allenleads a quintet here, playing music from her latest record *Twenty One.* 10/17–10/22: the Pharoah Sanders Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. 10/16: Trombonist John Fedchock, former arranger for Woody Herman and the Herd, brings his big band to town. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 10/9–10/15: David Attell; Jim David; Kevin Brennan; Rick Cron; William Stephenson. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 10/10–10/15: Harry Feldman; Glenn (Mr. Bullhorn) Super; Brian McFadden; John Rizzo. 10/16–10/22: Rick Scotti; Quentin Heggs; John Rizzo; Brian McFadden. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A we-try-harder venue, with lower overhead and promising up-and-comers. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Place. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." 9/30: Rich Franchese; Todd Barry; Mike King. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Luna Lounge—Back from summer vacation, the "Alternative Comedy Experience" settles in from its old digs at Rebar. Starting 10/16, creative, vaguely Dadaesque, comedians are once again trying things they've never done before. It's hit and miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *171 Ludlow St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Through 10/27: Jeff Ross; Kevin Brennan; Ron Gallop; Gregg Rogell. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The San Francisco–based singer Weslia Whitfield brings her distinctive blend of jazz and blues to the Oak Room for six weeks. Through 10/21. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30, pianist Peter Mintun plays pop classics from the twenties through the forties. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Showtune expert and swinging diva Barbara Cook sings through 10/14. Shows at 8:45 and 10:45. Tues.–Sat. $45 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Currently headlining at this cozy boite on the corner of Central Park through 10/28 is the singer Betty Johnson, who's chosen it to open her new act "Soft Lights and Sweet Music." She'll be joined in several numbers by her daughter Lydia Gray. Tues.–Sat. at 9: $20, no minimum. Following that, dancing continues on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 10 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. There's a $10 music charge in the bar for Landis alone; no charge for staying on after Johnson, however. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F.illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Harry's Bar—Jazz vocalist Michelle Wiley, Tues.–Sat. from 8:30 to 12:30. No cover, no minimum. *New York Palace Hotel, 455 Madison Ave. (888-7000).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. And, through 10/13, the Velvet Fog—a.k.a., to the uninitiate, Mel Tormé—settles in for a celebration of his tenth fall season here. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Kicking off the release of her new album, *Under Paris Skies,* recorded entirely in French, Karen Akers—she of the pageboy bangs and melancholy allure—returns to this room for the third time in as many years, in a show called *Whenever I Think of Paris.* Don't despair, non-Francophones; in addition to classic *chansons,* she'll be singing tunes by Irving Berlin and Noël Coward. Through 10/14. $40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; $20 cover Tues.–Thurs. at 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000)*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer Walter Willison performs a salute to "The Golden Age of Broadway." No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily, this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it—"shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

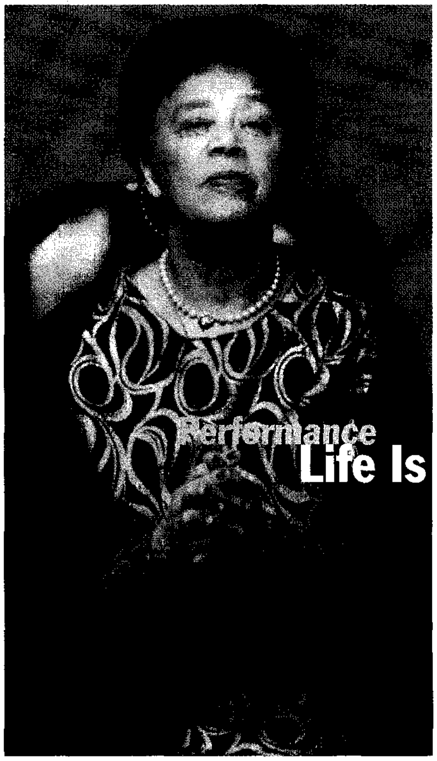
bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*



Performance

Life Is a Cabaret (Literally)

It's not smoky, there are no tables an inch and a half apart, and the air isn't bourbon-scented. Nonetheless, the hottest cabaret venue in town this week is Town Hall, where the Mabel Mercer (left) Foundation presents the Sixth Annual New York Cabaret Convention with 140 performers, including stars like Patti LuPone, Karen Akers, and Nancy La Mott.

restaurants

Pizza for Two...Fresh Ketchup...Local Wine

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an aspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic, imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Il Palazzo—Dine in the backyard to the murmur of waterfalls. Try homemade pastas and other Italian fare. *151 Mulberry St. (343-7000). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

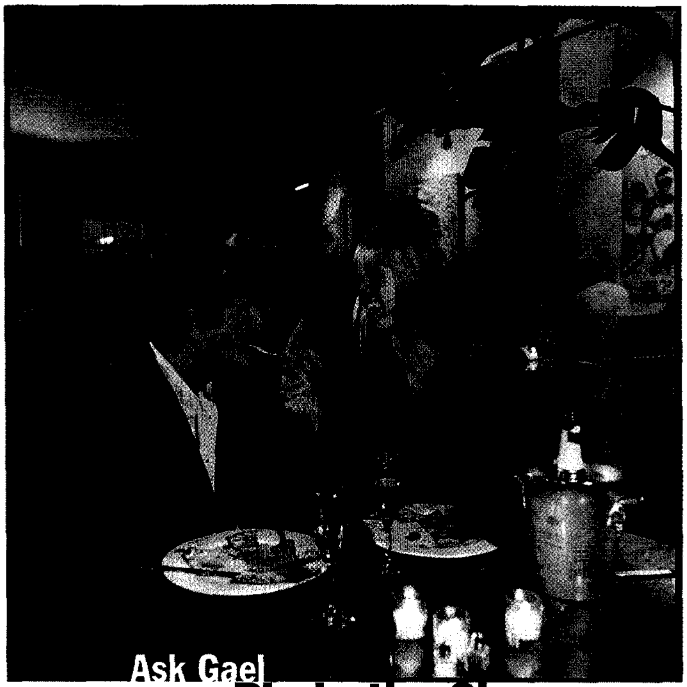
Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*



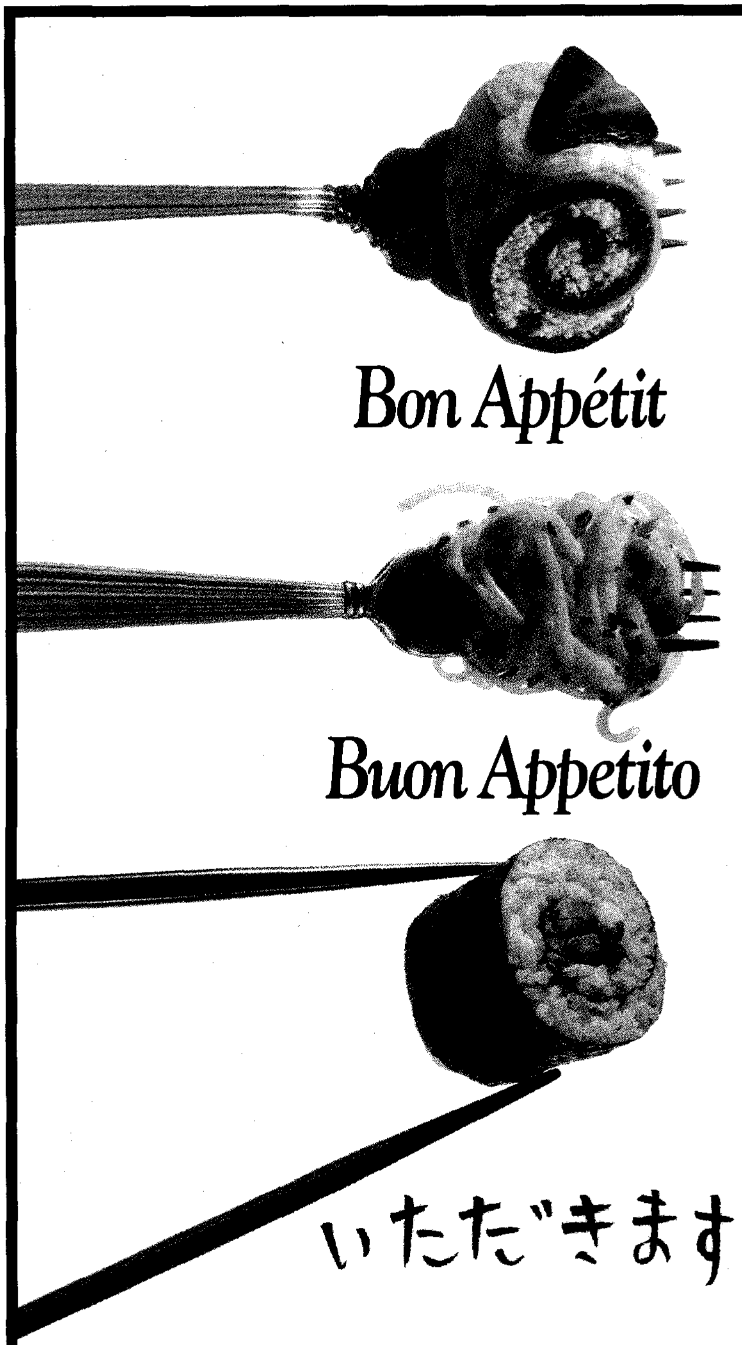
Ask Gael

Pie in the Sky

What's late and cute and a bargain?

At last, a budget break for Upper East Siders. Drop by Sofia's Fabulous Pizza (1022 Madison Avenue, at 79th Street) after 10 P.M. and get two pizzas or two plates of spaghetti and a bottle of Cordon Rouge for a paltry $49. Or an ounce of Beluga and champagne at a discounted $79. Not that price means much to the well-heeled clans of 10021 and glammy younglings who queue for tiny tables in this stylish walk-up or on the alfresco terrace—to be glassed over for winter. ($8.75 for a pale intimation of a Caesar, indeed.) Still, I'd go back for the pizza alla norcina (with spicy sausage), marvelous focaccia (stuffed with robiola and truffle oil), decent fusilli alla puttanesca, and the waiter who could barely contain his joy at our attempts to speak Italian.

Photograph by Barry Munger.



Right now, they could all translate into a big serving of cash.

No matter what your choice of cuisine, choose your Discover® Card to pay for your meal and you could win the $20,000 Grand Prize in our Dine Out/Cash In℠ $150,000 Sweepstakes. And you could win $1,000 or more in our weekly first prize drawings. From August through October, the more you dine out with your Discover Card, the more chances you'll have to win.* And that sounds delicious in any language.

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DINE OUT/CASH IN℠ $150,000 MANHATTAN SWEEPSTAKES

*No purchase or card acceptance necessary. Open to U.S. residents 18 or older who are Discover Cardmembers as of 7/31/95 or who have been sent a pre-approved mailing in connection with this sweepstakes. Void where prohibited. For free entry details and rules, which bind entrants, send stamped, self-addressed envelope, to be received by 11/7/95, to: Dine Out/Cash In Rules, P.O. Box 4238, Blair, NE 68009. Deadlines vary by method of entry from 8/22/95 to 11/21/95.

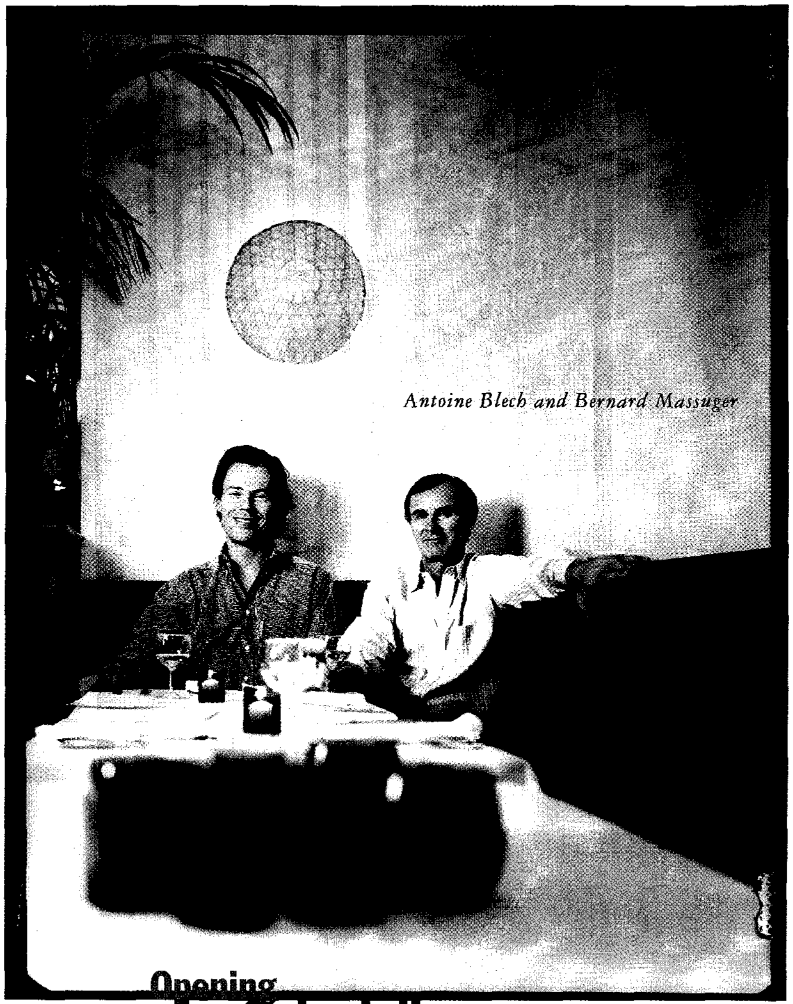
Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant race-track—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Exceptional American wine list and an eclectic menu featuring contemporary American dishes like crispy calamari with Vietnamese dipping sauce, wood-grilled Angus sirloin with basil mashed potatoes and bourbon sauce, and German chocolate cake with banana ice cream. *90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Antoine Blech and Bernard Massuger

Opening
Le Colonialism

"My clientele is uptown," says former ski instructor Antoine Blech, whose new restaurant, Orienta, seems a sure bet to lure habitués of Le Colonial, Le Comptoir, Le Bilboquet, Le Relais, and the other smoky East Side Euro-bistros where Blech and partner Bernard Massuger once worked. The Southeast Asian menu doesn't stray far from the satay-spring-roll-noodle-curry standard, but, "for our friends," Blech promises to stock hangar steak and foie gras. (205 East 75th Street.)

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

L'Udo—This cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls with fascinating frescoes and outdoor seating. A good bet when you're in the mood for prosciutto di parma *and* hanger steak with shallots and potatoes, plus a creative selection of pastas, seafood and vegetable dishes. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera-singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Strausman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tasting **Hudson River Club chef Waldy Malouf is known for having elevated regional ingredients to *haute* status, and his annual seven-course New York game feast, on October 16, is well worth attending. A barrel sampling of 1994 New York wines, from vineyards spanning the state from the North Fork to the Finger Lakes, precedes Malouf's renditions of almost-locally-bagged pheasant, hare, grouse, and venison. (*250 Vesey Street; call 786-1500 for reservations.*)**

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Don Giovanni—A casual west-Chelsea spot serving rustic Italian fare like brick-oven pizza, pasta, and homemade desserts. Lively outdoor café and an open kitchen. *214 Tenth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (242-9054). (I) AE, MC, V.*

L'Acajou—This casual French bistro, serving regional specialties like escargot, steak au poivre, and venison, also curates art shows. *53 W. 19th St. (645-1706). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lola—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings, but the kitchen also does a fine job with more ambitious dishes like roasted halibut with horseradish whipped potatoes, lamb chops, and Thai paella. Check out the Sunday gospel brunch. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now, the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance between courses from the Italian and Continental menu. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Zip City Brewing Co.—Flatiron brewpub with American pub fare, known especially for its burgers. *3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chiam—A contemporary, elegant midtown setting for nouvelle Chinese. Try savory renditions of standards like Peking duck or such original creations as Grand Marnier prawns and squab soong. *160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

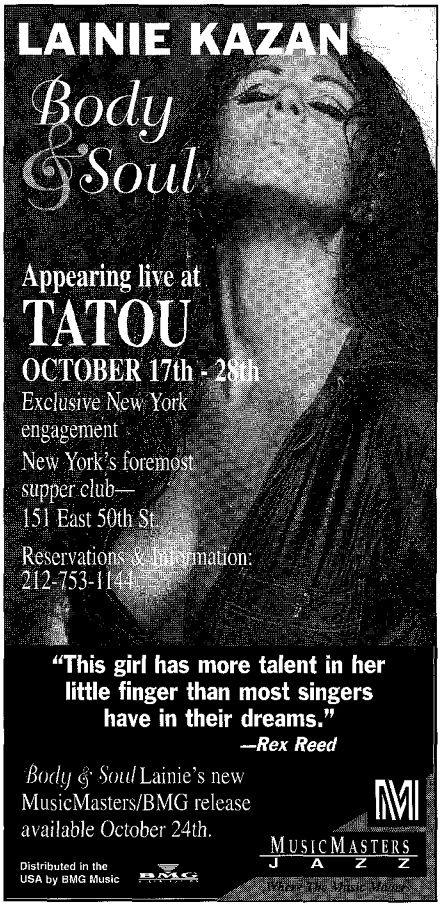
The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After



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three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meltemi—This East Side Greek restaurant, cheerfully decorated in nautical colors with an Aegean mural, specializes in the kind of fresh charcoal-grilled whole fish that needs little more seasoning than olive oil, lemon juice, and herbs. *905 First Ave., at 51st St. (335-4040). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces. The Mediterranean-influenced American menu boasts specialties like chili-rubbed swordfish and baked Alaska. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Pietro—A popular midtown Southern Italian, with a comprehensive menu and a chef who renders fine renditions of fish, pasta, and wild game. *18 E. 54th St. (753-9015). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

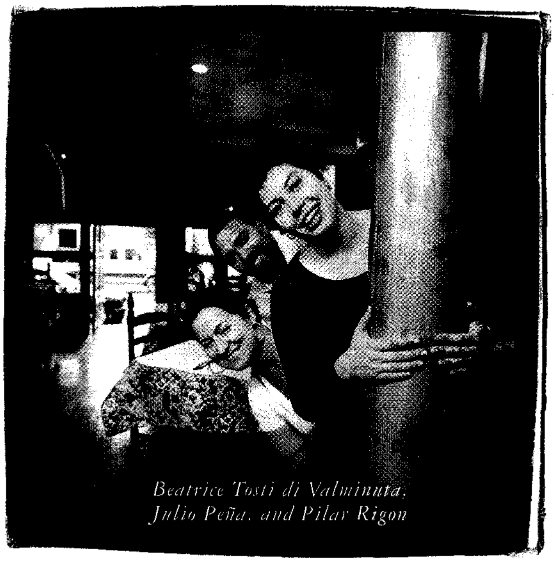
Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito mixto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted

Restaurant

A Room of Their Own

Beatrice Tosti di Valminuta and Pilar Rigon, partners and chefs at the new East Village trattoria Il Bagatto (192 East 2nd Street), know how it feels to be victims of their own success. Just last year, the friends, who'd met in their hometown of Rome, opened a tiny country-Italian takeout concession in a corner of Taci International, an Upper West Side restaurant; got rave reviews; and managed to upstage their landlord. One food writer went so far as to advise the restaurant, in print, to "let the capable women . . . run the whole show." This suggestion apparently met with some resistance, and when their business outgrew their limited space, they shut down. A year later, they've resurfaced in a cozy, brick-walled Alphabet City room, where Tosti's husband and co-owner, Julio Peña, greets customers—Wall Street bankers, TV actors, neighborhood supers—like the old friends many of them are. The candlelit space, with its mismatched tablecloths and its atmosphere of hectic hospitality, is comfortable and unfussy. Mahogany doors open out to embrace the neighborhood; in less than a month, lines have formed on the sidewalk (which happens to be just up the street from some of the Lower East Side's most notorious heroin-buying outposts). Tosti and Rigon's home cooking and their ardent search for the best ingredients—the perfect tomato for bruschetta, an Italian aged mozzarella from the Bronx—have made Il Bagatto something of a neighborhood hangout. The daily specials, and house dishes like spinach gnocchi with gorgonzola, are improvised from the pages of a red binder where Tosti pastes clippings and letters from her mother and friends in Italy. It's already gotten a lot of use: Traditionally, her friends have always managed to drop by her house around dinnertime. She'll keep feeding them, she says with a laugh, "Only now they'll pay."



Beatrice Tosti di Valminuta, Julio Peña, and Pilar Rigon

Robin Raisfeld

in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rene Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertain-

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ment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

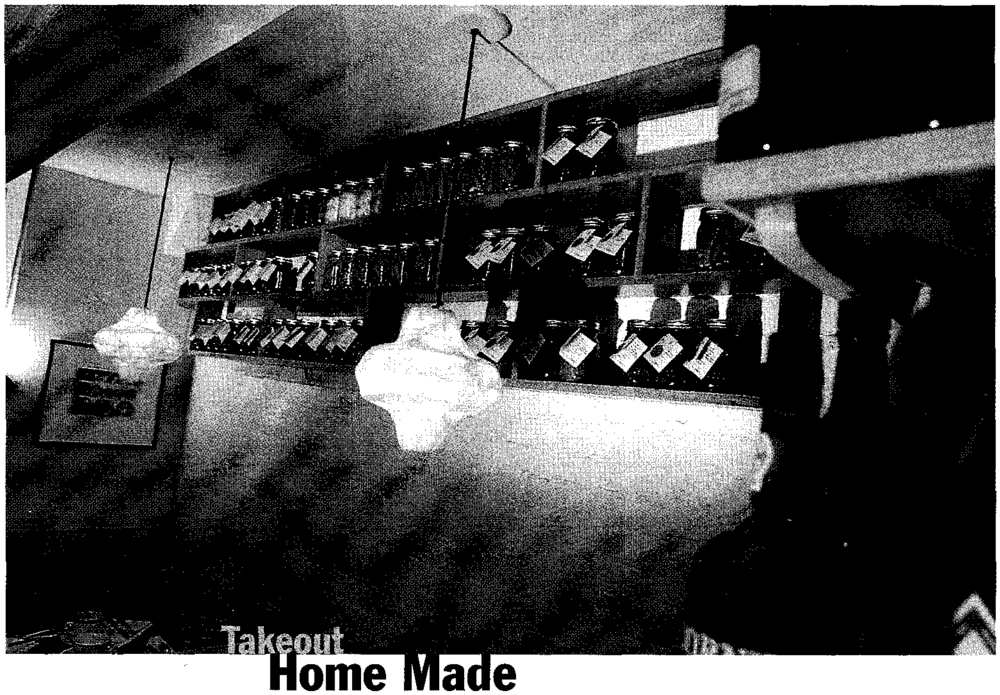
March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for kids and grownups, with a toy-strewn foyer and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*



Takeout

Home Made

"My customers have been nagging me to sell the ketchup," explains Home chef David Page, whose rendition of the chunky, sweetish condiment is flavored with spices like cumin and mustard seed. Both the tangy red and the green, poblano-spiced version—as well as equally distinctive okra pickles, preserved lemons, smoky barbecue sauce and apple-maple syrup—are now on sale at the restaurant (20 Cornelia Street), and at Gourmet Garage, Faicco's Pork, and Murray's Cheese.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Dakota Bar & Grill—Casual, contemporary American with creative renditions of standard dishes like herb-grilled chicken with roasted garlic sauce, mashed potatoes, and pumpkin seed brittle, and grilled salmon with a green-horseradish-and-honey glaze. Award-winning wine list and an excessively long bar. *1576 Third Ave., nr. 88th St. (427-8889). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Boeuf a La Mode—Cozy Yorkville bistro. Try authentic Parisian specialties like rack of lamb, duck aux cassis, and moules marinieres. *539 E. 81st St. (249-1473). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-eastsider serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of Madison Avenue." They may well be right. *742 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tirami su. In warm weather, eat outdoors. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. *2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Untouchables

continued from page 27

prominent white reprobate. Boxing promoter Don King's odyssey shows how far we've come. Thirty years ago he served four years for manslaughter, but he cleanly beat a 1985 federal indictment for tax evasion. Just charged again with nine more counts of insurance fraud, he'll walk out free and proud.

Mike Tyson and Marion "The Bitch Set Me Up" Barry semi-got away with it. Tyson served three years for the sexual assault of a beauty-pageant contestant, but he scored $25 million in a 90-second comeback fight with a palooka; Barry served six months for an infamous crack possession, then was re-elected mayor of Washington. "Get over it," he told old-school moralists. Clarence Thomas mostly got away with it (his nomination to the Supreme Court confirmed, so able to deal a lethal blow to affirmative action, but left deeply embittered). And now Michael Jackson has totally gotten away with a reported payment of $15 million to the family of the boy he allegedly molested. Given the singer's wealth, this is less a punishment than a tip.

In our gorgeous mosaic, any member of a historically disadvantaged group who *can afford to hire* Johnnie Cochran should now feel free to run amok. Bully for Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell if he decides to strangle a few liberals to prove his new GOP bona fides. If autograph seekers pester Hideo Nomo, he has our permission to club them like baby seals. And Stephen Hawking—cowabunga!

Instituting the Cochran standard carries little downside, as most of these rich guys have only one or two or three or four spectacular crimes in them. How likely is it, really, that William Kennedy Smith, now a physician with a special interest in fetal-alcohol syndrome, would get another chance to employ his seduction techniques at one of the family compounds? The old "I'm a Kennedy, you should try it" line has pretty much lost its appeal. And the chance that former U.N. secretary general Kurt Waldheim would join another Nazi unit that commits atrocities in Yugoslavia is near zero, as he's almost 80 and the Yugoslavs want younger, more vigorous soldiers to commit their atrocities. Nor can Lyle and Erik Menendez kill any more of their parents, as they're in jail and, for that matter, orphaned.

And I think we all feel pretty confident that O.J. will be too busy chatting with Larry King, making infotainment deals, and assembling enemies lists to butcher anyone else like a pig in a slaughterhouse. The only ticklish scenario would be if curvy nude model Paula Barbieri makes him really, really mad by, say, disagreeing with him in public, talking to another man in the checkout line, or growing old and wrinkly. And if I were her, I wouldn't. ▬

in concert

Overtures...Bryn's Back...Organ Grinders

Classical Music

Tuesday, October 10

Organ Recital—John Scott, organist at London's St. Paul's Cathedral, performs at the rededication of the church's fire-damaged organ. *Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 East 90th St. (289-3400), at 7:30; $20 for concert and champagne reception.*

Manhattan String Quartet—Playing an all-Shostakovich program. *Hunter College, Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 8; $20.*

Tuncay Yilmaz, Violinist—This young Turk performs Beethoven, Korngold, and Janáček. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$25.*

Thursday, October 12

New York Philharmonic—Pianist Andrei Gavrilov plays Grieg, Rachmaninoff, and Tchaikovsky; Neeme Järvi, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Friday, October 13

New York Philharmonic—See 10/12, at 2.

Juilliard Symphony Orchestra—Opens the season with Carlos Chávez, Hindemith, and Tchaikovsky; Miguel Harth-Bedoya, conductor. *Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; free, but tickets are required.*

Manhattan School of Music Symphony—Performs Petitgirard, Paray, and Debussy; James Paul, conductor. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

Chanticleer—A cappella vocal ensemble performs works by Andrea Gabrieli, Francis Poulenc, and Chen Yi. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

Luna D'Amore—Selections from *The Voyage of the Black Madonna*, in honor of Italian Heritage Month. *The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (924-0077), at 8; $15.*

Saturday, October 14

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs David Diamond and Ernest Bloch; Gerard Schwartz, conductor. *Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); discussion at 6:30, concert at 8; $30.*

Madame Vera Galupe-Borszkh—A spoof tribute to grand-opera divas and their farewell performances. *Hunter College, Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 8; $20–$27.50.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/12.

Sunday, October 15

Bryn Terfel, Bass-Baritone—Makes his Carnegie Hall debut with James Levine and the Met. Orchestra. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$75; sold out.*

Greenwich Village Orchestra—Performing works by von Weber, Sibelius, and Brahms; Alejandro Guzman, conductor. *Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. bet. E. 16th and 17th Sts. (969-0197), at 3; $10.*

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Featuring pianist Christian Zacharias; Armin Jordan, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $25–$45.*

New York Chamber Symphony—See 10/14. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (996-1100); at 5; $30.*

Monday, October 16

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Featuring soprano Felicity Lott; Armin Jordan, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $25–$45.*

Maurizio Pollini, Pianist—Performs the second of his seven-concert Beethoven cycle. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $13–$60.*

François Le Roux, Baritone—Performs vocal works by Gounod, Poulenc, Debussy and Ravel. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Performance

Sea Legs

The Paul Taylor Dance Company takes a bookish turn with the world premiere of *Offenbach Overtures*, inspired by the choreographer's recent fascination with Patrick O'Brian sea novels. "Not that the dance was in any way a visualization of the novels," he clarifies. So don't go expecting full Belle Epoque regalia—naval hats are the only nods to Taylor's reading material. The rest of the two-week City Center season also shows a taste for the classics. Performing hits like *Arden Court*, *Funny Papers*, and *Speaking in Tongues* begs the question: Is this the end of his career? "Every season, I think maybe it is," he says. "You never know with this modern-dance business—if you can call it that—what's going to happen the next day." ALEXANDRA LANGE

Opera

Alice—BAM presents Robert Wilson, Tom Waits, and Paul Schmidt's take on Lewis Carroll's classic. 10/10 to 10/14 at 8. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $25–$75.*

Metropolitan Opera—Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 10/10 at 7:30, 10/14 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 10/11 at 8, 10/14 at 1; Verdi's *Aïda*, 10/12 at 8; Verdi's *Otello*, 10/13 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000), at 7; $23–$137.*

New York City Opera—Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 10/10 at 6:30, 10/13 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 10/11 at 8; Puccini's *Tosca*, 10/14 at 1:30; Puccini's *Turandot*, 10/14 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 10/15 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $17–$78.*

Dance

Paul Taylor Dance Company—World premiere of *Offenbach Overtures* and other classic pieces. 10/10 and 10/15 at 7:30, 10/11 to 10/14 at 8, 10/14 at 2, 10/15 at 3. Through 10/22. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $15–$45.*

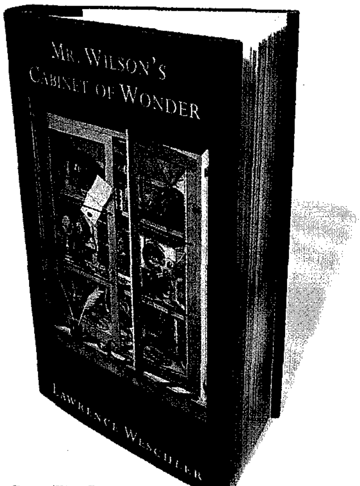
Stephen Koplowitz & Company—An evening of four dance-theater works. 10/11 to 10/13 at 8. *Packer Collegiate Institute Theater, 160 Joralemon St., Brooklyn (718-875-6640); $12.*

Prowess Dancearts Collective—Premiere of the evening-length *Presence*. 10/12 to 10/15 at 8:30. *Danspace Project, St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. and 10th St. (674-8194); $10.*

Death's Door—Cynthia Oliver's piece chronicles one woman's encounters with death. 10/12 to 10/15 at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5829); $12.*

Photograph by Lois Greenfield.

eschler in Wonderland...Rags and Riches



In Print Wonder Worker

"Excuse me," says the narrator 25 pages into *Mr. Wilson's Cabinet of Wonder.* "Um, what kind of place *is* this exactly?" It's the Museum of Jurassic Technology, a humble storefront operation in Los Angeles that deftly mixes the real and the fantastic. Both the curator (Mr. Wilson) and the narrator (*New Yorker* writer Lawrence Weschler) offer a brilliant meditation on human creativity. (Pantheon; $21.)

John Leonard's Television Notes

The Affair (10/14 and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; HBO) is a well-meaning exercise in agitprop with an all-star cast that almost rescues it from predictable self-righteousness. The time is World War II. The place is village England. The problem is black American GIs. African-American Courtney Vance falls in love with curds-and-whey Kerry Fox. Her husband returns from the European front, impotent of course, to discover them flagrante delicto. Vance is court-martialed on a charge of rape. His good ol' boy commanding officer, Ned Beatty, wants him hanged. Nobody will tell the truth, not even Bill Nunn or Leland Gantt, and we do not get a happy ending on television any more than we got one in real life in a segregated U.S. army.

Mad TV (premiering 10/14; 11 P.M. to midnight; Fox) arrives by cassette with one of its segments missing. We are promised a world exclusive of Kato Kaelin "speaking his mind." Be still my Pacemaker. What can be previewed are a comedy skit on a cosmetics countergirl who hates all customers; a satirical sketch on home-shopping for O. J. Simpson China (with a bonus of a juicer full of blood); a "violently heartwarming" dual parody of *Forrest Gump* and *Pulp Fiction,* called *Gump Fiction,* with a genuinely tasteless joke about the JFK assassination ("Aw, I was aiming for Jackie!"); a lame-brained cancer-ward routine; a semi-amusing routine about doing the laundry in outer space, called *Star Trek: Deep Stain Nine* (alien garments, Captain Downy, Clorox II, lots of lint, not to mention *Star Trek* and Hutch); a very funny, almost savage, send-up of McDonald's commercials, featuring the homeless who wake up singing, to forage for their breakfast in a "McDumpster"; plus jokes about masturbation and splattered frogs. What this will do to *Saturday Night Live,* I neither know nor care. I do like Nicole Sullivan.

P. T. Barnum: America's Greatest Showman (Sunday, October 15, and other dates; 8 to 11 P.M.; Discovery) gives the Ken Burns treatment to "The Prince of Humbugs," with wondrous nineteenth-century photographs, archival film footage we've never seen before, and audio recordings new to these ears, anyway, with voice-overs by Maureen Stapleton, Karl Malden, and an inspired Ed Asner. If you read Maureen Howard's wonderful novel *Natural History,* and you should have, you'd already know that Barnum was actually elected mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The Great Kandinsky (10/15; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is what "Masterpiece Theater" has decided to do with itself after a couple of weeks of Edith Wharton—a whimsy with Richard Harris as a master magician, "illusionist," and "escapologist" who brightens his own dotage and that of everybody else in an English old people's home by saving his best trick for last. Without giving this trick away, I'll tell you that Harris must hit the road on a motorbike to track down a submersion secret that will permit him to be dead in the water till he rises (somehow . . . fishy). Harris is past the point of working very hard at anything, but Dorothy Tutin as his sidekick is delightful, Tom Bell and Ian Carmichael carry spears, and you may be reminded of Osborne's *The Entertainer*—without the corrosive pathos and also without, alas, Olivier.

Terror in the Shadows (10/16; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) is one of those prime-time perks for especially popular afternoon-soap stars. They get to run around in a Movie of the Week that's no better, and no worse, than any other M.O.W. about a homicidal mother (Marcy Walker) who has already murdered the first wife and the adopted child of a popular high school teacher (Leigh J. McCloskey) and escapes from her mental hospital to go after wife No. 2 (Genie Francis) and her son by her previous marriage, which menacing involves camping out in the family basement, listening in by ventilation duct, creeping about on the carpeted stairs with an axe, and actually going to work in poor Genie's coffeehouse, where there will be dope in the milk shake and blood in the strudel. If you don't know without my telling you which of these people prepped for prime on *Santa Barbara, General Hospital* and *All My Children,* you'd probably prefer not to.

Radio Highlights

Jewish Short Stories—10/12: "On Account of a Hat," by Sholem Aleichem, read by Peter Riegert; "Bontshe the Silent," by I. L. Peretz, read by Harold Gould; "Gedali," by Isaac Babel, read by Ron Rifkin. At 7 P.M.; WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Symphony Hall—10/10: Mozart's Symphony No. 35 in D, K. 38, *Haffner;* and Verdi's *I Vespri Sicilini*: Act III, Scene 2. 10/11: Shoskovitch's Festive Overture, Opus 96. 10/12: Vaughan Williams's Symphony No. 2, *A London Symphony;* and *Flourish for Glorious John.* 10/13: Carulli's Guitar Concerto in A, Opus 8a; and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5 in E flat, Opus 82. 10/16: Dvořák's Othello Overture, Opus 93; and Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 in c, Opus 67. 10/17: Brahms's *Academic Festival* Overture, Opus 80; and Vaughan Williams's Symphony No. 5 in D. 10/18: Haydn's Trumpet Concerto in E flat and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No.2 in c, Opus 17. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—10/10: Investigative reporter Connie Bruck and her study of Newt Gingrich's power; Margaret Truman on *First Ladies;* Mike Kelly on *Color Lines.* 10/11: (Broadcast live from Barnes & Noble at the Citicorp Building) Kazuo Ishiguro on his latest novel, *The Unconsoled;* Marianne Wiggins on *Eveless Eden.* 10/12: Jim Croce on his novel *Signals of Distress;* Photographer Chester Higgins Jr. on his book *Feeling the Spirit.* 10/13: Al and Larry Ubell, the self-appointed gurus of how-to; Oleg Cassini's on *A Thousand Days of Magic.* 10/16: Fox Butterfield on *All God's Children;* Octavia Butler on her collection of novellas and short stories *Blood Child.* 10/17: Thomas Mallon on his novel *Henry and Clara;* Natalie Robins on *The Girl Who Died Twice,* about the Libby Zion case. 10/18: Julia Phillips on *Driving Under the Affluence;* Evan Thomas on *The Very Best Men.* Every weekday at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

On the Media—10/15 at 2 P.M.: Jeff Greenfield of ABC News is the guest. The two-hour interview and call-in program with host Alex Jones is national now. The series explores issues of a free press through live discussions with journalists, media executives, and media critics. WNYC, 820 AM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—10/14 at 1: Wagner's *Der Fligende Hollander.* With Theo Adam, Anja Silja, Martti Talvela, Ernest Kozub, Gerhard Unger, Annelies Burmeister, and the BBC Chorus. Otto Klemperer

Radio **No one would ever describe Garrison Keillor as a "premier Plymouth Brethren novelist," but people have often called, say, Cynthia Ozick a great Jewish writer; Ozick herself welcomes the label. And this century has seen such a splendid body of work from Jewish writers that a radio program called "Jewish Short Stories" seems long overdue. WFUV has just begun broadcasting such a series, with Leonard Nimoy as the host. Isaac Bashevis Singer (right), Grace Paley, Philip Roth, and Ms. Ozick, too, are among the writers featured (but where's Bernard Malamud?); Lauren Bacall, Jeff Goldblum, Julie Kavner, and Walter Matthau are among the actors who will read the stories. See listings.**

Photographs: top, Steve Wisbauer; bottom, Miriam Berkley/Globe Photos.

The Truth Card

continued from page 33

suffer not just from a distorted morality but from a faulty sense of practical reality as well. Blacks are certainly harmed by racially biased policing around the country, but they also need law-enforcement protection more than any other group. To claim the dysfunction of the criminal-justice system as vindication—the position several African-American participants took in the "Nightline" town meeting last week—is closer to art-film nihilism than a viable program for change.

This message is merely the latest manifestation of Afrocentrism, the shift from ideals of integration to the sour comfort of separatism, from an idea of justice to an idea of power. For African-Americans, it means forsaking a hard struggle that can be won in exchange for one that cannot. If blacks choose to fight for power instead of for justice, the result will be more of what we saw in the November election—white America's assertion of its own vastly greater power, its accelerated withdrawal from the ghetto, and the further demonization of the poor. Republicans have gotten shrewder about racial politics. Instead of putting themselves in the compromised position of playing to prejudice, conservatives have learned to appeal to a color-blind ideal that, after the civil-rights movement evolved toward nationalist assertion, seemed theirs for the taking. Thus conservatives reject affirmative action on the basis of an ideal of social equality; welfare, with the argument that some are "riding in the wagon" instead of helping to push, in Phil Gramm's phrase.

Republicans may find it not worth their while to politick the Simpson verdict. If they attack the extreme views of the O.J. apologists, they may find themselves answering for people in their own party who try to capitalize on prejudice—Pete Wilson, Jesse Helms, Pat Buchanan—not to mention the militia fetishists, the devotees of Pat Robertson's New World Order, the Oklahoma City and Whitewater fantasists. Those who have indulged Representative Helen Chenoweth's nutbag views of Waco and Ruby Ridge cannot now blame anyone for having a lurid imagination.

The Simpson verdict is some of the worst racial news in years. It has demonstrated, to those who still had any doubt, that the era of racial progress has now given way to a fracturing of black and white America into alternate universes. We will not appease this drift by pandering to the claims of identity, relativism, or superstition. We simply cannot ratify the notion that there is a white reality and a black reality. A nation that lives with separate realities is Bosnia, not America. There is no white reality or black reality about Simpson's guilt. There is only the reality of his guilt, and the tragedy of his exculpation. ■

conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Casper Citron—10/14 at 10 P.M.: Director and producer Peter Yates talks with actor Matt Kesslar about his starring role in *The Run of the Country,* an Irish love story. Gerard Schwarz, musical director of the New York Chamber Symphony; Nick Pileggi, author of *Casino,* the story of the underworld's control of Las Vegas. Doug Frantz, author, talks about his book *Friends in High Places: The Rise and Fall of Clark Clifford.* WNYC, 820 AM.

Exhibitions

Paris Modern: The Swedish Ballet 1920–1925—An exhibition devoted to the radical synthesis of poetry, dance, music, and film. This avant-garde dance company was influenced by modern art and predated the idea of performance art. On view will be drawings, costumes, set designs, three-dismensional stage models, posters, and photographs. 10/10–1/13 at the Fashion Institute of Technology's museum, Seventh Ave. at 27th Street. Also, the Dance Critics Association will sponsor a symposium on the Swedish ballet on 10/14, 10–5 P.M.

Events

Arts of Pacific Asia—10/13–10/14: The first of two international special-focus antiques fairs. At Gramercy Park's 26th St. Armory; call 627-4434 for information.

St. Ignatius Loyola Antiques Show—October 13-15: Co-housed by Wallace Hall and the Seventh Regiment Armory, this promises to be an unusually affordable show. Hours are 11 A.M. to 8 P.M. Friday and Saturday, and 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Sunday. Admission is $10. On Thursday evening, there is a benefit preview from 6 to 9; tickets for that are $50 per person. Call 914-677-5040 for further information.

Fifth Avenue Art and Antiques Show—October 11–16: Twenty-five mostly European dealers show their merchandise in a landmark building; call 249-4865 for location and further information.

The Sixteenth Annual Autumn Crafts on Columbus Fair—10/14-15, rain or shine, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., Columbus Ave. from 77th to 81st Sts. (behind the American Museum of Natural History). At least 150 exhibitors will be on hand; admission is free. Call 866-2239 for further information.

Tours

Italian Ellis Island—10/14 at noon: Explore the museum and grounds of the island with a special emphasis on the Italian immigrant experience. The tour includes an exclusive talk on the history of American immigration. $ 15 adults, $13 students and seniors. Call Big Onion Walking tours at 439-1090 for meeting site.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Bejing"—10/14 at 1 P.M. The multi-ethnic eating tour featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. $12 adults, $10 students and seniors. For more information and meeting place call 439-1090.

Gotham Ghost Mobile—Explore the most haunted city in America in time for Halloween—from Central Park to the Battery, from Greenwich Village to the Theater District. Also, see the film sites of famed horror movies. Call 662-5300 for more information and meeting place.

The East Village—10/15 at 1 p.m.: Explore the neighborhood made famous by radicals and immigrants alike. The East Village combines the history of German, Ukrainian, and Jewish immigrants with that of labor activism and the famous Second Ave. Stage. Among the stops: St. Marks-in-the-Bowery, the Labor Lyceum, and the former homes of Albert Gallatin, Peter Stuyvesant, and Emma Goldman. $9 adults, $7 students and seniors. Call 439-1090 for meeting site.

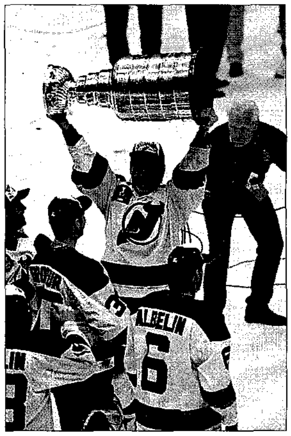
The Written Word

Kazuo Ishiguro and Edna O'Brien—10/10 at 8: Ishiguro reads from his strenuously Kafka-esque new novel, *The Unconsoled,* and O'Brien reads from her novel *House of Splendid Isolation.* 92nd St.Y, at

Talent

Adieu, Lemieux

The New Jersey Devils won the 1994–95 Stanley Cup by their strict adherence to The System—coach Jacques Lemaire's "neutral-zone trap," a strategy that de-emphasizes individual play and stresses cohesive team defense and hard checking. And in the swamp fiefdom of owner John McMullen and G.M. Lou Lamoriello, no one is above a system that has no room for stars. So when right-winger Claude Lemieux (below, holding Stanley Cup), the playoff MVP and one of the greatest clutch players in hockey, challenged the validity of a contract he signed last season, he knew that his career as a Devil was over. The holdout was a bewildering gambit by Lemieux, an almost-desperate attempt to force a trade. "I knew damage would be done the moment I decided to follow that route," he said. "It is the background of John McMullen and Lou . . . that if somebody challenges their authority, he would no longer be with the team." Indeed, it has been Lamoriello's M.O. to get rid of such troublemakers soon after protracted contract-haggling. (Well, at least those he deems expendable; the G.M. worked out a new deal with Martin Brodeur, 23, possibly the best young goaltender in the NHL.) And so, after losing his arbitration hearing, Lemieux was traded last week to the Colorado Avalanche. "It's a business decision," remarked Lamoriello. "It's nothing personal."



And in fact, Lamoriello may be proved right in the end. Even without Lemieux, the Devils won all their preseason games. And with the signings of Brodeur and defenseman Scott Niedermayer, the Devils are a favorite to win the championship again—if they have the discipline to play under The System. John Dioso

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Barry Gifford—10/10 at 7:30: The author of *Wild at Heart* reads from his new novel, *Baby Cat-Face,* at Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave. (737-1450); free.

A Reading of Carl Sandburg's Poetry—10/14 at 7:30: Sandburg had a charmed life and an extraordinary gift for self-promotion (how many poets have addressed Congress *and* had guest appearances on *The Ed Sullivan Show*?), but critical acclaim for his work seemed to die with him. Consider his place in American literary history at this reading at Stowell & Sons Booksellers, 33-18 Broadway, Astoria (718-204-5755); free.

An Afternoon Devoted to Edward Hopper—10/15 at 3: Gail Levin reads from her new Hopper bio, and poets read works inspired by E.H. Posman Books, 1 University Place. (533-2665); free.

Rebecca Goldstein—10/17 at 7:30: Shakespeare & Co., 81st St. and Broadway. (580-7800); free.

An Evening with *Story* Magazine—10/15 at 7 P.M.: Lois Rosenthal introduces; readers are Junot Diaz, Tom Paine, and Sara Powers. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Adrienne Rich—10/17 at 8: The feminist writer appears at the 92nd St.Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10 non-members.

Carlos Fuentes—10/23 at 8: 92nd St. Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10 non-members.

All-Girls Tour—10/20 at 7 P.M.: Heather Lewis reads from *House Rules;* Catherine Bush reads from *Minus Time;* Lynne Tillman reads from *Haunted Houses;* Ann Rower reads from *Armed Response.* This marks the start of the tour that will send these four authors through the major cities of the East Coast and California. Limbo, 47 Ave. A. (741-8500); free.

Lectures and Panels

Espionage—10/12 at 8:30 A.M.: Another of the Random House Literary Breakfasts at Barneys New York (specifically, mad.61). Panelists William Safire, Robert Vaughn, Caspar Weinberger, Robert Harris, and Charles McCarry are the panelists; Harold Evans moderates. 10 E. 61st St. (940-7480); $35.

Grace Mirabella—10/10 at 8: As part of the "About Women Series," Mirabella talks about her years in the women's-magazine industry. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Conversations with Charlie Rose—10/18 at 8: Rose interviews the author of the bestselling *On the Road With Charles Kuralt* and *A Life on the Road.* 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Paul Theroux—10/17 at 8: The renowned travel writer will talk about the places that have informed and inspired his work. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Panacea or Pandora's Box?—10/17 at 7: A colloquy exploring the issues raised by the rise of managed care; a panel will discuss the benefits and drawbacks of the managed-care model of health-care delivery. Ethical Culture Building, 2 West 64th St. (721-6846); $10 members, students and seniors, $20 all others.

Elie Wiesel—10/19 at 8: "The Fascination with Jewish Tales: The Obsession with Learning." 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Anna Deavere Smith and Gloria Steinem—10/22 at 8: 92nd St.Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Cue

Kim France
Editor

Maureen Callahan
Movies

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

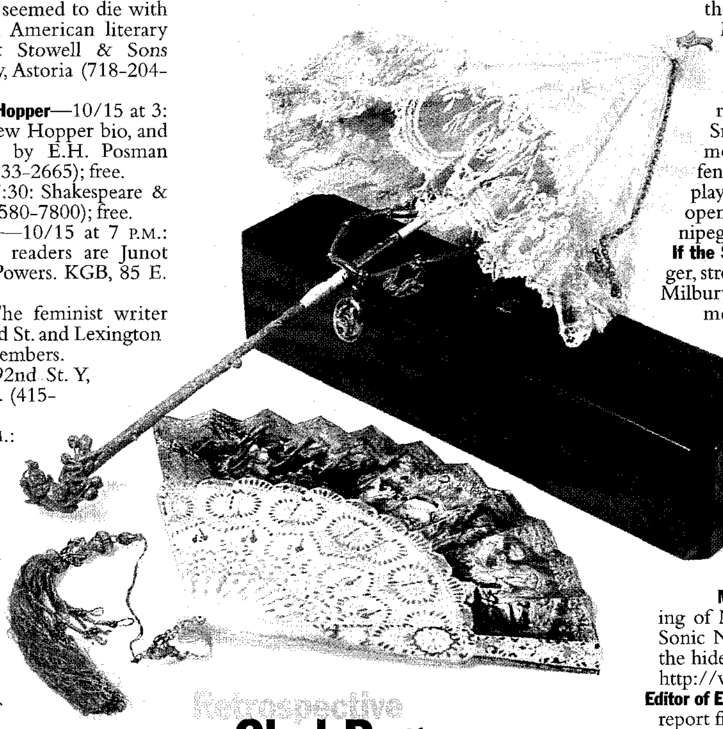
John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret



Photograph courtesy of the Museum of the City of New York.

Retrospective

Glad Rags

One imagines that many of the designs on view at Uncommon Threads: Three Hundred Years of New York Style were as uncomfortable to wear as they are lovely to look at. But worn they were, by both the leisure class (*the* Mrs. Astor) and working girls such as Isadora Duncan. *At the Museum of the City of New York through February 11.*

Benefits

Remembering Edith—10/13 at 6: A benefit auction for the restoration of the nineteenth-century Hudson Valley mansion where Edith Wharton used to summer. The evening will open the Metropolitan's Victorian Decorative Arts show. Tickets for the Wyndclyffe Benefit Auction, reception, and show preview are available at $100 a ticket. Metropolitan Arts and Antiques, 110 W. 19th St. (463-0200).

Sports

World Series or Bust—If the Yanks win their best-of-five series against once-and-future Yankee Lou Piniella's Seattle Mariners, they'll be at the Cleveland-Boston winner Tues. and Wed., 10/10 and 10/11, at 8:07; come home for games three through five (if necessary), Fri.–Sun., 10/13 at 8:07, 10/14 and 10/15 at 7:07. Games six and seven (if necessary) at Cleveland-Boston winner Tues., 10/17, and Wed., 10/18, at 8:07. If the Yankees lose, *Louuuuuuuuuuu.*

Rodney Gets Some Respect (Randall Doesn't)—Sun., 10/15, at 1. The Philadelphia Eagles and their new-look West Coast offense (and their new QB, Rodney Peete) come to Giants Stadium at 1.

Want a New Drug—Jets at Carolina Sun., 10/15, at 4. The expansion Panthers should be just the right prescription for the sickly Jets. But with rookie quarterback Kerry Collins now in the Panthers' starting lineup, this game is not a lock, especially if rookie (Poor) Vance Joseph plays his third game ever at cornerback.

We Don't Need Another Hero—The "most hated man in hockey" is gone; get over it. Winnipeg visits the Devils Thurs., 10/12; Sat., 10/14, at Montreal; Sun., 10/15, at Buffalo.

Fighting Is Back at the Garden—After the beatin' Mess & Co. suffered at the hands of the Legion of Doom in the second round of last year's playoffs, G.M. Neil Smith has brought in some heavyweights, most notably ex-Pittsburgh Penguin defenseman Ulf Samuelsson (a.k.a. the "dirtiest player in hockey"). The Rangers' home opener is Wed., 10/11, at 7:30 against Winnipeg; at Toronto Sat., 10/14, at 7:30.

If the Shoe Hits—The Isles have gone the bigger, stronger route as well, and new coach Mike Milbury plans to mold them in his image. (Remember, this is the Boston Bruin who once went into the Madison Square Garden stands and started beating up a heckler with the man's *own shoe.* So when he says "Screw the Rangers," it's probably from the heart.) Tues., 10/14, at 7:30 at Toronto. At Nassau Coliseum vs. Philadelphia Sat., 10/14, at 7:30.

Online

Mystery Melrose Theater—The weekly roasting of Melrose Place continues online. Head to Sonic Net with your dose of bile to fling about the hideousness that is Brooke. Mondays at 8 P.M. http://www.sonicnet.com

Editor of Electronic Games Magazine—Arnie Katz will report from his plush Vegas pad on the latest news in the world of entertainment hardware, software, and accessories for your computer. On America Online: 10/10 at 9 P.M.

Beyond Death and Dying—An uplifting discussion from *Omni Magazine Online* hosted by Dr Sukie Miller, author of *The Afterdeath: A Transcultural Journey to the Other Side.* On America Online: 10/10 at 10 P.M.

Making Sledgehammers Sing—F. M. Einheit of Einsturzende Neubaten and Caspar Brotzmann of Massaker, those Teutonic terrors of industrial rock who have collaborated on a new album, *Merry Christmas,* will be live in Spinonline's lounge on America Online: 10/11 at 9 P.M.

Arthur Frommer—Get the original Mr.Travel to shed some light on how to pinch some centimes on that long-overdue vacation. He'll be chatting away in America Online's Center Stage: 10/12 at 8 P.M.

Meat Puppets—Phoenix, Arizona, rock trio crack some skulls on Sonic Net: 10/12 at 5 P.M.

Mayflower Madam—Sydney Biddle Barrows keeps us up-to-date on her life as the proud owner of a 900-number service, Just Between Us Girls. (Has she really been rehabilitated?) Chat with the grande dame of prostitution on Prodigy: 10/12 at 9 P.M.

News for cyberguys and -gals:

Meta Media: Digital Fictions—As part of the Fourth New York Video Festival, the American Museum of the Moving Image is sponsoring a presentation of three innovative approaches to visual narrative in the digital domain. Michael Nash of Inscape, John Sanborn of Colossal Pictures, and Rice Dixon of SVA will speak. 10/9 at 7. Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St. (875-5600).

Calling all Cyberkids—Casting for The Real World's online equivalent is under way. Help them kick The Spot's butt. Send a cool jpeg and résumé to http://www.eastvillage.com

Film Forum—Its new Web site, which it plans to fill with lots of au courant info. including movie times. http://www.filmforum.com

Conferences last about one hour. Send comments to runnette@emedia.net

Kids

Landl bers Ho...

Children's Events

This Little Light of Mine—Rangers lead tours of the lighthouse that inspired the classic children's story ***The Little Red Lighthouse and The Great Gray Bridge*** during the fifth-annual fall festival in its honor. Bilingual readings of the book take place all day, along with hayrides, games, and live music. 10/14 from 11 to 4. Rain date 10/15. Meet at the westernmost end of 181st St. for a free ride or short walk to the festival. ●●

Melodious—The first in a series of family concerts at **Carnegie Hall** treats the audience to an afternoon of Debussy (*The Girl With Flaxen Hair* and *Golliwogg's Cakewalk*), Saint-Saens (*The Swan*), Charlie Parker (*Billie's Bounce*), and other delights. The program focuses on learning to pick out the melody and mood, with woodwind instruments taking center stage. Before the concert, African-influenced storytelling by Charlotte Blake Alston will prepare children for rhythmic patterns and lyrical twists. Afterwards, clarinetist Richard Stoltzman and the other musicians will try their best to answer questions from the audience. Recommended for ages seven and up. 10/14 at 2; preconcert events begin at 1. 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $5.●

Folk Throng—John McCutcheon—a man who plays the fiddle, banjo, guitar, autoharp, and dulcimer, and who has recorded and performed folk songs and original material with Seeger, Cash, Paxton, and Guthrie—performs on Long Island this weekend. Hillwood Recital Hall, **Tilles Center for the Performing Arts,** C. W. Post Campus, Long Island University, Route 25A, Brookville (516-299-3100). Reserve. $13.●

Troll Stroll—A day of Norwegian festivities includes the Norway Run (at 9:00 A.M.), a five-kilometer race for families, where kids can see Johan Olav Koss up close—he'll hold the finish tape; a Troll Stroll, for children aged 2 to 12 is at 11. Norwegian stories, horse-drawn buggies pulled by Norwegian fjord horses, and folk-dance classes all begin at 9:30 on the mall at Central Park (adjacent to the 72nd St. Transverse, opposite the Bethesda Fountain.) Entry fees are $12 for races, $4 for the Troll Stroll. 10/14. To register call New York Road Runners Club (860-4455). ●

Talking Heads—WCBS Weatherman Storm Field, WPIX anchorwoman Kaity Tong, and other figures more familiar on the small screen than in real life will lead 45-minute workshops that put children behind the camera and on the air on CMOM-TV broadcasts from the **Children's Museum of Manhattan's** media center. 10/14 and 10/15 10 to 5. Younger kids should visit the "The World of Pooh," a play environment modeled on A. A. Milne's Hundred Acre Wood. Museum hours are Mon., Wed., and Thurs. from 1:30 to 5:30 and Fri., Sat., and Sun. from 10 to 5. (721-1234). General admission $5; $2.50 for seniors; children under 2 admitted free.●

Haunted Hayrides—Take a spooky tractor-drawn journey that ends up at a witch's cauldron where, thank goodness, soothing cider and doughnuts are served. By reservation only. **The New York Botanical Garden,** 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-325-8600). General admission is $11.95; $10.95 for seniors; free for children 3 and under.

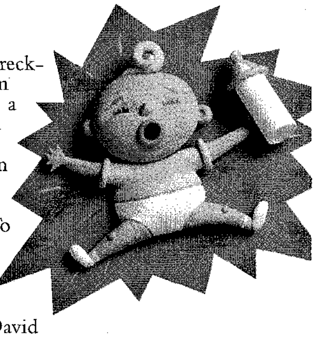
Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Bundling Up—Spend a day out of place and time, at the "Crafts & Tasks" festival at **Van Cortlandt Manor** watching people costumed in eighteenth-century dress demonstrate preparing for winter in times gone by: the candlemaker stocks up, children help break flax, food is prepared over an open hearth, and the blacksmith hammers up cooking implements over hot coals. 10/14 and 10/15 from 10 to 5. S. Riverside Ave., Croton-on-Hudson (914-271 8981). General admission is $8; $6 for seniors; $4 for kids aged 6 to 17.●

Children's Theater—Some productions that may appeal to families around town are: ***Gilbert and Sullivan Delight***, an "opera in brief" for families; on 10/14 at 11 A.M. Amato Opera, 319 Bowery, corner of E. 2nd St. (228-8200). $12. Reserve. ***The Magistrate of the Dead***, a tale of ghosts, narrow escapes, and family loyalty performed by Song Song Song Children's Theater with actors and puppets—with Chinese and English supertitles. The Taipei Theater of the Chinese Information and Culture Center. McGraw-Hill Building , 1221 Ave. of the Americas, between 48th and 49th Sts. (373-1850). General admission $10; $7 for students and seniors. **Morgan, Torgan and Teri**, a musical trio with a vaudeville-inspired show. 10/14 at 1. The Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (877-6115). $7. At **A'Paws!! A'Paws!!**, a benefit for the Delta Society, eight service dogs are celebrated with videos showing their work and prizes. One of the dogs, Partner, helped calm victims of the Oklahoma bombing. 10/15 cocktails at 5:30, show begins at 6:15, followed by supper. 311 West 34th St. (245-6570). $75 for children; $300 for adults; tax-deductible. The dial spins recklessly from outer space to a rodeo, and thence the deep jungle, in ***Radical Radio,*** a musical for families. To 10/15 at Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000). $20. David Raphael Gonzalez brings an imaginary menagerie to life in ***Animals, Animals, Animals.*** 10/14 at 3 P.M. ArtsConnection, 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433). $5.



Broadway Boogie Woogie—"City Rhythms," a family festival celebrates the current "Piet Mondrian: 1872–1944" exhibition, with gallery talks, films, music, entertainment, and a children's art project. 10/15 from 9 to noon. Register. (708-9695). The event is free. **The Museum of Modern Art** 18 W. 54th St. (708-9400). $5 admission includes a free return pass. ●

Break a Leg—Auditions for children aged 8 to 17, to try out for parts in *Flies in the Soup*, an original musical, are being held 10/13 from 4 to 6, 10/14 from 3:30 to 5:30, 10/21 from 3:30 to 5:30, and 10/25 from 4 to 6. It doesn't cost anything to participate, and you need not have experience, but cast members must be willing to commit to rehearsals five days a week. Performances are scheduled 12/22 through 1/28. TADA! Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732).●

Happening

Naval Battle Royal

I hate her with all my heart . . . because she is always bumping into my boat . . . and because her owner is a lazy boy who doesn't understand sailing and who hardly knows a squall from a squid, **E. B. White's mouse-size skipper Stuart Little was told about a rival in a fictitious Central Park model-boat race back in the forties. With toy-size winches and rudders in that very same boat basin routinely controlled by radio from the shoreline, nineties tots were still—until late July—unwelcome interlopers in Central Park's Lilliputian nautical circles. Enter local architect, dad, and former bathtub-boat enthusiast Guy Kohn. Kohn got the idea of renting out model boats last fall, while vacationing in Paris, where children dash picturesquely around the Tuileries Gardens in pursuit of simple wooden sailboats, which are available to rent by the hour. Back in New York, members of the Central Park Model Yacht Club (predictably) opposed Kohn's initial proposal to set up a concession renting two dozen remote-control sailboats to passersby. But a compromise was struck, and Conservatory Sailboat Rentals now rents out one dozen boats, with Saturday mornings set aside for club-only races and regattas. On breezy days, a group of mostly kids watch enthusiastically as 32-inch-long wooden boats, rudders at their command, skid across the water at rakish angles. And occasionally, it's true, a rental boat crashes headlong into a privately owned vessel. Ah, well.** ***The Conservatory Water Pond is immediately north of the 72nd Street entrance to Central Park, off Fifth Avenue. Ten to 7 daily, except Saturdays 2 to 7, weather permitting, until the pond is drained in November. A credit card or driver's license is required as security. $7 an hour.***

BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by Warren Salowe; illustration by Richard McNeel.

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11/20	ISLAND TRAVEL	11/13	11/7
12/4	CHRISTMAS GIFTS	11/27	11/21
12/25	YEAR-END DOUBLE	12/18	12/12

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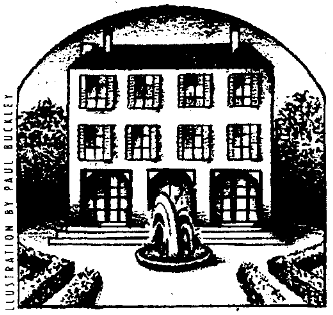
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Ready To Be Committed?—Handsome, successful, exotic ad exec, 42, seeks Madonna/Donna Reed, 30-35, for lasting relationship. Photo a must. 3101 ✉

Beautiful Blond Executive—Late 40s, slim, smart, sexy and fun, seeks successful, accomplished male for unforgettable adventure. 2987 ✉

Beautiful, Slender, Sweet—5'6", 30, highly educated, green-eyed, shoulder-length brunette. Warm, caring, gentle and refined. You're a never-married Jewish male, 5'10" plus, 29-38. 3033 ✉ ☎

Too Busy To Find You—Strikingly attractive female physician, 40, successful, refined, with great sense of humor, seeks thoughtful, sensitive, intelligent, successful, attractive man, 40-55, looking to share in a committed relationship. Photo. 2955 ✉

Class Act—Very successful and attractive, white single male, 35, seeks uninhibited, sensuous woman for sizzling romance and mutual spoiling. Age not important. 3016 ✉ ☎

Spark/Wit, Smart/Fit—Pretty blond lady lawyer/musician, irreverent and kind, curvy and nervy, more intrigued by integrity, brains and warmth than one's wallet. Seeking funny and athletic NYC fellow, mid 30s-40s, to share endless culture, home-cooked meals, Scrabble, beach and Vermont weekends, urban (and other) adventures and joy. 3018 ✉ ☎

Wall Street CEO, Blue-Eyed GQ Type—42, 6', athletic, witty, traveled, emotionally and financially secure. Seeks very bright, feisty, stunning and slender counterpart, late 20s-30s, 5'3" plus, for committed relationship. Photo for reply - will exchange. 3066 ✉

Children/Marriage Oriented—38, Christian, 5'10", blond, blue eyes, slim, athletic build, Irish/German, handsome, soft-spoken, divorced gentleman, traditional Midwestern values. Seeks warm, kind woman, 30-something, family-oriented, attractive figure and similar background. Kids okay. Photo appreciated. 3009 ✉ ☎

Platinum Blond—NYC fashion exec, 38, slim, very pretty (humble), 5'9", crazy for football, blues, blading. Seeks attractive, nice professional guy who is well-traveled with sense of humor. Photo. 3029 ✉ ☎

Someone In My Dreams! Is It You?—Then meet a caring Renaissance man - a CEO of leading corporation, nice-looking, tall, muscular, with passion for life and what I do, 30s, idealistic. Dreams of vibrant lady under 37, 5'6" plus, for joys of love/family. Incurable romantics, send phone/Kodak moment necessary. 3068 ✉

Rare Female Species—Very tall and attractive designer/entrepreneur, accomplished, elegant and athletically inclined, Christian, young 47. Seeking successful, educated, sharing man of integrity and humor, 6'2" plus, 42-55, nonsmoking. Note/photo. 3050 ✉

All-American, Outdoorsy Female—36, would like to meet a nice guy, 36-50ish. Outdoorsy/sportsy a plus. 2845 ✉

Tall, Very Handsome, Warm, Sincere—Divorced Jewish male, successful lawyer, 46 - looks 36, fit, no children, nonsmoker, good sense of humor, enjoys life. Seeks very intelligent, warm, sophisticated, very pretty, fit Jewish woman, 30s, nonsmoker for long-term relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 3074 ✉

Love And Be Loved—Very attentive, passionate and loving man who still believes in love at first sight. 46, 5'9", handsome NYC lawyer with full head of gray hair - believes that communication and passion is the true path to a lasting relationship. Interests include downhill skiing, hiking, tennis, ballet, theater and good food and wine. But what I like most is sitting by my fireplace with someone I love. Three daughters (from two ex-wives) and a cocker spaniel share my life. Still looking for forever. Have lots of love and attention to invest. 3041 ✉ ☎

Highly Accomplished Man Sought—By very pretty female, successful, 5'9", slim, fit, 35, lower Fifth Avenue - enjoys country, fine art and travel. Engaging/stable career and personal life, positive, generous nature and quick wit - seeks same for long run. Note/photo. 3058 ✉

Head-Turning In Every Way—Striking, sultry, Jewish, blue-eyed brunette, 29, slim 5'5" - who is also successful, witty, fun-loving, cultured and family-oriented, with a heart of gold - seeking Jewish male (29-40), who is attractive, sincere, dynamic, successful and marriage-minded, with a great sense of humor. Photo/note, please. 3005 ✉

Woman Of Substance Sought—By attractive, successful, single Jewish man, boyish-looking 36, sentimental, kind, playful, fit and very bright. Diverse interests include theater, foreign languages and locales, opera, jazz and all types of literature. Would love to meet a sweet, attractive, exceptionally bright woman to share culture and kisses, books and sighs. 2985 ✉ ☎

57-Year-Old Jewish Male—Law enforcement executive - seeks attractive woman, 44-55. I'm divorced, no children, financially secure, enjoy traveling, dining out, theater, movies, rides in the country. Have car, will travel! Photo please. 3044 ✉ ☎

Long-Legged, Beautiful Blond—Tall, slim, fit, sexy, passionate, 36, Jewish - seeks handsome, emotionally and physically fit, substantial professional or successful businessman, 5'11" plus, 36-46. Note/photo, please. 3034 ✉ ☎

Looking For You—I am an attractive, athletic and fit professional male, 5'8", 33. Varied interests from rock to classical. Serious relationship desired, yet more immediately desire that special someone for a day of autumn apple-picking and for an afternoon of relaxation and light conversation. Note and photo. 3083 ✉ ☎

Single Dad Seeks Lifetime Love—My motor just hums smoother with someone beside me. I'm 6', 41, handsome, financially secure, Ivy, funny, athletic, active and attentive. Let's make some magic. No smokers. Photo a must. 3642 ✉

Woman Seeking Woman—Who could be on the cover of Vogue, yet more likely to be featured in Forbes, New Yorker or Vanity Fair. You are under 40, as I am, and fit, feminine, independent, at ease in the city, country or at sea. Nonsmokers only. Photo required for response. 3023 ✉

Female JD—30, 5'5", slim, attractive brunette, NYC-phile, with downtown sensibilities, town/country fantasies, seeks professional, 30-something, highly verbal, emotionally together male counterpart for the whole nine yards. Note/photo. 2952 ✉

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STRICTLY PERSONALS
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Tall, Good-Looking, Smoking Lawyer—Single white male, 41, seeks slim, attractive, open-minded woman who wishes an in-depth exploration of her mind, body and soul. 2958 ✉

Marriage-Minded—Jewish dad, financially secure, handsome, 35, 5'8", communicative, compassionate, caring. Loves skiing, dining, dancing, Sunday Times in bed. You are petite, pretty, young at heart, 25-33, seeking to love once or once again. Note/photo/phone. 3012 ✉☎

Very Pretty, Sexy—Funny, sweet, playful, Ivy-educated Jewish woman, late 30s, wants to meet cute, nice guy, 30s-40s, with similar qualities, for a fun, committed relationship and hopefully a future. Photo appreciated. 3091 ✉

Everyone Wants To Know...—Why I'm still single. I am because I still haven't found what I'm looking for. Tired of quantity and not meeting the right quality. I'm taking this chance to find you. The man I look for possesses intelligence, warmth, good looks, is Jewish, highly successful and has great values and appreciation for family life. Someone tall, handsome, with lots of class and up to 42 years of age, is my ideal. I enjoy smarts, sense of humor and a man who loves to be romantic. Finding my match would be complete when, above all, we find that our chemistry fits with honest friendship and the discovery of finding each other as our soul mates. I am 33 years of age and have *everything to offer the right man.* I would love to start a great relationship with someone who, like me, enjoys different interests including traveling, the arts, dining, dancing, working out and enjoying the wonders of life together. Offering beauty both inside and out, great sexy shape, smarts, success, sweetness and a sensational smile. Boy, are you in for a wonderful surprise! Serious inquiries with photo/note/number. 3065 ✉

Cute Jewish Portfolio Manager—35, slim, smart, funny, secure, loving and giving, with a passion for family, movies, theater, sports and laughter, seeks similar in handsome, trim, classy, sharp, highly successful, 32-42, Jewish man with a kind heart, to share the joys of marriage and family for the next 50 years. 3013 ✉☎

Real Nice/Not Rich—Cute guy, 33, articulate, very fit, funny, sincere, employed, unpretentious, undemanding, respectful. Seeks similar, petite woman, 24-42. Queens/LI preferred. Photo. 2961 ✉

Help Me Celebrate Another Year—Will turn 33. Pretty, educated, playful, affectionate, single white female, nonsmoker, trim, warm, generous, empathetic and inquisitive, cultured, seeks adventurous as well as quiet relationship with considerate, fun, honest and demonstrative man, 33-43. 3043 ✉☎

Lady Lawyer, Love Appeal—Shapely blond, 34, 5'8", pleads guilty to one count of attempted perpetual true love with male professional (JD/MD/MBA), Catholic/Christian, nonsmoker. Charged with being smart, sexy, sweet, sincere and impatient. Eagerly awaiting sentence. Mug shot required. 2972 ✉

Look No Further—Down-to-earth, outgoing, pretty, petite, divorced mom, 50, health-conscious, who indulges in the excitement of the city, including theater and concerts - or, more simply, walks in the country... Looking for sincere, handsome, professional, nonsmoking Jewish male, 45-55, for some knee-slapping, toe-tapping fun and friendship. 2951 ✉☎

Striking Brunette—Jewish TV professional, 27, 5'6", fit, fashionable, down-to-earth with traditional values. Likes comedy, animals, tennis and biking. Seeks fun, handsome and successful, single Jewish male, 27-37, with Letterman-like wit. Photo please. 2963 ✉

Yeats, Biking, REM, Paris, Skiing—You? Tall, handsome banker, 34, seeks nice, pretty, cultured lady. 2969 ✉

Life Is Better Than A Dream—With this lovely ballerina-like, softspoken woman. Stylish, 5'5", wears short skirts, is a Francophile. Makes time for three to four vacations a year. Loves the Met and the Frick. This successful interior designer with no children, seeks an energetic, well-organized, 50-60-year-old man with a delightful sense of humor, who enjoys navigating and is looking for that special person to join his loving family. Thoughtful note and photo, please. 3057 ✉☎

Pretty, Elegant, Affluent—Woman seeks doctor/lawyer/CEO, 55-64. 2971 ✉☎

Great Guy—Good-looking, successful, 33, sincere, thoughtful, affectionate, seeks classy, attractive, sensible, slim, 5'1"-5'6", under-30 white female for lasting relationship. Photo appreciated. 3081 ✉☎

I've Given Up My Fireplace—For the convenience of a condo. Now I need someone to keep me warm. Let's enjoy my new beginning together. Petite, pretty, mature, no-nonsense kind of lady, hoping you're a sincere, secure and no-nonsense kind of guy, 60ish, with a sense of humor and an appreciation of life's finer things. *Let's light a spark together.* 2991 ✉☎

Priceless 1958 Classic—Mint condition, mechanically sound, low maintenance, beautiful exterior, good body, garaged in NYC - needs experienced driver who knows his way around some dangerous curves. Prefer Jewish owner, but all serious offers considered. Send note and photo for a test drive. 2989 ✉

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Gay, Very Handsome—Youthful 60, 6', 170 lbs, cultured, romantic, athletic, affluent, successful executive seeks male, 35-49, with similar values, for committed relationship. Photo/phone, please. 2999 ✉

Adventurous Gay Man—Healthy, *energetic, slim, 5'10", teacher - who* enjoys travel, theater, cooking, dancing and having fun - seeks tall, masculine, settled, affectionate, healthy companion, 40s-50s. Photo appreciated. 3084 ✉

Grew Up With Holocaust-Surviving—Parents. Nice-looking Jewish man, divorced, 46, 5'7", 150, fit, sincere, traditional, accomplished, healthy habits - values mutual integrity, communication. Likes music, the outdoors, biking, exploring, arts, film, fun and people. Seeks female, physical and background compatible, as a counterpart, soul mate, partner... who's modest, good-natured, emotionally *healthy. I live in the Midwest. Will only* reply to a legible, detailed, descriptive letter that includes a photo. 2996 ✉

Tall, Sensuous Black Female—40, Ivy-educated, full of life, seeks one special man to cherish, 33-47. Race unimportant. Nonsmoker. Phone/photo. 3086 ✉

Let's Dance—White Christian male, 38, 6'1", 175 lbs, educated, nonsmoker, never did drugs, computer manager, Republican. Enjoy dance, martial arts, beach, jazz, NYC. I seeks a thoughtful, optimistic woman. Over 5'4" with bright eyes. 3096 ✉

Very Pretty, Very Fit—Jewish woman, *living in Manhattan, involved in own* business and music, seeks attractive man, 48-60, self-employed, for fun, friendship and romance. 2979 ✉☎

Heads Up—Attractive, active, professional Jewish female, 35, seeks kind, intelligent, traditional Jewish male. Must be sane, funny, fit, for lasting relationship. 2966 ✉

Wanted: Renaissance Man—40-year-old, attractive, intelligent NJ woman, who's spent time achieving a successful career and PhD, seeks a tall professional guy to share interests in jazz, tennis, art and travel. 2978 ✉

Professional Woman—*5'6 1/2", fun per*son... Seeks similar male - mature, loves dancing, casinos, theater, 48 plus. 3015 ✉☎

Let's Go For A Test Drive—Tall, slim, nonsmoking professional, 30s, seeks exotic female. Tempt me with your slender, spirited, feminine charms and I will shower you with romance, tenderness and devotion. Let's prowl the city in search of adventure, passion, life. 3093 ✉

Hi There - How Ya' Doin?—I look forward to meeting you. Until then, here are some "whos" and "whats". I'm 30 years old and a native Manhattanite. I'm in very good shape (weights, cycling, that sort of thing). I love Coltrane and sushi, and paradise to me is the Berkshires. I'm Jewish, but you don't have to be. And I cherish self-awareness. If you're a healthy and happy female, let's meet. Photo and phone number please. 3078 ✉

Shapely, Sexy Doctor—32, 5'6", warm, funny, sharp - seeks successful, educated, commitment-minded man. Photo. 3060 ✉

Attorney - Handsome, Successful—Fort Lee, NJ, divorced white male, 44, 6', classy, sincere, romantic, generous. Enjoys travel, dining out, films and music. In *search of beautiful, intelligent, caring, classy, passionate white female, 25-36,* for long-term relationship. (201), (212) or (914). Note/phone/photo. 2956 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Slim—36, Jewish professional who is athletic, fit, has varied interests and is fun to be with, would like to meet an intelligent, sincere professional male, 36-45, for a lasting relationship. Note/photo. 3022 ✉☎

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Strictly Personals

Handsome, Athletic, Sexy MD—40 (looks 30), Jewish, renowned, with passion for skiing, scuba, cuisine and travel...seeks my stunning, sensual counterpart, 26-36, confident enough to know that she deserves her equal. Photo a must. 2970 ✉

Very Pretty Attorney—Petite with great smile, seeks Jewish male, 35-45, for fairy-tale ending. 3037 ✉☎

Harrison Ford Looks—Divorced, Jewish, white male, handsome, physical educator, mid 40s, 6'1", 195 - seeking an attractive, health-minded female, 35-42, who wants to find true romance. Photo. 3045 ✉☎

Sensitive, Good-Looking Indian Male—32, MBA, banker, seeks attractive professional female, 26-29, nonsmoker, never married, for fun and lasting relationship. Note/phone/photo a must. 2977 ✉

Reliable—Handsome, wry, down-to-earth - Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit 49, 5'11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves books, nature, music, good talk. Seeks warm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 30s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching good looks and heart, for just the very real thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters), please. 3063✉

Real Man/Golden Heart—Young, dynamic, successful, honest, white, Christian, gentle, kind, giving, good listener, one-woman man with eclectic interests. Looking for committed relationship leading to marriage and an eternity of real love and fun - looking for young lady with similar attributes/objectives. 3052 ✉☎

Are You An Exceptional Jewish Man? If so, a unique girl awaits. I'm a pretty, sweet, classy Wall Streeter - early 30s, 5'5", slim, bright and fun. You're a smart, educated, fit, successful professional with humor and integrity. Will enjoy nights on the town, cuddling at home, travel and married life. Note/phone. 3024 ✉☎

Different? Not Much Outwardly—But in the way I look at the world... Otherwise, sensible writer, 6'2", slim, fit, appear early 40s (48), no entanglements. Seek to be entangled with smart, tall, nonsmoking woman with good voice - and liking to talk. NYC or elsewhere. 2995 ✉☎

Divorced White Male—44 - look 38, 5'10", 170 lbs, athletic, professional, well-educated. I've been described as kind, generous, trustworthy, sincere, romantic, good sense of humor, handsome and loving. Interested in NYC, MMA, cats, zoo, working out, diners, walks, movies, music, travel. No drugs. Looking for similar in a younger, attractive woman. 3067 ✉

Self-Made New York Surfer Type—Sexy white man, 31, seeks a passionate NYC romance in the city's finest restaurants, with a voluptuous, compassionate woman, 35-45. Photo/note please. 3011 ✉

Single Professional Female—Sexy, 5'2", very attractive, long spiral-curled blond with a great figure, looking for a considerate, sharing, spiritual male, 46-56, professional, who likes the finer things in life. Photo, please. 2983 ✉☎

Attractive, Professional Asian Lady—42, looking for lasting relationship with stable man, 45-58. Enjoy dining out, movies, ballet, opera and travel. 3053 ✉

Solid Citizen—Sensible, reliable guy, 39, Ivy MBA, successful in own business, 5'11", muscular, wry, happy, bald. Likes to ski, think, read, converse. Seeks literate woman: lively, educated, slender, under 35. Note/photo, please. 2976 ✉

If You Are A Writer, Artist, Musician—Are passionate about the arts, male, over 63, considerate, stable, solvent... this petite, slim, attractive, empathic fiction writer/psychotherapist would like to meet you. 3042 ✉

Tot Seeks Dad/Sib—Mom: gorgeous, fit, loving Jewish PhD, 42/5'6"/125. You: successful equal. POB 8075, NYC 10150

Passionate, Sensuous Jazz Lady—Seeks tall male, 40s. This femininely funky woman is looking to share her appreciation of Billie, Monk and Miles. Race, religion unimportant. An offbeat sense of humor is a plus - but you must be on the beat and upbeat. 3072 ✉

It's No Fun Going Alone—To the movies, theater, museums. I'd much rather share these activities and more - with a warmhearted, intelligent, single Jewish male, 48-58. I'm a very nice-looking Jewish female, 52. I'm a nonsmoker and I live in lower Manhattan. 3021 ✉

Weekend Dad—51, interests include reading, travel, theater, movies, hiking, skiing, swimming. Looking to form a committed relationship with an attractive, intelligent, adventurous woman, 30s-40s. Note/photo. 3047 ✉

Distinguished, Successful Exec—Tall, attractive, 58, 185 lbs, divorced Wasp, well-educated and traveled, emotionally stable guy with honest values. Seeks equally class act - refined, chic, attractive, slim female, 40-55, for mutually rewarding relationship. Westchester/CT preferred. Note/photo please. 3002 ✉

New Patterns, New Beginnings—New life, new partner - for frankly fabulous female, looks, brains, class, late 50s. 3036 ✉☎

Town-And-Country Kind Of Guy—Mid 30s, 5'8", slim, trim, secure and, of course, handsome. A true romantic, caring and sensitive, have a good sense of humor. Enjoy snow skiing, boating, antique collecting. I have a passion for music, art and travel. Looking for attractive, intelligent female, 20s-early 30s, of similar interests, to help me plant a garden full of flowers and love at my home in the country. Hurry - while my heart is still full of love, laughter and romance, and before I get set in my ways. Note and photo. 3032 ✉

Special—Come fly my airline, and I'll make your dreams come true. Slim Jewish gal, 53, seeks special man. 2959 ✉☎

Committed Idealist—45, male - Legal Aid appellate criminal defense lawyer, resolutely progressive, idealistic and uncynical, Star Trek fan, Ivy educated, socially inexperienced. Would like to meet professional woman for lasting and fulfilling relationship. Photo/note/phone. 3038 ✉

Great-Looking, Vibrant Woman—Tall, fit, 50s, love my work. Looking to share adventure, travel, humor, theater, outdoors, ideas and affection with kind, prosperous, cultured, enthusiastic man, interested in the spiritual as well as the material. Photo/note, please. 3085 ✉

Petite, Thin Jewish Female—40s, loves film, theater, golf and travel. Seeks male counterpart. 2980 ✉☎

I Sleep Naked—Just kidding...But now I have your attention! Good-looking, fit, educated but down-to-earth professional female, 30, seeks same in personable, honest nonsmoking male, 28-35. Photo/note, please. 3027 ✉

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New York Magazine's Recipe for a great Strictly Personals PARTY

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THROW THE PARTY IN A BIG BEAUTIFUL SPACE:

THE COPA

Serve fabulous food and lots of it: 2 food Stations.

Keep it moving and fun: Great DJ gets the crowd dancing & romancing.

Make an offer that is hard to refuse: You'll have to be there to find out!

PARTY DATE: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.

Mail check or money order by November 3 to:

New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3668

party! - party!

Ranger Fan—Seeks company for hockey season and remaining seasons of the year. Very attractive, fit, 5'8", Jewish woman, 39, who likes bicycling, travel and the arts, looking for a terrific guy to share life's treasures. Note/photo? 2984 ✉

Handsome Art Dealer—35, 5'10", thin, funny, curious, eager to meet pretty, classy, chic Jewish girl, 20-35. No black wardrobes. Humor, style, grace, good looks a must. 3059 ✉☎

I've Been Told—I resemble Goldie Hawn - although I'm not sure I agree. But I too am blond and animated. Jewish, 36, 5'7", professional, with green eyes - may very well turn out to be your star attraction. Guys: please be 35-42. Bio/photo. 3008 ✉

Transplanted Martian—Looking for Venus, love goddess, to enjoy all pleasurely earthly experiences during our stay on this planet. While on Earth, I have taken the form of a vibrant Jewish MD with reasonable intellect and above-average physical attributes. Most compatible with a woman, age 30-35, who is emotionally secure, independent and somewhat feisty, with a keen interest in establishing an interplanetary union and family second to none in this galaxy. Photo a must. 3089 ✉

Pretty Hair Model, Psychologist—With passion for dancing, sports (Jewish, 30s), seeks a handsome, athletic, sensual Jewish man (28-40). Photo/note/phone. 2997✉☎

Handsome Judge—Athletic, intellectual, artistic, seeks pretty, slim Jewish professional, 35-45, with similar interests. Photo a must. 3051 ✉

Should Have Been A Cowgirl—Instead of a desk jockey. This lean 5'3", contemplative, pretty, (212), athletic, adventurous, non-PC lawyer with simple needs/complex mind, who is also at home with her full range, would be delighted to hear from a like-minded man, 50-60. 3073 ✉

Class, Charm And Charisma—Pretty, slim, intelligent Jewish professional with upbeat, positive attitude, seeks dynamic, fun-loving, humorous man, late 50s-early 60s. 2932 ✉☎

Not Your Typical Upper East Sider—I'm a young 39, 5'11", fit and trim, handsome Jewish male - open-minded, emotionally and financially secure, world traveler with a quirky sense of humor. I love to collect art, enjoy most cultural events, movies, novels and country excursions. You are a slim/trim, intelligent, pretty woman interested in the real thing. 2992 ✉

New!—Very handsome, fit, sensitive male, low 30s, 6', highly successful/educated, seeks sweet, beautiful Jewish female (23-31) for lasting relationship. Photo? 3071✉

Single White Physician—Slim and attractive, raised in France, 27 years old, 5'9" - looking to meet 25-30-year-old, fun-loving, athletic, outdoorsy, pretty, single white professional female, for companionship and possible long-lasting relationship. I love NYC activities, movies, skiing, mountain biking and rollerblading. Phone/note/photo, please. 3007 ✉

Blond With Perfect Pitch—Pretty, slim, savvy, well-traveled lady seeks cultured, handsome man, 45-59, who prefers Bach to rock. Photo/phone. 3026✉

Come Travel The World With Me—Treat me special and you'll be the center of this beautiful, tall, creative, financially secure writer/producer's life. Me: 40-something, enjoy the arts, skiing, outdoor activities. You: 46-62, fit, creative, good communicator, active, and know there's more to life than work. Photo. 3088 ✉☎

In Search Of Mr. Wonderful—Very pretty, warmhearted lady, 24, in search of one very successful, financially secure, witty gentleman to share the finer things in life. Photo/note/phone. 2953 ✉☎

Fabulously Beautiful—Financially secure, well-educated, 35-year-old, single white female, can't believe she's doing this! Is looking for male counterpart to share the comedy. Sarcasm appreciated and encouraged. No whiners, no frogs. Skiers given special consideration. Photo. 3000 ✉

Step Into The Light—Healer of body and soul seeks man of wit and compassion, 40-55, for pleasure and a transformation. 3080 ✉☎

Clark Seeks Lois—Attractive and athletic Jewish JD, male, 32, 5'10", with great sense of humor, seeks sexy, single Jewish female with vivacious personality, for friendship, laughter, love and more. Note/photo. 3064 ✉

Lunchtime Lady Writer—Photographer, 36, loves to travel, runs small cash-cow business, seeks sexy mate. Note/photo. 2994 ✉☎

Seeking Marriage-Minded Male—Age 31-38, who does not smoke, does not ski, has never been married...but knows how to enjoy life and enjoys Italian culture. Photo a must. 3025 ✉

Pretty, Athletic Woman—Loves skiing, tennis, cooking, flying, good conversation and the arts. Looking for caring man with sense of humor and adventure, 40-48, over 5'9", nonsmoker. Photo/note. 2967✉

Deep Soul And Easy On The Eye—Strong, tenderhearted woman, 42, nonsmoker, refined, fun-loving, adventurous, successful, shapely and fit, seeks peer for companionship, friendship, fun and genuine intimacy. Some of my interests are art, astrology, travel and exploring NYC's cultural banquet. E-mail to: ewcoss@aol.com. Or: 3031✉☎

Well-Turned-Out Lady—40s, over the top in looks, penchant for romance, designs on friendship, weakness for a tender heart, hanker for long walks and quiet talks, refreshed with humor and Mad About You - funny and fit, influential and insatiable, secure and substantive. Note and phone. 3035 ✉☎

25-Year-Old, Handsome, Intellectual—Athletic business exec - seeks woman, 20-30, who likes a good run as well as a good book. Photo please. 3019 ✉

Crazy For You—Romantic man looking for best friend to share a lifetime of love and happiness. I'm 40, 6', 175, affectionate, cute, fun-loving, stable, athletic, healthy life style. Love beach, sports, running, laughing and much more. Please, photo a must for reply. 3039 ✉

You Won't Be Disappointed—Extremely pretty, 34, MBA, slim, 5'6", successful, very athletic, Catholic (you needn't be), looking for serious relationship with tall male counterpart, who must possess similar qualities. Photo necessary. 2960 ✉

What's Not To Like?—Jewish male, 38, 6', fit, fun, handsome attorney, full of potential - seeks happiness. 3095 ✉

Huggable—Gay woman, almost 35, very successful entrepreneur, highly energetic and playful (sports too), spiritual, honest, funny, full and diverse life, attractive, wonderful laugh, 5'4", with brown eyes, great smile, looking for like-minded soul for friendship and whatever unfolds... Photo/note. 3055 ✉

Asian Woman Desired—Attractive, well-educated, with interests in the arts and music, 28-38 - by 52-year-old MD who is down-to-earth, warm and sensitive, a lover of the arts and travel. Photo/letter/phone, please. 3048 ✉

Svelte, Long-Legged—Long blond tresses, long on compassion and concern for others... Actress/TV personality searches for professional man, 45-55, to care for, share and dote on. 2982 ✉☎

Single Asian Male—Mid 30s, 5'6"... short but strong in body and mind, lawyer, handsome, great personality. Seeks a white female (Christian or Catholic) for lasting relationship. Photo appreciated. 2968 ✉

Truly Beautiful—30-plus, Orthodox Jewish woman of depth, spirituality, sensitivity, talent and zest for life, seeks soul mate. 3003 ✉

Of Sound Body And Soul—Attractive, bright Jewish female, 30, traditional and adventurous, with weakness for good conversation, seeks caring, smart Jewish male - her match. 2965 ✉

The Woman Of Your Dreams—Is a very attractive, bright, sexy, affectionate, 5'6", trim, (212) Jewish female with a zest for life... And if you're a sincere, intelligent, attractive, secure, 44-54 man with a sense of humor, who enjoys the city, then it's time for us to meet. Photo/phone/note. 3070 ✉☎

Attractive, Successful—Young 46-year-old, divorced Jewish female PhD, who lives near the Jersey shore, into family, friends, fitness, cinema, dining out, travel, professional pursuits - seeking communicative, 42-54-year-old, slim nonsmoking male with similar interests. 3075 ✉☎

Where Are You?—If you are a kind, pretty, gentle and intelligent woman, interested in marriage and children, this male attorney, 47, 6'2", smoker, loving and smart, with varied interests, would like your assistance in ending his singlehood permanently. Note/photo. 3049 ✉

Hi!—I'm a funny, intelligent and warm, 36-year-old, successful Manhattan doctor, 5'6", Jewish, good-looking and in great shape. I would like to meet a quality lady who is pretty, fun, intelligent, cuddly, moral and definitely thin. Full photo a must; I will reciprocate. 3079 ✉

Upper West Side Story—Easygoing, funny, very fit and attractive Manhattan male, 33, seeking bright, warm, playful Jewish woman with sense of humor, wide-ranging curiosity, genuine good heart. Favorite pastimes and places include Central Park, all kinds of movies and theater, browsing in bookstores, outdoor cafes, piano bars, good conversation. Photo please. 3020 ✉

Extremely Handsome, 6', All Muscle—Ivy grad, dark hair, blue eyes, Jewish, 34, seeks refined, sweet lady. 3087 ✉☎

Heart Of Gold—Easygoing, simple, brown eyes, brown hair, single mom, 36, warm, kind, loyal, sweet, sensitive, very affectionate, seeks same in a man, 35-42, for a good, stable relationship. Note/photo. 2863 ✉

RN—Beautiful blond, slim, sexy, seeks handsome professional man, 30s-40s, for friendship and more. Photo. 3030 ✉

Friends First—Then who knows? This successful MBA, 48, 6', single man, adventurous, seeks interesting Christian lady, nonsmoker, who's savvy, trim and family-inclined. Note/photo. 3069 ✉

Attorney, 48—Born with the proverbial gift of laughter and the sense that the world is mad, seeks female kindred spirit with a sense of whimsy, a hint of mystery and a touch of the sentimental. 2895 ✉

Uncle To 11 Nieces—Now that's unique! 32, very handsome, smart and reliable, 6'. Are you pretty, playful and 27-37? 3046 ✉

I'm Looking For That One Lady—For a committed, serious relationship, who is cute, perky and sassy, and has a zest for life. I'm a handsome Jewish entrepreneur, 44, who enjoys a life style from simple dining to White House dinners and everything in between. I'm athletic, so please be also. Have a great sense of humor, for I do. Photo please. 3028 ✉☎

Ms. Right, Where Are You?—I love good movies, great books, rock 'n' roll, liberals, hippies, romantics, Nantucket, NYC and smart women. I'm 33, 5'11", Jewish, smart and attractive. 2993 ✉

Extremely Appealing Woman Seeks—Young-spirited man. Are you an accomplished, energetic, good-humored, warm and loving, available 50-something man, looking for a very attractive, slender, intelligent, witty and sophisticated counterpart? I'm open for a mutually enjoyable friendship, but am ultimately seeking a long-term, monogamous mate. Nonsmoker, healthy body and mind a requisite. Please send likeness and note; I'll reply with same. 2981 ✉

Wanted, Dead Or Alive:—Mosey down to the corral to meet this redhead stunner - Angie Dickenson lookalike with a great personality and no baggage. Be fit, witty and fun! 48-65. Note and photo please, or no response. 2998 ✉

Sparkling Beauty—Of most cultured background, returning to NY from abroad and seeking 60ish, professional Christian gentleman of style and substance. Letter and photo a must. 2928 ✉

My Daddy's The Bestest—I'm only 3 and already my dad is my best friend. He is 35, 5'10", 180 lbs, Jewish, lives in NJ, self-employed in Midtown, emotionally and financially secure, in good shape, loves the beach, working out, travel, dining out and most of all, making me happy. Now I want to find someone special to be with him when I can't. She must love kids, be marriage-minded, compassionate, passionate, nonsmoking, in good shape and looking to settle down. If you think you're that someone special please send note with recent photo. Good with crayons a plus. 3094 ✉

Handsome White Professional—Dark-haired, green-eyed, single Catholic male, mature, 28, 5'7", seeks woman, 26-34, who is kind, attractive, petite and career-minded - someone with a strong sense of who they are and where they are going. Emotional baggage okay - provided it fits under the seat in front of you, or in the overhead compartment! Note/photo. 3077 ✉

California Bred - Ivy Ed—Blue-eyed PhD, well-traveled, fit man, 40s, seeks graceful, simpatico woman, 30s, who appreciates the unpredictable. Phone/photo. 3076 ✉☎

Attractive, Mature, Lively—Professional female who enjoys music, travel, theater, interested in sharing future with a 40-plus male companion. 3082 ✉☎

Gay Woman Professional—Attractive, fun, energetic - loves movies, food, travel, the arts. Seeks good-looking, smart, energetic 45-60-year-old, cultured charmer. 3006 ✉

In Search For That Special Woman—Who is sincere, slender, sophisticated, successful, confident, very attractive. I'm a divorced white male, 5'11", 175 lbs, successful professional, early 50s, young in looks, heart, mind, who enjoys life, outdoors, the arts, travel, fine conversations and restaurants. If you're seeking a special partner to share life and all its amenities, please send note/phone/photo. 3040 ✉

You Won't Be Sorry!—NYC and Boca, FL homes. Lady with beauty, brains and breeding. Warm, fun, cultured and elegant. Seeks quality man, Jewish, 55-65, financially/emotionally secure. 3010 ✉☎

Honest, Handsome And Funny Guy—Wants an honest, attractive, personable gal, 30-40. Let's start with date, with hope of much more. Photo/note. 3014 ✉

Sassy, Brown-Eyed Female—30s, writer, seeks man, 33-47, smart, funny, for enjoying fall, maybe more. 3090 ✉☎

Truly Beautiful Academic—Loves old movies, country walks, affection, Mozart and Clapton, autumn, friends, books, laughter. Seeks warm, passionate, articulate, funny, social, secure man, 40-50, for sharing keen intelligence, mindless frolic, great life. Photo/note, please. 2962 ✉

Friends Forever—Very attractive, curvaceous, petite Jewish woman (44), sweet and affectionate, seeks passionate, introspective mate. 3056 ✉

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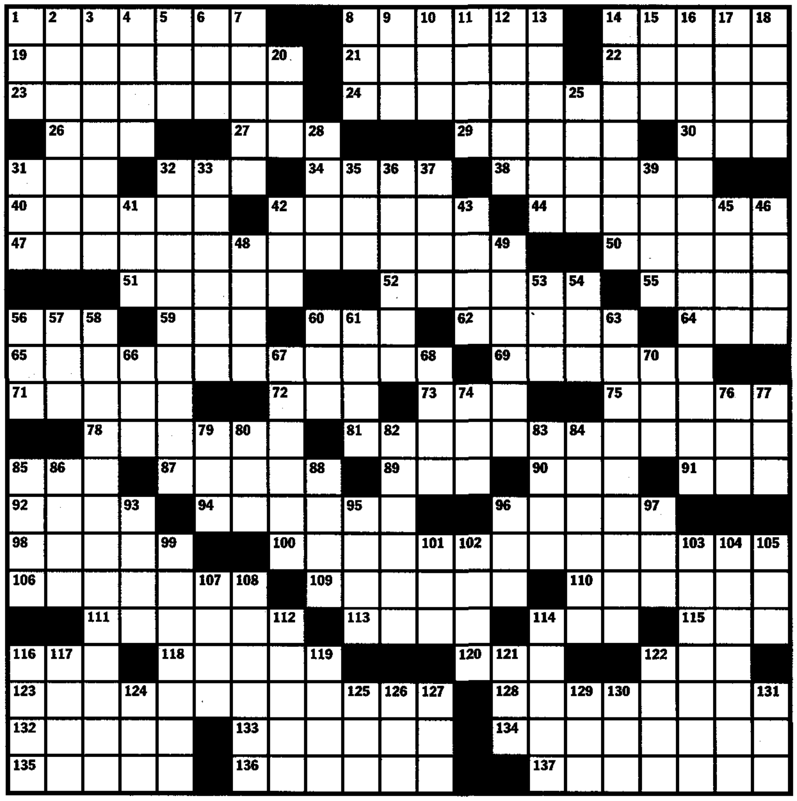
'Who Owns What': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Pessimistic, as an investor
8 Snake-charmers' pets
14 Birthday eats
19 Lens maker
21 Sidonia's fleet
22 Pal for Pedro
23 Owner of Paper Mate pens
24 Owner of Family Circle magazine
26 Guy's date
27 Corn core
29 Bridges
30 Sis's contemporary
31 Make a gaffe
32 ——-di-dah
34 Arabian sultanate
38 "When —— was opened . . ."
40 "Lohengrin" composer
42 Desdemona's maid
44 Owner of Tropicana
47 Owner of Pall Mall cigarettes
50 "Bonfire of the Vanities" author
51 Had a migraine
52 Edit
55 O'Neal of "Love Story"
56 Scottish resort
59 For all time: poetic
60 Co-star of 55-Across
62 Type of sailboat
64 Word with Magnon
65 Owner of Dean Witter
69 Cause dismay
71 Without illumination
72 "My Sister" of TV
73 Asian land, to ex-G.I.'s
75 Furlough
78 Picturesque
81 Owner of Maxwell House
85 Fido's doc
87 Rolling in francs
89 Actress Hagen
90 Skip town
91 Krazy ——
92 In tiers
94 "—— Girl in My Soup"
96 Greek architecture style
98 Tiniest portion
100 Owner of Newsweek
106 Owner of Pizza Hut
109 Hi-fi setup
110 Perches
111 Outcome
113 Dammed German river
114 Sigmoid shape
115 Helpful hint
116 Bern's river
118 Biblical city of sin
120 Joe DiMaggio's brother
122 Need a doctor
123 Owner of Clairol
128 Owner of Minute Maid
132 Dugout
133 Winter-hat flap
134 Surprised suddenly
135 Philatelist's item
136 Make it ——! (hurry!)
137 Utensils on pencils

DOWN

1 Cranberry source
2 Witty saying
3 Kind of delegate
4 Junior brook
5 Surface for Hamill
6 Grab a chair
7 Incubate
8 "No —— do"
9 Pay dirt
10 Mercedes-Benz rival
11 Sun emanations
12 Take into the family
13 Vaughan and Caldwell
14 Dupe
15 "What Kind of Fool ——?"
16 Owner of Huggies
17 "The Rome of Hungary"
18 No great shakes
20 Late-mode: prefix
25 Place for a banjo, in a song
28 B-17 drop
31 Oahu district
32 London Square
33 Bowman
35 Russian space station
36 Visigoth king
37 Supreme Court number
39 Frankenstein's flunky
41 New Deal abbr.
42 Finale
43 Tries for a total
45 At a distance
46 "Ask —— questions . . ."
48 Before space or dynamics
49 Deli buy
53 One of the fuzz
54 Spinning toy
56 Coll. at Tempe
57 Craving
58 Owner of Beech-Nut baby food
60 Lawyers' org.
61 Cube of sugar
63 Certain horses
66 Ocasek of rock
67 Abstain from
68 Purl's reverse
70 Gaelic sea god
74 Carte start
76 By way of
77 Part of i.e.
79 ——-picking (petty criticism)
80 I, in Eisenach
82 Quieted
83 Story line
84 Landed estates
85 Theda Bara image
86 Weird-sounding lake
88 Eventful periods
93 Stray strand of hair
95 Borgia in-law
96 "My turn!"
97 Bos'n's shipmate
99 Wrong move
101 Dubliner's home: abbr.
102 Wimp
103 Small opening, as a pore
104 Meara's partner
105 Cookbook abbr.
107 Half a child's train
108 Lots and lots
112 "Man's inhumanity ——": Burns
114 Ham it up
116 Primer lessons
117 What the suspicious smell
119 Breckinridge of fiction
121 Where lts. train
122 Behaves
124 Kompong ——, Cambodia
125 Cockney's SOS
126 Snoop Doggy Dogg genre
127 Double agent
129 One for the road
130 Coach Parseghian
131 Media plugs



Solutions to last week's puzzles

P	E	L	E	■	M	A	M	E	T	■	S	T	A	B	L	E	■	L	Y	E
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V	E	T	S	■	M	A	Y	O	R	D	I	N	K	I	N	S	■	O	A	R
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Z	E	N	■	O	N	E	I	N	A	■	L	I	V	I	A	■	D	O	G	E
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■	■	■	P	H	I	L	A	T	E	L	I	S	T	■

The *Sunday Times* of London has withdrawn its crossword from *New York*. But don't despair, puzzle fans: Watch this space for fun to come.

Assortments

Le Zinc
FRIDAY, OCT 20, 6-10pm
Thirty-Something Group
For Info: *212-535-2400*

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"Camp Starlight Fair & True"...
If you sang this song during summers spent in scenic Starlight, PA during the '60s & '70s, we (Valerie Garten & Susan Weiner) would like to know where to send your reunion invitation! Please send current address to: 2988 ✉

Single Booklovers - A nat'l group getting unattached people together since 1970. Box 117, Gradyville, PA. **610-358-5049**

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, University of Chicago, Northwestern, meet alumni and academics. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**

QUEST JEWISH SINGLES PARTY SAT, OCT 14: REMINISCE, 7:30PM, 334 E 73rd St (1st & 2nd) **212-213-0508**

AFTER-WORK SOIREE! Wed., 10/18, 6:30 D Lounge, the legendary Hotel Delmonico, 59th/Park. Piano, 1 hr open bar, hors d'oeuvres. $30. **L.E.A.F. 212 779-0642**

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party! party!

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Use time-tested ingredients that make a great time!

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FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3668

party! - party!

SCREENWRITERS

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SCREENWRITING EVENT OF 1995
OCTOBER 20, 21 & 22, 1995 LOS ANGELES • NOVEMBER 4 & 5, 1995 NEW YORK CITY

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DON ROOS *(BOYS ON THE SIDE, SINGLE WHITE FEMALE)*
TED TALLY *(SILENCE OF THE LAMBS, THE JUROR)*
AMY HECKERLING *(CLUELESS, FAST TIMES AT RICHMONT)*
MICHAEL FRANCE *(GOLDENEYE, CLIFFHANGER)*
PRESTON WHITMORE *(THE WALKING DEAD, FLED)*
BRIAN LEVANT *(FLINTSTONES, BEETHOVEN)*
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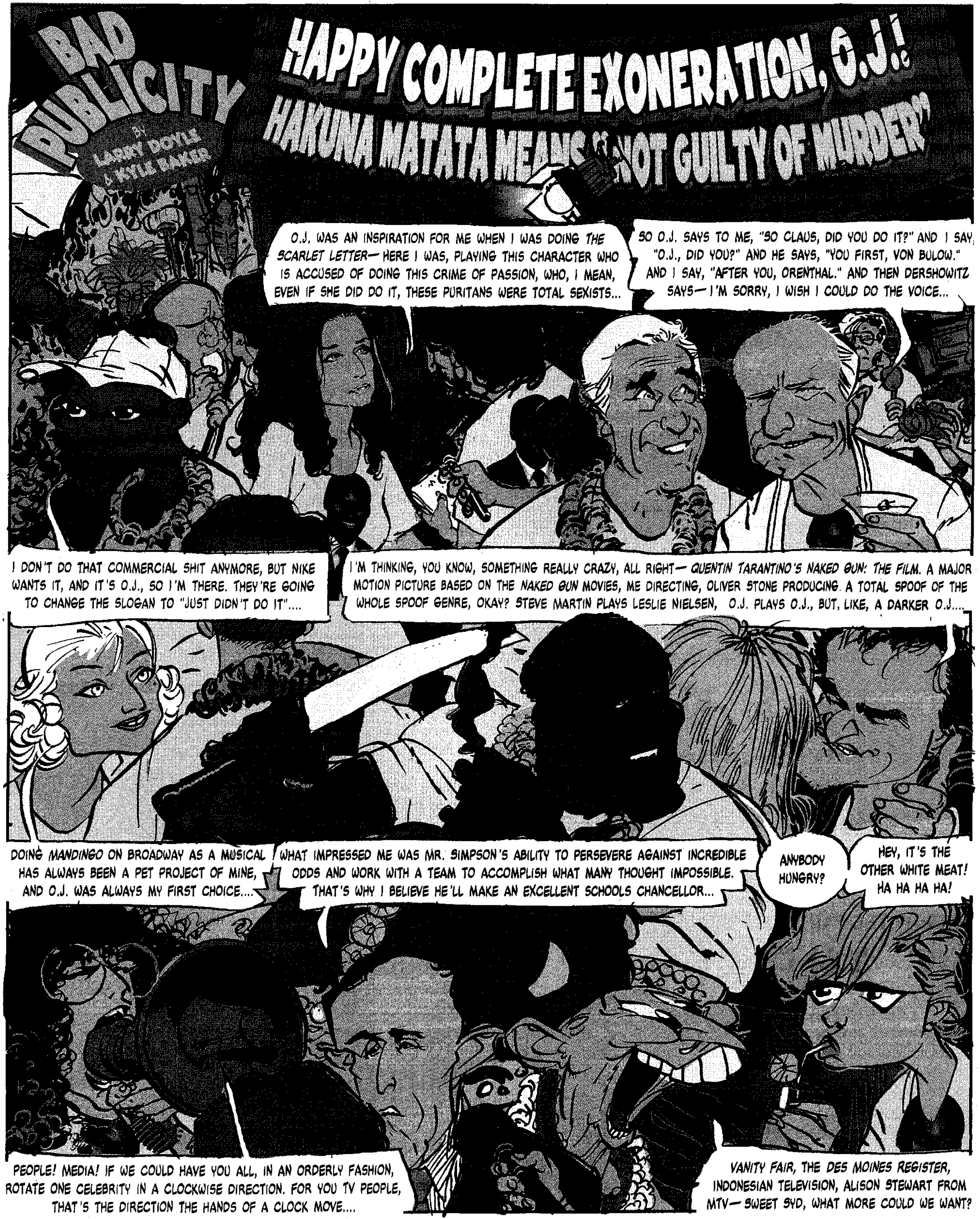
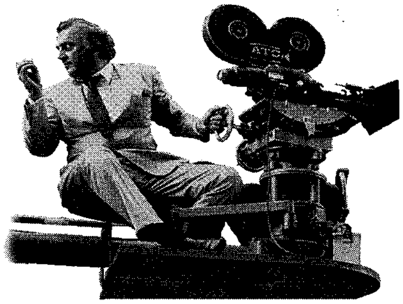

BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
HAPPY COMPLETE EXONERATION, O.J.!
HAKUNA MATATA MEANS "NOT GUILTY OF MURDER"
O.J. WAS AN INSPIRATION FOR ME WHEN I WAS DOING *THE SCARLET LETTER*— HERE I WAS, PLAYING THIS CHARACTER WHO IS ACCUSED OF DOING THIS CRIME OF PASSION, WHO, I MEAN, EVEN IF SHE DID DO IT, THESE PURITANS WERE TOTAL SEXISTS...
SO O.J. SAYS TO ME, "SO CLAUS, DID YOU DO IT?" AND I SAY, "O.J., DID YOU?" AND HE SAYS, "YOU FIRST, VON BULOW." AND I SAY, "AFTER YOU, ORENTHAL." AND THEN DERSHOWITZ SAYS— I'M SORRY, I WISH I COULD DO THE VOICE...
I DON'T DO THAT COMMERCIAL SHIT ANYMORE, BUT NIKE WANTS IT, AND IT'S O.J., SO I'M THERE. THEY'RE GOING TO CHANGE THE SLOGAN TO "JUST DIDN'T DO IT"....
I'M THINKING, YOU KNOW, SOMETHING REALLY CRAZY, ALL RIGHT— *QUENTIN TARANTINO'S NAKED GUN: THE FILM*. A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE BASED ON THE *NAKED GUN* MOVIES, ME DIRECTING, OLIVER STONE PRODUCING. A TOTAL SPOOF OF THE WHOLE SPOOF GENRE, OKAY? STEVE MARTIN PLAYS LESLIE NIELSEN, O.J. PLAYS O.J., BUT, LIKE, A DARKER O.J....
DOING *MANDINGO* ON BROADWAY AS A MUSICAL HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PET PROJECT OF MINE, AND O.J. WAS ALWAYS MY FIRST CHOICE....
WHAT IMPRESSED ME WAS MR. SIMPSON'S ABILITY TO PERSEVERE AGAINST INCREDIBLE ODDS AND WORK WITH A TEAM TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT MANY THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE. THAT'S WHY I BELIEVE HE'LL MAKE AN EXCELLENT SCHOOLS CHANCELLOR...
ANYBODY HUNGRY?
HEY, IT'S THE OTHER WHITE MEAT! HA HA HA HA!
PEOPLE! MEDIA! IF WE COULD HAVE YOU ALL, IN AN ORDERLY FASHION, ROTATE ONE CELEBRITY IN A CLOCKWISE DIRECTION. FOR YOU TV PEOPLE, THAT'S THE DIRECTION THE HANDS OF A CLOCK MOVE....
VANITY FAIR, THE *DES MOINES REGISTER*, INDONESIAN TELEVISION, ALISON STEWART FROM MTV— SWEET SYD, WHAT MORE COULD WE WANT?



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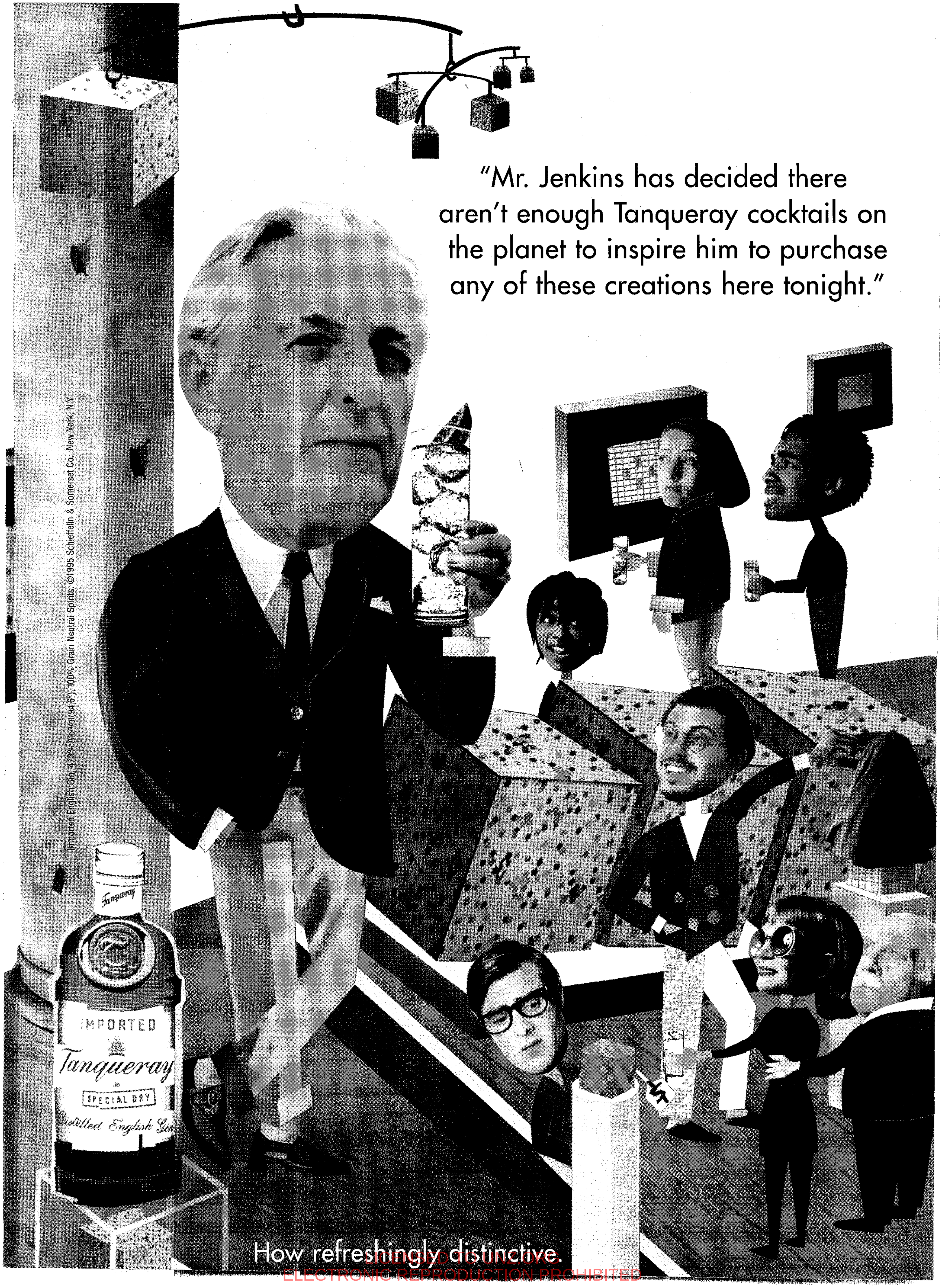
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